

HURCH & HOME PSALMODY:

COMPRISING

I.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PSALTER.

II.

THE COLLECTS IN VERSE.

III.

HYMNS SUGGESTED BY THE GOSPELS FOR THE DAY
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

AND IV.

ORIGINAL HYMNS.

SIXTH EDITION.

BY THE REV. T. J. JUDKIN, M.A.

MINISTER OF SOMERS' TOWN CHAPEL, St PANCRAS.

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“FOR THE COMFORTING OF SUCH AS DELIGHT IN MUSIC, IT MAY BE PERMITTED THAT IN THE BEGINNING OR IN THE END OF COMMON PRAYER, EITHER AT MORN-ING OR EVENING, THERE MAY BE SUNG AN HYMN OR SUCH LIKE SONG TO THE PRAISE OF ALMIGHTY GOD, IN THE BEST MELODY AND MUSIC THAT MAY BE CONVENI-ENTLY DEvised; HAVING RESPECT THAT THE SEN-TENCE OF THE HYMN MAY BE UNDERSTOOD AND PER-CEIVED.”—*Queen Elizabeth's Instruction to the Clergy*, 1559. *Sparrow's Collection*.

NOTICE TO THE BINDER.

Such persons who prefer binding this work in two vo-lumes, may omit the first Title page, and use the two new ones that are supplied at the end.

TO
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
ADELAIDE,
The Queen Dowager,
IN WHOM ROYALTY IS DIGNIFIED
BY THE
EXEMPLARY DISCHARGE OF THE CHRISTIAN DUTIES,
THIS VOLUME
IS, WITH PERMISSION, DEDICATED,
BY
ST HONORED
FAITHFUL SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

As the Author of this Volume of Sacred Poetry, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I have had two objects in view—one, embracing the service of the temple, and the other, the exercise of the family and the closet—which double purpose will account for the size into which my book has swollen. I have not enriched the work with the productions of others, exquisite for beauty as these may be, partly on account of the injury I should be doing to a poet's reputation by curtailing his compositions, in compliance with the rule I have laid down of allowing no Psalm or Hymn to exceed the compass of four verses (that being the very extent of repetition which any tune will bear), and partly because I am anxious to ascertain, as a son of the church, how far I could supply from my own resources the nutriment which her members may want—leaving it to others of a bolder wing and a wider range to cull more richly from the same field—that thus, through my example, her own labouring bees might gather honey for her own hive without pilfering from the stores of another. Lyrical embellishment has been sacrificed to a higher object. The stringing on pearls for a poetic crown yields to the hope of affording a whole congregation, singing with the spirit and the understanding also, an opportunity of uniting in the same simple terms of prayer or praise to a common Redeemer. Of the execution of the work others must judge—its merit, if it have any, will be the pioneer of its way—all I can say for myself is the summing up of the words of an apocryphal writer—"If I have done well, and as is fitting the story (the subject), it is that which I desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto."

T. J. JUDKIN.

CHORAL PSALMODY;

ORIGINAL MELODIES,

SET TO THE PECULIAR METRES IN THIS VOLUME.

BY J. J. COBBIN.



**PUBLISHED BY T. C. BATES, LUDGATE HILL;
AND HATCHARD, PICCADILLY.**

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NEW VERSIONS
or
The Psalms,
&c.

VERSION II.

4 PSALM, v. 1. 6. 7. (S. M.)

LORD of my righteousness,
 Hear now my lowly pray'r ;
 Thy mercy sooth'd my past distress,
 Relieve my present care.

While with deriding voice,
 The foolish multitude
 Dare taunt the people of Thy choice,
 " Now show us any good ; "

Reveal Thy tender grace,
 And let the scoffers see
 How on me still a Father's face
 Shines forth benignantly :

So shall a joy be mine,
 Far greater than may yield
 The increase of the clust'ring vine,
 Or store of harvest-field.

VERSION III.

5 PSALM, v. 3. 7. 11. 12. (L. M.)

AMIDST the early beams of day
 To Thee I will look up and pray ;
 To Thee, my God, these lips shall move
 With hymns of praise and vows of love.

And I Thy holy house will seek,
 Of Thy unwearied grace to speak ;
 In fear will worship, with mine eyes
 Tow'rd's Thy great Temple in the skies.

Let all who hope and trust in Thee,
 Before Thee stand rejoicingly ;
 Exult in Thy protecting pow'r,
 At danger's front, through terror's hour.

For, Lord, 'Thou ever lov'st to bless
 A people cloth'd with righteousness ;
 Outspreading o'er them, like a shield,
 Thy favour on each hostile field.

VERSION VIII.

9 PSALM, v. 11—14. (S. M.)

My soul, the praises sing,
 Exalt the holy name,
 Of Zion's great and glorious King,
 And far extend His fame ;

Who, while in righteous wrath
 He makes the guilty fly,
 Stands still amidst His burning path,
 To hear the humble cry.

With pitying tenderness,
 Consider, Lord, my woe,
 When I, because my foes oppress,
 Am lying weak and low :

Up from the gates of death
 My sinking spirits raise,
 That through Thy church my grateful breath
 May spread a Saviour's praise.

VERSION IX.

9 PSALM, v. 19. 20. 17. 18. (L. M.)

O LORD, with sov'reign pow'r arise,
 And let not human strength prevail;
 With judgment meet the enemies,
 Whose arts Thy righteous cause assail.

The impious boasters smite and bow,
 Nor let them e'er presume again,
 But own with ready lips, that Thou
 Art God alone, and they but men.

Or if, obdurate to the last,
 They stand unchang'd, unchangeable,
 And Thou their guilty souls shalt cast
 To writhe beneath the chains of hell;

The poor and humble of Thy flock,
 The meek, who in Thy name believe,
 Shall prove their hope is built on rock,
 And Thou canst ne'er Thy children leave

VERSION X.

10 PSALM, v. 12—14. 17. 18. (L. M.)

WHY dost Thou turn, O Lord, away,
 In times of trouble and dismay?
 Why hide 'Thy strength, when, fierce and proud,
 Around me storms the hostile crowd?

Arise, O Lord, lift up 'Thine hand :
 Forgotten shall the humble stand,
 While rebels dare condemn their God,
 And say 'Thou hast no judgment-rod?

'Their plotting mischief and their spite
 'Thou hast beheld, and shalt requite :
 The poor commit their souls to Thee,
 As One who helpeth mightily.

Thou heard'st their cry, and wilt prepare
 Their hearts with a prevailing pray'r ;
 Thy throne is rais'd where men oppress,
 To shield the weak and fatherless.

VERSION XI.

11 PSALM, v. l. 2. 4—7. (L. M.)

MY trust shall still in Thee abide,
 Though mocking men, O Lord, deride ;
 Who of my soul disdainful say,
 'Tis like a bird that's flown away—

Flown far away to mountains bare,
 Where cloud and dearth and peril are ;
 Who thus the venom'd arrow throw,
 To strike the saint and lay him low.

Holy and just, Thou hast on high
 Thy throne and temple ;—from the sky
 Thine eyes their searching glances dart,
 To prove the service of the heart.

The wicked meet Thy hate and ire,
 Through snare and storm and flood and fire
 Whilst, Lord, in Thine approving sight,
 Go forth the just in peace and light.

VERSION XII.

13 PSALM (L. M.)

How long in cloud, O Lord, wilt Thou
 The comfort of Thy presence hide?
 How long shall I in sorrow bow
 Before the foe's insulting pride?

Reveal Thy grace, incline Thine ear,
 Whilst now I lift my pray'rful breath
 Let hope and life again appear,
 Where threat'ning stand despair and death;

Lest in my dark and fearful state,
 When all of health and strength has fail'd,
 They who pursue my soul with hate
 Exult, and say their arts prevail'd.

Thy mercy have I trusted long,
 And trusting, shall its fulness prove;
 And so with strains of grateful song
 Will I proclaim Thy bounteous love.

VERSION XIII.

16 PSALM, v. 7—9. 11. (S. M.)

I'LL bless Thy name, O Lord,
Thy mercy infinite ;
Who, with the counsel of Thy word,
Hast fill'd my soul with light.

Thy strength before mine eyes,
Thy mighty succours near,
The malice of mine enemies
Shall wake no lasting fear.

And therefore through my breast
A holy joy is spread ;
Yea, and my flesh in hope shall rest
Among the silent dead.

For Thou wilt show the way
Which leads to life and Thee,
To pleasures that shall ne'er decay
✱ Through all eternity.

VERSION XIV.

17 PSALM, v. 1. 3. 5. 7—9. 15. (P. M.)

O GOD of Justice, bow Thine ear,
To all my cry attend,
Whilst I with holy faith draw near
And at Thy footstool bend :
Receive the pray'r which now to Thee
My lips pour forth unfeignedly.

Most fully, deeply, hast Thou prov'd
My trusting heart within ;
And nigh me in the darkness mov'd,
To mark the secret sin :
Hast tried but to confirm and bless
My purposes of righteousness.

Let, Lord, Thy strength my steps uphold,
That I may never fall ;
Me with Thy gracious arm enfold
When evil men appal ;
In ev'ry storm, above my head
The shadow of Thy wings o'erspread.

Yea, as the apple of Thine eye
My soul from peril keep,
Until I wake triumphantly
From death's entombing sleep,
And in Thy glorious image stand
Well satisfied at Thy right hand.

VERSION XV.

18 PSALM, v. 1.—6. 9. 16. (s. m.)

My love is fix'd on Thee,
 O Lord of sov'reign pow'r ;
 My strength in all adversity,
 My rock, my shield, my tow'r.

Most worthy Thou of praise,
 Whose arm invincible
 Shall smite the foe, and deign to raise
 From snares of death and hell ;

Who, while in pain and fear
 I call'd to Thee on high,
 Didst from Thy heav'nly temple hear
 My solitary cry.

When troubles, dread to meet,
 Came on with whelming roll,
 The heav'ns were bow'd beneath Thy feet
 To save my sinking soul.

VERSION XVI.

18 PSALM, v. 46—49. (S. M.)

THOU, Lord, art my defence,
 My rock, which shall not fail,
 When foes with stormy violence
 Press onward to assail.

Great is Thy saving name ;
 And ever will I show
 'The wond'rous glories of Thy fame,
 And yield the thanks I owe.

Thou dost avenge at length
 The quarrel of the just,
 Confound the wicked in their strength,
 And lay the proud in dust.

O'er ev'ry heathen land
 Thy praises shall extend,
 That all may own Thy mighty hand,
 To conquer or defend.

VERSION XVII.

19 PSALM, v. 1—7. 13. 14. (P. M.)

THE spreading skies, O Lord, declare
 The glory of Thy sov'reign will ;
 The countless stars, so bright and fair,
 Proclaim abroad Thy matchless skill :
 Day unto day, and night to night,
 New marvels of Thy pow'r recite.

The sun, that from his chamber deep
 Comes forth as with a bridegroom's face,
 Or, like a giant fresh from sleep,
 Rejoiceth in his mighty race ;
 Diffusing wide his genial rays,
 Through heav'n's broad circuit, yields Thee praise.

But with a stronger voice Thy law
Sends up its tribute of acclaim,
Whose energy from death can draw,
And stamp us with a better name—
Thy holy law, just, wise, and sure,
To guide the blind and bless the poor.

Let not, O Lord, presumptuous pride
Hold in Thy servant's breast control;
But, while I'm wash'd and purified
From all that stains the guilty soul,
May ev'ry thought, word, action, be
Acceptable, great God, to Thee !

VERSION XVIII.

19 PSALM, v. 7—11. (S. M.)

THY law is perfect, Lord,
 For there Thy wisdom lies ;
 Light shines from heav'n through ev'ry word,
 To make the foolish wise.

There's truth in ev'ry line,
 Joy for the troubled breast ;
 The guidance of a pow'r divine
 To an eternal rest.

The perishable gold
 May sum its worth in vain ;
 Whose promises more sweetness hold
 Than honey-cells contain.

And while from ev'ry ill
 It fain would warn and guard,
 Each holy precept to fulfil
 Ensures a great reward.

VERSION XIX.

20 PSALM, v. 1—8. (C. M.)

O LORD, when in the troubled day
We bow beneath the rod,
With glory and with pow'r display
The name of Jacob's God.

From Thy most high and holy place
Our souls with succour fill ;
And let Thy beams of light and grace
Shine forth on Zion's hill.

So may we, with deliv'rance blest,
Our glorious banners wave ;
So in our Captain's triumphs rest,
Who conquers but to save.

While some in horse and chariot trust,
On Thy great name we call ;
They sink, to perish in the dust —
We rise, no more to fall.

VERSION XX.

23 PSALM, v. 1—4. 6. (L. M.)

No anxious care or want have I,
 Since Thou, Lord, art my shepherd-guide ;
 And mak'st me in green pastures lie,
 Or lead'st me where pure waters glide.

Thy watchful love would fain o'ertake
 My soul upon a devious track
 And for Thy name and mercies' sake
 To paths of wisdom bring it back.

If soon my feet must struggle through
 The shadowy deep of death's domain,
 No doubt shall wrack, no fear subdue,
 For Thou shalt guide and Thou sustain.

With bounties, manifold as great,
 Enriching all my earthly days,
 Within Thy courts I'll joyful wait,
 And ever sing my Shepherd's praise.

VERSION XXI.

23 PSALM, v. 1—4. 6. (S. M.)

ANOTHER VERSION.

THY shepherd-hand to lead
 No want, O Lord, I know ;
 But freely feed through verdant mead,
 Where living waters flow.

My soul restor'd by Thee
 From error and distress,
 Thou guidest me most tenderly
 In paths of righteousness.

'Though death's dark vale be trod,
 No evil will I fear ;
 Whilst Thou, my God, with staff and rod,
 To comfort me art near.

My life still flowing o'er
 With mercies rich and rare,
 Thee evermore will I adore,
 Within Thy house of pray'r.

VERSION XXII.

24 PSALM, v. 7—10. (P. M.)

YE everlasting gates, fall back ;
 Ye spreading doors, behold before ye,
 Upon His bright triumphant track,
 The Prince of Peace, the King of Glory.

Who is the King of Glory ? who ?
 'Tis He, the Lord of Zion's story,
 Whose mightier arm the mighty slew—
 The Lord of Hosts, the King of Glory.

Ye everlasting doors, outspread ;
 He comes, whose brow with thorns was gory
 He comes, who crush'd with conqu'ring tread
 Sin, Death, and Hell—the King of Glory.

Who is the King of Glory ? Thou !
 The victor's crown is beaming o'er Thee ;
 While myriads in Thy presence bow,
 Thou, Jesus, art the King of Glory !

VERSION XXIII.

25 PSALM, v. 15—18. (C. M.)

MINE eyes, O Lord, are fix'd on Thee,
 And shall be evermore ;
 Who canst from perils dread set free,
 From error's paths restore.

Turn now, my God, in mercy turn,
 And see my low estate ;
 Nor from Thy gracious presence spurn
 A trembling candidate :

But while my troubles multiply
 And greater ills advance,
 With Thy strong arm, O Lord, be nigh,
 For my deliverance.

Behold my heart's repenting throe,
 The bitter tears that fall ;
 And oh ! the sins which cause my woe,
 In love forgive them all.

VERSION XXIV.

26 PSALM, v. 8. 9. 11. 12. (P. M.)

O LORD, I love the blessed place,
 With joy my bosom swelleth,
 To worship where, in light and grace,
 Thy matchless honour dwelleth.

Let not my soul with theirs be left
 Whose mocking lips deny Thee;
 Who, of all fear and shame bereft,
 In evil works defy Thee :

But, while with Thy most righteous word
 My daily walk consenteth,
 And bitterly of sin, O Lord,
 My humbled soul repenteth ;

Redeem, deliver, and restore !
 So in the congregation
 I'll tell Thy mercies o'er and o'er,
 And sing Thy great salvation.

VERSION XXV.

27 PSALM, v. 1—3. 5. (S. M.)

THOU art, O Lord, my light,
 And my redemption too ;
 In Thee my might is infinite,
 Who then shall dare pursue ?

Though marshall'd hosts be near
 Of deadly enemies,
 My bosom, clear of doubt and fear,
 Shall all their threats despise.

My great desire alone,
 Is that my soul may be
 Where Thou art known, Thy glories shown
 In their own purity ;

Yea, in Thy holy place,
 To kneel in humble pray'r,
 To see Thy face, and taste Thy grace,
 And find all safety there.

VERSION XXVI.

27 PSALM, v. 7—11. (L. M.)

Good Lord ! to Thee I raise my cry,
 O let Thy gracious ear be nigh ;
 Make answer to my lowly pray'r,
 And with Thy sov'reign mercy spare.

In all a Father's tender grace
 Didst Thou invite, " Seek ye my face ;"
 And as a willing child would speak,
 My heart replied, " Thy face I seek."

O Lord, Thy glorious face display,
 And cast me not in wrath away ;
 In former cares Thy help was shown,
 And wilt Thou *now* neglect—disown ?

Though parents ~~should~~ their charge forsake,
 Me to Thine ~~arms~~ of mercy take ;
 Guide in the ~~path~~ by Thee made plain,
 Where ~~ghostly~~ foes assault in vain.

VERSION XXVII.

28 PSALM, v. 1—3. 7. (SEVENS.)

LORD, I lift my pray'r to Thee,
 Thee a rock in my distress ;
 Shouldst Thou longer silent be
 Thou wilt leave me comfortless

With imploring voice and eye,
 Lowly on my knees I bend ;
 Tow'rd's Thy mercy-seat on high,
 Earnestly my hands extend.

Let me ne'er, till time shall cease,
 With the wicked bear a part,
 Speaking to their neighbour peace,
 Plotting mischief in their heart.

Thou my strength, and Thou my shield,
 Trusting Thee, Thy help is mine ;
 And my joyful heart shall yield
 Melodies of praise divine.

VERSION XXVIII.

29 PSALM, v. 1—3. 7. 5. 6. 8. 9. 11. (P. M.)

COME forward now, each mighty son,
 Whose deeds are great in story,
 And to the Lord, the living One,
 Give all the strength and glory ;
 Extol His name, with praise confess
 The beauty of His holiness.

The Lord's voice is upon the sea ;
 Within the rolling thunder
 It strikes the ear appallingly,
 And bursts the rocks asunder ·
 Dividing now the flame which flies
 In burning arrows down the skies

The Lord's voice, in the rushing winds,
The tow'ring cedars breaketh ;
'They leap to hear like startled hinds—
The conscious mountain quaketh ;
All forest-depths its pow'r confess,
It rocks the howling wilderness.

The Lord's voice hath our temple laid,
Where saints His praise are pouring,
Where we our sacrifice have made,
Our Priest and King adoring.
O Saviour ! Thou our strength increase,
And breathe upon Thy people peace.

VERSION XXIX.

30 PSALM, v. 1—3. 5. 11. 12. (S. M.)

O LORD, I'll sing to Thee
 A hymn of holy praise,
 Since over me, rejoicingly
 No foes their shouting raise.

Thou heard'st me from my bed,
 Assuaging all my pain
 Ere life had fled, Thy hands were spread
 To raise me up again.

Though anger for a night
 Thy wonted smiles remove,
 The morning light puts grief to flight
 With Thy returning love.

For wailing, now is song ;
 For sackcloth, robes of joy :
 Thy love is strong ; and loud and long
 Shall praise my breath employ.

VERSION XXX.

31 PSALM, v. 18—20. 22. 21. (L. M.)

WHILE lying lips are put to shame,
And tongues that speak disdainfully
Of those who bear Thy sacred name,
Who love Thy cause, and follow Thee ;

O Lord, how plenteous is the good
Which Thou art keeping now in store
For them who in Thy fear have stood,
'Trust Thee alone, and man no more !

These in Thy presence Thou shalt hide,
In Thy pavilion guard and hold,
From all the fierce attacks of pride,
From all that makes the scorner bold.

And though in guilty haste I said,
“ My soul is lost before Thine eyes,”
Thy mercy hears my pray'r, to shed
The fulness of divine supplies.

VERSION XXXI.

32 PSALM, v. 4—7. (L. M.)

WHEN day and night Thy heavy hand,
O Lord, was on Thy servant laid,
And, parch'd as is the summer-land,
My wasted frame my grief betray'd ;

I said, " I will confess my sin,
And pardon of my God implore :"
And so did I Thy favour win,
And so didst Thou my hope restore.

And thus all godly men who pray,
When trouble rolls its whelming tide,
Shall find, that no affliction may
From them Thy watchful care divide.

Thou art in fear my hiding-place,
My guardian in oppression's hour ;
A thousand songs of joy shall grace
The triumphs of Thy saving pow'r.

VERSION XXXII.

33 PSALM, v. 1—9. (SEVENS.)

REJOICE in the Lord, rejoice ;
 Ye saints, your glad homage bring ;
 Awaken your heart and voice,
 To musical measures sing.

The works of the Lord are right,
 The words of the Lord are true,
 And ever approv'd in his sight
 Is all that the righteous do.

The earth o'erflows with His love ;
 He spake, and the heav'ns were made ;
 The stars hung their lamps above,
 And ocean its depths display'd.

Before Thy presence, O Lord,
 We worship in fear and awe,
 Creating worlds by Thy word,
 Controlling worlds by Thy law.

VERSION XXXIII.

33 PSALM, v. 18—22. (L. M.)

THINE eye, O God, looks down from heav'n,
On those to whom Thy fear is known ;
Whose hope, that sin may be forgiv'n,
Upon Thy mercy rests alone.

Thy grace provides a full supply,
Amidst the famine of the soul ;
And when the wave of death seems nigh,
Thou bid'st it far and onward roll.

And we have waited, Lord, for Thee,
Who art our only strength and shield ;
And soon our eyes exultingly
Shall see Thy trusted help reveal'd.

Lord ! in Thy name our heart confides ;
And let this truth Thy servants prove,
That even as our faith abides,
Abound the blessings of Thy love.

VERSION XXXIV.

34 PSALM, v. 17—19. 22. (s. m.)

THOU deignest, Lord, to hear
 Whene'er the righteous pray;
 Most ready, in distress and fear,
 To take their woes away :

Yea, when the broken heart
 Uplifts its mournful cry,
 And contrite spirits grieve, Thou art
 With heav'nly succours nigh.

Afflictions manifold
 Must needs our lot befall;
 Yet on our knees when these are told,
 Thy love supports through all.

Thy grace redeemeth, Lord,
 Souls in their lost estate;
 And trusting in Thy name and word,
 Shall none be desolate.

VERSION XXXV.

35 PSALM, v. 1—4. 9. (L. M.)

WHEN evil men my hope assail,
 And other strength than Thine is vain,
 Lord, let Thy gracious love prevail,
 Plead Thou my cause, the fight maintain.

When ghostly enemies agree,
 To haunt my path and fill with fear,
 Put on Thy glorious panoply,
 And stay them with Thy lifted spear.

Speak Thou within my trembling soul,
 "Salvation is Jehovah's name,"
 Whilst back the hell-born legion roll,
 The victims of defeat and shame

So shall I in Thy strength rejoice,
 So shall my lips Thy praises sing;
 This wondrous theme my constant choice,
 The triumphs of a Saviour-King.

VERSION XXXVI.

36 PSALM, v. 5—9. (L. M.)

THY mercies, blessed Lord, extend
 Broad as the spacious heav'ns on high ;
 The clouds in genial rains descend,
 Thy faithful care to testify.

Thy verities as mountains stand
 Thy judgments are a searchless deep ;
 O'er man and brute is stretch'd Thine hand
 To nourish and sustain and keep.

So great Thy mercies, they excel
 The praise of our weak utterings,
 And all Thy saints confiding dwell
 Beneath the shadow of Thy wings :

Yea such, Lord, in Thy house shall know
 Of holy joy a large increase,
 Where, river-like, Thy blessings flow
 In light and life, in love and peace.

VERSION XXXVII.

36 PSALM, v. 9—12. (C. M.)

THOU art the source of life, O Lord,
Where'er its streams may be ;
The light within Thy holy word,
Is light reflecting Thee.

With constant measures of Thy grace,
Those hearts which know Thee, fill ;
And with Thy love and truth embrace
The few that keep Thy will.

Nor let the stern oppressor's hate
E'er grind us in the dust ;
Nor foe malicious separate
From Thee our living trust.

But when our enemies, cast down,
Shall strive in vain to rise,
Be ours the triumph, ours the crown,
Immortal in the skies !

VERSION XXXVIII.

39 PSALM, v. 4—7. 13. (L. M.)

TEACH me, O Lord, to know mine end,
To ponder o'er life's changeful date,
What length of days is mine to spend,
That I may see my frail estate.

The longest term is yet a span ;
Mine age is nothing, Lord, to Thee ;
The proudest works of mortal man
Are weariness and vanity ;

His walk is but an idle show,
His course, disquietude and care ;
Amassing wealth, yet ne'er to know
Whom Death may make his certain heir.

O Lord, in Thee my hopes repose ;
In mercy spare, my strength restore,
Ere I this pilgrimage shall close,
Departing to return no more.

VERSION XXXIX.

40 PSALM, v. 1—4. (L. M.)

BEFORE the Lord, on lowly knee,
 I pray'd and waited patiently,
 Till He with sov'reign mercy heard
 The great request my soul preferr'd.

From the deep pit's terrific gloom,
 The sinner's self-elected doom,
 He drew me up, and plac'd me on
 The living rock, the corner stone.

My fervent lip its homage pays
 In grateful pray'r and joyous praise,
 That all who now assemble here
 May know the Lord, and, knowing, fear.

Him wilt Thou bless who dares despise
 The proud, that turn aside to lies ;
 Him wilt Thou crown with grace divine,
 Whose faith and love are wholly Thine.

VERSION XL.

40 PSALM, v 5—8. 13. 14. (L. M.)

THY works are marvellous, O Lord !
 Thy mercies are so manifold,
 That none their number can record,
 By none may be their fulness told.

No offerings of ours will e'er
 Express the mighty debt we owe ;
 Nor dost Thou ask what altars bear,
 Our value of Thy gifts to show.

For, " Lo ! I come, I come," said HE,
 Of worth and merits infinite,—
 " As written in Thy word of me,
 To do Thy will is my delight ;"

Through Him, O Lord, deliv'rance give,
 And speedily Thy pow'r display,
 Bidding my soul in safety live,
 And driving all its foes away.

VERSION XLI.

41 PSALM, v. 1. 3. 11—13. (P. M.)

HE, Lord, who loves the poor,
 Shall by Thy love be blessed ;
 His succour ever sure,
 When most by men oppressed.

If on affliction's bed
 His feeble frame may languish,
 His pillow Thou shalt spread,
 Thy care assuage his anguish ;

Restoring strength shalt give,
 Remove all gloom and sadness ;
 Yea, bid the dying live,
 The living fill with gladness ;

The malice of the foe
 Upon his own head casting—
 Upholding me, to show
 Thy favour everlasting.

VERSION XLII.

42 PSALM, v. 1—5. (P. M.)

As in the hot and sultry beam
The panting deer seeks eagerly
The freshness of the cooling stream,
So, Lord, my spirit thirsts for Thee ;
And in Thy temple fain would know
The joys which from Thy presence flow.

My tears by night, my tears by day,
Have been my long-accustomed food ;
And while Thy face seem'd turn'd away,
The coarse and mocking multitude,
With self-wise sneer and scornful nod,
Spake tauntingly, " Where is thy God ? "

These things recalling, I repeat
Anew my troubled soul's complaints;
For oft it was my lot to meet
Thy blessed company of saints,
And with them in the house of pray'r,
Exultingly Thy praise declare.

But why art thou cast down, my soul,
Disquieting thyself in vain?
The clouds of darkness backward roll,
God's favour to display again;
Hope still in Him whose shining face
Shall light His church with beams of grace.

VERSION XLIII.

42 PSALM, v. 6. 7. 9. 8. (SIXES.)

My prostrate soul, O God,
 Recalls Thy mercy still,
 When fruitful plains I trod,
 And rang'd the verdant hill ;

And now, though troubles rise
 Like floods above my head,
 As deep to deep replies
 Of ocean's stormy bed ;

And I in sadness say,
 " Is God my rock no more ?"
 While foes make fierce array,
 My soul to triumph o'er ;

Yet shall I surely see
 Thy kindness day and night,
 And praise unweariedly
 The Lord of life and light.

VERSION XLIV.

43 PSALM, v. 2—5. (C. M.)

THOU art my strength, O Lord, alone ;
 And can I ever be
 Left long to weep and sigh and groan
 Before the enemy ?

Send out Thy light and truth again ;
 Let these my footsteps guide
 Where grace asserts its golden reign,
 And love and peace abide.

Thus to Thine altar will I go,
 And join that holy quire
 Whose lips with tuneful anthems flow
 Each heart a living lyre.

And why, my soul, art thou cast down,
 And inwardly distress'd,
 While God but waits with health to crown,
 And welcome thee to rest ?

VERSION XLV.

44 PSALM, v. 1.—5. 7. (P. M.)

OFTEN have our fathers told
 Of Thy glorious works of old,
 What triumphant deeds were wrought,
 When against the heathen foe,
 Lord, Thine arm in battle fought,
 Striking the resistless blow :

How, when such were driven out,
 Israel rais'd a joyous shout,
 Took possession of the land,
 There in quietness to dwell,
 Planted by Thy victor-hand,
 By Thine hand invincible.

For in vain had been the sword,
Hadst not 'Thou, Almighty Lord,
Gone before, a conqu'ring guide ;
With the lightnings from 'Thy face
Blinding, scathing, scatt'ring wide
That innumerable race.

Truly, Thou art Zion's King,
And wilt great deliv'rance bring :
Trusting in 'Thy pow'r alone,
Each opposing host shall flee ;
And our souls adoring own
Thine is all the victory.

VERSION XLVI.

44 PSALM, v. 22—26. (L. M.)

(In times of Persecution.)

THE wrath of man is fierce and strong,
 It falls on our defenceless head ;
 And for Thy cause, Lord, all day long
 Are we like sheep to slaughter led.

Awake ! why sleepest Thou, O Lord ?
 Arise ! nor leave us desolate ;
 Fulfil the promise of Thy word,
 And save us from th' oppressor's hate.

Before Thy feet we meekly bow,
 Our souls are cleaving to the dust ;
 O succour, Lord, Thy people now,
 Who in Thy pow'r and mercy trust.

Arise, in all Thy strength arise,
 And into glory turn our shame ;
 Arrest, convert our enemies ;
 Redeem for Jesu's sake and name.

VERSION XLVII.

45 PSALM, v. 1—6. 17. (P. M.)

A NOBLE task is mine,
 With heart and voice to sing
 The honours all divine
 Of our anointed King
 Exalted o'er
 Our human race,
 Dispensing grace,
 For evermore.

Gird, Prince, upon Thy thigh
 Thy sword of matchless might;
 And cloth'd with majesty
 And merits infinite,
 Ride on Thy way,
 In meekness go,
 Thy justice show
 Thy truth display.

And where against Thee rise
 'The fierce apostate pow'rs,
 On these Thine enemies
 Pour down thine arrowy show'rs ;
 That foemen all,
 Before Thy path
 Of righteous wrath,
 May prostrate fall.

Thy throne, most mighty God,
 Was, is, and e'er shall be ;
 Thine hand extends the rod
 Of rightful sov'reignty :
 With hymns of praise
 Shall saints proclaim
 Thy glorious name
 Through endless days.

VERSION XLVIII.

46 PSALM, v. 8—11. (L. M.)

God in His awful works makes known
The justice of His righteous throne ;
The desolation of the land
Is but the vengeance of His hand.

He bids the battle-trump to cease,
And calms the tide of war in peace ;
The broken bow, the shiver'd spear,
And blazing chariot, show Him near.

He speaketh by His judgment-rod,
“ Be still, and know that I am God ;
“ The heathen shall my pow'r proclaim,
“ And all the earth exalt My name.”

Thou, Lord of Hosts, art with us now,
Yet not with stern but placid brow ;
In Jacob's God our hearts repose,
Who meets our wants and heals our woes.

VERSION XLIX.

47 PSALM, v. 1—6. (P. M.)

(Ascension.)

LET ev'ry congregation
 A shout of triumph raise,
 With hymns of adoration
 Extend Messiah's praise.

He, as a monarch glorious,
 Takes now His heav'nly seat ;
 He reigns in strength victorious,
 The world is at His feet.

By angel hosts attended
 With trumpets in the air,
 The Saviour-God ascended,
 Our mansions to prepare.

Let ev'ry gentile nation,
 And Israel's chosen race,
 Now sing with exultation,
 O Christ, Thy boundless grace.

VERSION L.

48 PSALM, v. 10—14. (S. M.)

WHATE'ER Thy name may be,
 Thy praises, Lord, expand;
 For equity sits thron'd with Thee,
 And truth at Thy right hand.

Let holy Zion sing,
 And Judah's daughters bless;
 To Thee their King a tribute bring
 For all Thy righteousness.

Our lips would gladly dwell
 On Zion's honour'd name,
 Each bulwark tell, and pinnacle,
 Which spread her matchless fame.

And ours is Zion's God,
 Who on the way shall guide,
 Our fathers trod, their strength His rod,
 Through Jordan's roaring tide.

VERSION LI.

49 PSALM, v. 6—9. 15. (L. M.)

OF those who on their wealth rely,
 Or boasting show their hoarded gain,
 None, Lord, can *his* redemption buy
 Who groans beneath guilt's bondage-chain

None, while with pity they behold
 A brother's deep necessity,
 Could give, whate'er their proffer'd gold,
 A ransom for his soul to Thee;

That he from sin's deep pit might rise,
 From all corruption purified,
 To walk with angels in the skies,
 And near Thy glorious throne abide.

But, Lord, Thou wilt my soul redeem;
 For, lo! the mighty price is giv'n;
 And Jesus' blood shall be the theme
 Resounding with our praise to heav'n.

VERSION LII.

50 PSALM, v. 1. 3. 4. 5. (L. M.)

THE mighty God, the glorious Lord,
 Through the vast earth extends His call,
 And sends His awful name abroad,
 From morning's rise to ev'ning's fall.

And He shall come, nor silence keep,
 Come with the trump's announcing sound,
 While angry flames before Him sweep,
 And clouds tempestuous gird Him round.

And lo ! before His judgment-seat
 The gather'd world its doom shall hear :
 The wicked, sin's dread curse to meet ;
 The just, in glory to appear.

Our cov'nant, Lord, we make with Thee
 By sacrifice : the heav'ns declare
 Thy truth ; Thou judgest righteously,
 And dost alone the glory bear.

VERSION LIII.

51 PSALM, v. 1. 3. 2. 10—13. (L. M.)

SINCE, Lord, Thy love is widely known;
 Thy mercies through creation spread,
 That tender love to me be shown,
 These mercies on my soul be shed.

Confessing in my penitence,
 The evil thing, for ever seen,
 Cleanse from the guilt of its offence,
 Make my polluted bosom clean.

Create in me a guileless heart,
 Be all my motives purified,
 Nor bid Thy Spirit, Lord, depart,
 Nor cast me from Thyself aside.

With Thy free grace my feet uphold,
 Salvation's inward joy restore ;
 So shall Thy wond'rous ways be told,
 And sinners listen to adore.

VERSION LIV.

51 PSALM, v. 14—17. (SIXES.)

FROM all my guiltiness,
 O Lord, absolve and save,
 And ever will I bless
 The mercy which forgave.

Lord, open wider yet
 My lips in sacred songs,
 Nor e'er may I forget
 To whom all praise belongs !

No blood-stain'd altar's fire
 Thy favour can ensure;
 Of me Thou wilt require
 A sacrifice more pure.

A broken, contrite heart—
 This one demand is Thine ;
 O Lord, Thy grace impart,
 That I may offer mine.

VERSION I.V.

55 PSALM, v. 5—6. 22. (S. M.)

WHEN, Lord, with inward fear
 I hold my falt'ring breath,
 To think his coming is so near,
 That last assailant—Death ;

When o'er my sinking head
 The storms of sorrow roll,
 And thus, while human hopes are fled,
 The pray'r is in my soul ;

“ O that were giv'n to me
 “ The pinions of the dove,
 “ That I at rest might ever be,
 “ In brighter worlds above.’

The call shall not be vain,
 Upon Thy promis'd care,
 For Thou my spirit shalt sustain ;
 My heavy burden bear.

VERSION LVI.

56 PSALM, v. 8. 9. 12. 13. (C. M.)

WHATE'ER my wand'rings, blessed Lord,
 Thine eye beholds them all ;
 And in Thy book dost Thou record
 The bitter tears which fall.

When bending low on suppliant knee,
 I ask Thy heav'nly aid,
 Back shrinks the conscious enemy,
 Of Thy right arm afraid.

Thy vows are on me—nor in vain ;
 But freely will I make
 Full utt'rance of Thy praise again
 For all Thy mercies' sake.

To save my soul from penal wrath
 Thy mighty help was giv'n ;
 O keep me ever in the path
 Of light and peace and heav'n.

VERSION LVII.

57 PSALM, v. 1—5. (L. M.)

THOU God of mercies infinite,
All, all my hopes in Thee unite;
The shadow of Thy wings shall be
My refuge in calamity.

I'll cry to Thee, whose grace is nigh,
To soothe each care, each want supply
To Thee, whose might, from heav'n display'd,
Shall make reproaching foes afraid.

And, lo! extending far and near,
Thy mercy and Thy truth appear:
Thy truth, the living way to show;
Thy mercy, to redeem from woe.

Exalted be Thy blessed name,
Where angel-hymns Thy praise proclaim
And let the earth's wide echoes ring,
While saints below Thy glories sing.

VERSION LVIII.

57 PSALM, v. 7. 8. 10. 11. (P. M.)

O LORD, my heart would render praise
 In holy hymns before Thee ;
 My lips recount Thy wond'rous ways,
 And sing aloud Thy glory.

Awake, my soul ; each pow'r awake
 In sacred exultation ;
 Let music its sweet concords make,
 To swell the adoration.

Thy mercy and Thy truth, O Lord,
 From earth to heav'n extending,
 Their triumphs shall new themes afford
 The world in homage bending.

Be Thou enthron'd, great God, above,
 With majesty all glorious,
 Supreme in wisdom, might, and love,
 O'er death and hell victorious.

VERSION LIX.

61 PSALM, v. 1—5. (c. m.)

WHEN, Lord, o'erwhelm'd with care and woe,
 I lift my feeble cry,
 The living rock in mercy show
 That's higher far than I.

Thy former love the spot reveal'd
 Where I might shelter'd be,
 A tow'r, in which I lay conceal'd,
 Nor fear'd the enemy.

Lord, in Thy courts a constant place
 With joyous heart I'll take,
 And under Thy o'ershadowing grace
 A trustful covert make.

To meet my pray'rful vows, from heav'n
 Thy gracious answer came;
 And Thou the heritage hast giv'n
 "Of those that fear Thy name."

VERSION LX.

62 PSALM, v. 1—3. 11. 12. (SEVENS and FIVES.)

TRULY, Lord, my soul hath now
 Waited long on Thee,
 Knowing well 'tis only Thou
 Canst its Saviour be.

Thou my rock, if foes appal,
 None shall drive me thence;
 They are like a bending wall.
 Or a tott'ring fence.

God hath spoken oft, and I
 Heard with awe the same;
 Glorious might and majesty
 Clothe His sov'reign name;

Mercy, boundless mercy too;
 Yea, He loves to bless;
 Crowning our obedience, through
 Christ our righteousness.

VERSION LXI.

63 PSALM, v. 1—7. (P. M.)

O God, the living God alone,
 Right early will I seek Thy face ;
 My thirsty spirit longs to own
 The dew-fall of Thy tender grace :
 E'en so the pilgrim pants to taste
 The fountain in a burning waste.

Fain would I live the past again,
 The days within Thy temple spent,
 Where Thou wast present to sustain
 A poor and trembling penitent,
 Behold Thy glorious pow'r, and prove
 What's dearer far than life, Thy love.

So, through the circuit of my days,
I'll ever bless Thy holy name,
And lift my hands in sacred praise,
Amidst the marvels of Thy fame ;
Whilst peace and joy my heart o'erflow
Which none, but those who serve Thee, know.

Yea, when upon my bed I lie,
Through all the watches of the night,
Thy matchless glories passing by,*
Shall fill my musing soul with light ;
And in the shadow of Thy wing,
My lips Thy guardian mercy sing.

VERSION LXII.

67 PSALM, v. 1—5. (SEVENS.)

PRAISE is on our tongues to Thee,
 God of Sion's family ;
 We are come to keep the vow
 In Thy holy presence now.

Though our spirit often fails
 When the master-sin assails,
 Still we see a Saviour nigh,
 With His blood to purify.

Honour'd by Thy gracious choice,
 Well indeed may he rejoice
 Who within Thy house is found,
 Where Thy glorious gifts abound.

In Thy pow'r and righteousness
 Thou dost answer, Lord, and bless ;
 Over earth and over sea,
 All a refuge find in Thee.

VERSION LXIII

66 PSALM, v. 10.—12. 18—20. (L. M.)

O LORD, 'Thou hast Thy people tried,
 As gold by fire is purified ;
 'The net beneath our feet was spread,
 And men have ridden o'er our head.

And through the flame, and through the wave,
 When human strength no succours gave,
 Thou, by Thine own almighty grace,
 Hast brought us to a wealthy place

And, Lord, within Thy temple-gate,
 Our gifts we now would dedicate
 And keep the vows we made to Thee
 When compass'd with adversity.

False vows Thou ever must despise ;
 But Thou hast heard our suppliant cries,
 And blessed art Thou, that our pray'r
 Reach'd heav'n, to find acceptance there.

VERSION LXIV

67 PSALM. (L. M.)

O LORD, to us Thy love display,
 Reveal the brightness of Thy face,
 That the whole world may know Thy way,
 And prove Thy free and saving grace.

Let ev'ry nation lift to Thee
 The anthems of a solemn mirth,
 Whose wisdom judges righteously,
 Whose pow'r o'er-rules the spacious earth.

Meanwhile the ground in plenteous store
 Brings forth a rich and full increase,
 And broader streams their tribute pour,
 To fill Thy church with light and peace.

And ever as Thy gifts descend,
 Crowning with joy Thy people's days,
 The earth to its remotest end
 Shall fear Thy name and sing Thy praise.

VERSION LXV.

68 PSALM, v. 4—6. 19. (P. M.)

BE praises to Jehovah giv'n ;
 With louder hymns adore Him
 Who rideth on the boundless heav'n ;
 Rejoice, ye saints, before Him.

The Father of the fatherless,
 He grants them sure protection ;
 He hears the widow in distress,
 And cheers her deep dejection.

He fills with unexpected friends
 The lowly outcast's dwelling ;
 The fetter of the captive rends,
 His prison glooms dispelling :

And we Thy glorious name will crown
 With hymns of adoration,
 Whose gifts each day come streaming down—
 Great God of our salvation !

VERSION LXVI.

68 PSALM, v. 17.—20. (L. M.)

THE glorious chariots of our God
 Are myriads of the angel-throng ;
 And as when Sinai's heights were trod,
 Thou art the radiant hosts among.

Thou, mighty Lord, whose blest ascent
 Captivity hath captive led,
 Bursting from death's imprisonment,
 Thy holy gifts on man to shed :

Yes, even on that rebel band
 Who dar'd oppose Thy cause and Thee,
 Thou hast extended wide Thine hand,
 And pour'd Thy mercies lavishly.

With countless favours daily blest,
 We will Thy holy name adore,
 And in Thy saving succours rest—
 Lord of all life for evermore !

VERSION LXVII.

69 PSALM, v. 12—15. 17. 18. (L. M.)

THOUGH, Lord, with hate and mockery
 The scornful may my steps pursue,
 In an accepted time to Thee
 Will I my wonted pray'r renew.

Thy mercies, Lord, are numberless,
 No hostile pow'r may Thine withstand;
 O heed my shrinking soul's distress,
 And save me by Thy mighty hand.

If rolling high the waves come near,
 Relieve me of all secret dread;
 If deep and dark the pit appear,
 Prevent its closing o'er my head.

Bow'd down with trouble, hear my pray'r,
 And speedily deliv'rance give;
 From all revengeful malice spare—
 Redeem my soul, and let it live.

VERSION LXVIII.

70 PSALM. (S. M.)

O HASTEN, Lord, and show
 Thy gracious strength to me,
 And let the foe in shame and woe
 Repent his enmity.

Whilst they whose love and choice
 Are fix'd on wisdom's side,
 With praise rejoice, and lift their voice
 "Our God is magnified."

But I am poor and weak,
 In sorrow and in need;
 Thy grace I seek, nor wilt Thou break
 A bent and bruised reed.

No other help have I,
 Of health no other spring:
 O Lord, be nigh, Thy grace supply,
 Nor make long tarrying

VERSION LXIX.

71 PSALM, v. 1. 2. 5. 6. 9. 14. 15. (L. M.)

My trust is in Thy holy name ;
 Lord, bring me not to grief and shame ;
 In righteousness Thy pow'r display,
 And guide me through each dang'rous way.

In early youth my hope wast Thou ;
 Yea, from my mother's breast till now ;
 And on my grateful lips shall be
 The hymn of praise unceasingly.

Nor, when the cares of age assail,
 And health and strength begin to fail,
 Wilt Thou desert Thy servant, Lord,
 Or break the promise of Thy word.

But stronger still my trust shall grow,
 And wider yet my praises flow ;
 Yea, all my days will I declare
 How great Thy countless mercies are.

VERSION LXX.

73 PSALM, v. 23—26. (L. M.)

LORD, I am with Thee day by day,
 Before Thy presence always stand ;
 Thou in the dark and slippery way,
 Hast holden me by Thy right hand.

Me with Thy counsel wilt Thou guide,
 Where human lips in error leave ; .
 And, leading on through death's black tide,
 To glory shalt my soul receive.

It up celestial heights I'm led,
 Whom have I, Lord, in heav'n but Thee ?
 If earth's remotest bounds I tread,
 Whose else shall my affections be ?

Although my flesh and heart may fail,
 And fierce afflictions press me sore,
 Thou in Thy love shalt yet prevail,
 My strength and portion evermore.

VERSION LXXI.

74 PSALM, v. l. 2. 19—21. (L. M.)

WILT Thou, O Lord, in ceaseless wrath
 Thy people from Thee sever,
 Drive from their green and pasture path
 Thy little flock for ever?

Remember Thou Thy chosen fold,
 Thy purchas'd congregation,
 Thy blest inheritance of old,
 Thy glorious habitation.

With might deliver from above
 Thy church in her oppression,
 Nor of Thy mourning turtle-dove
 Let foes obtain possession.

So glory shall succeed to shame
 And in Thy temple bending,
 The poor and needy bless Thy name
 With anthems never ending.

VERSION LXXII

75 PSALM, v. 7—10. (SIXES.)

THOU, Lord, art judge of all;
 And earth's wide family
 By turns, or rise or fall,
 At Thy supreme decree.

The cup is in Thine hand,
 The wine is bright and red,
 And over Zion's land
 The precious streams are shed.

But wicked men shall drain
 The bitterness beneath,
 Wring out the grief and pain,
 And drink the dregs of death.

And this with praise I'll tell,
 That when, by justice driv'n,
 The godless sink to hell,
 The just shall rise to heav'n.

VERSION LXXIII.

76 PSALM, v. 6—10. (S. M.)

AT Thy rebuke, O Lord,
 The haughty distance keep;
 The fiery steed and battle sword
 Are cast in deathful sleep.

Thou wilt be fear'd alone;
 And who of men shall stand,
 When fiercely from Thy judgment-throne
 Descends Thy with'ring hand?

The conscious earth lay still
 When 'Thou from heav'n didst speak,
 Proclaiming wide Thy righteous will,
 To save the poor and meek.

By Thy great pow'r controll'd,
 Things adverse yield Thee fame;
 Man's wrath Thy praises shall unfold,
 And glory spring from shame.

VERSION LXXIV.

77 PSALM, v. 7—9. 11. 15. (L. M.)

O LORD, is all Thy favour past,
 And shall Thy love return no more ?
 Far from Thy presence wilt Thou cast
 The people who Thy grace implore ?

And can Thy promise ever fail,
 Thy mercy change to hopeless wrath ?
 Shall Thy forgetfulness prevail,
 Thy goodness cease to point our path ?

We will those ancient times recall,
 When Thy righthand could bless and guide ;
 Thy wondrous deeds remember all,
 Yea, think and talk of none beside.

Within Thy temple Thou art found,
 With strength the feeble to endue ;
 There Thy redeeming gifts abound,
 Which Jacob saw and Joseph knew.

VERSION LXXV.

77 PSALM, v. 16—20. (L. M.)

Thy prescnce, Lord, the waters saw,
The waves roll'd back with conscious awe,
The clouds their whelming deluge shed,
The skies sent forth a sound of dread.

Like arrowy shafts in anger hurl'd,
Thy lightnings blazed athwart the world ;
Thy voice of thunder in the sky
The solid earth heard tremblingly.

Thy way is in the boundless deep,
Thy path where mighty waters sweep ;
Unseen, mysterious, and alone,
Thy passing footsteps are not known.

And Thou, who o'er a desert land,
By Moses' and by Aaron's hand,
Didst lead Thy flock, our need behold,
And guide us to Thy heav'nly fold !

VERSION LXXVI.

79 PSALM, v. 8—11. 13. (P. M.)

KEEP not our former sins in mind,
 But, Lord, Thy wrath forego,
 And let us Thy sweet mercies find,
 For we are sunken low ;
 Deliv'rance, to Thy glory, make,
 And cleanse our guilt for Thy name's sake.

Why should the wicked mockers say
 " Ha ! where is now their God ?"
 Before their shame-struck eyes display
 The terrors of Thy rod ;
 From all the slanders of the past,
 Lord, vindicate Thy saints at last.

And oh ! when from his prison-floor
The captive pleads with Thee,
Let not in vain his lips implore,
But hear, and set him free ;
Yea, with Thy mighty pow'r come nigh,
And spare the soul condemn'd to die.

So shall, O Lord, Thy pastur'd sheep
Lift up their heads in praise,
And all these bright memorials keep
For men of other days,
The succours of Thy love to show
In hours of peril, care, and woe

VERSION LXXVII.

80 PSALM, v. 1—7. (L. M.)

GREAT Shepherd-king of Israel's land,
 Who ledd'st Thy flock with mighty hand,
 Enthron'd amid Thy seraphs bright,
 Shine forth in all Thy glorious light.

Arise, O Lord, and come at length,
 Begirt with Thy redeeming strength;
 Lift on our souls Thy beaming face;
 Turn, save us, by Thy heav'nly grace.

How long, Lord, shall Thy wrath remain,
 And ev'ry pray'r seem breath'd in vain?
 Relieve our wants, repress our fears,
 Whose only meat and drink are tears.

No longer let Thy children be
 The mark for strife and mockery;
 Lift on our souls Thy beaming face;
 Turn, save us, by Thy heav'nly grace.

VERSION LXXVIII.

80 PSALM, v. 8—14. 18. 19. (L. M.)

FROM Egypt's soil, such power is Thine,
 Thou hast transplanted, Lord, Thy vine,
 And clear'd the ground, that it may shoot
 A strong and unobstructed root.

Its boughs, that like the cedar grew,
 Across the hills their shadow threw ;
 Yea, spread their arms so spaciouſly,
 They ſwept the river and the ſea.

Why ſhows its broken hedge a way
 For foes to ſpoil and beaſts to prey ?
 Look down from heav'n, in love incline,
 And viſit Thy neglected vine.

So with Thy quick'ning grace reſtore,
 That, Lord, Thy church relapſe no more,
 Turn us again, that we may prove
 The ſunſhine of Thy ſaving love.

VERSION LXXIX.

84 PSALM, v. 1—7. 11. 12. (P. M.)

How calm and beautiful and fair,
 O Lord, Thy tabernacles are !
 Full oft my fainting spirit there
 Thy knowledge and Thy love would share.
 Who art the living God alone.

As sparrows seek their downy nest,
 As swallows where the younglings rest ;
 So would I, at Thine altar blest,
 Find peace to soothe my troubled breast,
 While other peace than Thine is none.

Thrice blessed are the saints who dwell
Within Thy courts, who love to tell
What tender mercies there excel,
How Baca's valley shows a well,
And strength is thirs increasingly.

Thy grace and glory are reveal'd,
For light a sun, for strength a shield ;
And no good thing shall lie conceal'd
From those that walk in truth, and yield
Their trusting hearts, O Lord, to Thee

VERSION LXXX.

85 PSALM, v. 1—10. 12. (P. M.)

WHEN, Lord, Thy dear and ancient land
 Lay bound in deep captivity,
 Thou didst outstretch Thy mighty hand,
 And set Thy chosen people free,
 The fierceness of Thine anger stay,
 And, take, oh take, their sin away.

Great God, to Thee our footsteps turn,
 Cause Thou Thy dreadful wrath to cease;
 Why should it all so strongly burn,
 Why with returning years increase?
 Renew our joy, our fears remove,
 And bless with Thy redeeming love.

We will in pray'r, and faith, and fear,
Thy presence-chamber early seek,
Those words of inward peace to hear,
Which God, the Lord, to us shall speak
Nor more, sustain'd by strength divine,
To folly's devious ways incline.

Salvation beams on Zion's land ;
And who the glory shall express ?
Where love and truth go hand in hand,
And peace is kiss'd by righteousness ;
Where God no blessing shall withhold,
But still enrich a thousandfold.

VERSION LXXXI.

86 PSALM, v. 1—9. (L. M.)

Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, and heed
The pray'r we offer in our need ;
Preserve, where souls Thine image own,
Save those who trust in Thee alone.

We lift to Thee our daily cry,
To peace restore, let joy be nigh ;
For, free in pardon, full of grace,
Art Thou to all who seek Thy face.

O Lord, whose mercies never fail,
Let now our humble call prevail ;
And surely in the troubled day
Thou wilt Thy tender love display.

None e'er may be compared to Thee,
Thy works are great transcendently ;
Form'd by Thine hands, with glad acclaim
Adoring nations bless Thy name.

VERSION LXXXII.

86 PSALM, v. 11—13. 15—17. (L. M.)

TEACH me, O Lord, the living way,
 And bless with strength each heav'nward e
 Let not from truth my footsteps stray,
 "Unite my heart to fear Thy name."

In anthems of unfeigned praise
 I will Thy wondrous goodness tell,
 Whose saving energy could raise
 My spirit from the lowest hell.

Compassionate and rich in grace,
 Enduring long contempt and slight,
 Thy mercy would a world embrace,
 Thy truth to all reveal its light.

Lord ! *now* with pow'r divine endue ;
 Lord ! *now* some open token show ;
 That they who still with hate pursue,
 May see whence all my comforts flow .

VERSION LXXXIII.

87 PSALM. (S. M.)

Fix'd is Thy temple's base,
Eternal as the hills ;
And all the place, O Lord, Thy grace
With its own glory fills.

Within Thy blest abode,
What light and joy are there !
What gifts have flowed, by Thee bestow'd,
To make it bright and fair.

The birth-place of the soul,
Where each adopted name
Thou wilt enrol upon the scroll
Of its exalted fame !

With music and with song,
Thy saints, rejoicingly,
Shall sweet and strong their praise prolong,
Whose springs are all in Thee.

VERSION LXXXIV.

89 PSALM, v. 14—18. (L. M.)

BESIDE Thy throne, in awful state,
 Justice, O Lord, and Judgment wait:
 The heralds, that before Thy face
 Go meekly forth, are Truth and Grace.

With blessings are that people crown'd
 Who know salvation's joyful sound ;
 Their feet shall all securely move
 Within the sunshine of Thy love ;

Exalted in Thy righteousness,
 Daily their lips Thy name shall bless ;
 Thou art the glory of their might,
 Thy favour fills their souls with light.

When foes arise, a sure defence,
 O Lord, is Thy omnipotence :
 The Holy-One of Israel Thou !
 Our glorious King, while millions bow

VERSION LXXXV.

89 PSALM v. 46. 47. 49.—51. (L. M.)

How long wilt Thou Thy face conceal?
 How long in cloud Thy presence hide?
 How long shall we Thine anger feel,
 Raging like fire on ev'ry side?

Remember, Lord, how brief and few
 The days, while we on earth remain;
 Nor prove the dread conclusion true,
 That mortal man was form'd in vain.

Where sleeps Thy goodness, which of old
 So widely made its mercies known,
 The blessings bright and manifold,
 By David prov'd, by David shown?

Of all our sorrow, all our care,
 O Lord, a pitying notice take,
 And mark the deep reproach we bear,
 For Thine Anointed's blessed sake!

VERSION LXXXVI.

90 PSALM, v. 1—6. 8. 11. 12. (P. M.)

FROM age to age, O Lord, in Thee
 Thy saints have found a resting-place ;
 Or ere this glorious earth might be,
 Or yet a world was launch'd in space,
 Or sun was hail'd, or mountain trod,
 Thou wast the everlasting God.

Submissive to Thy word of might,
 We turn to our primeval clay ;
 A thousand years within Thy sight
 Are but the measure of a day ;
 Man's generations quickly pass—
 A flood—a dream—the wither'd grass.

Before Thy pure and watchful eyes,
Whose searchings penetrate within,
Rise up our great iniquities,
Each secret vice and cherish'd sin,
Who knows Thine anger's awful weight,
And feels a fear commensurate ?

O Lord, Thy Spirit's teachings lend,
(Who is to Truth our only guide,)
That, numb'ring all the years we spend,
The days which we on earth abide,
Our hearts to wisdom may be giv'n,
That comes from Thee and leads to heav'n.

VERSION LXXXVII.

90 PSALM, 13—17. (S. M.)

RETURN, O Lord!—how long
 Shall we Thy absence prove?
 Refrain from wrath, and come among
 The people of Thy love.

As breaks the morning light,
 Let mercy spread its rays:
 Refresh our souls with visions bright,
 And gladden all our days.

Yea, great as were our woes,
 So let our pleasures be;
 Thy glorious work to us disclose,
 And our posterity.

The beauty of the Lord
 In all His holiness
 Be ~~on~~ ⁱⁿ us—and each work and word
 Establish Thou and bless.

VERSION LXXXVIII.

91 PSALM, v. 2. 4.—7. 10. 12. 14. 15. (P. M.)

TRUSTING, Lord, Thy matchless might,
 As my refuge-tow'r, and stay,
 Thou shalt put all ills to flight,
 Thou thy guardian-care display;
 Nor shall terror wrack by night,
 Nor shall arrow strike by day.

Not the fearful pestilence,
 Walking in the midnight sky,
 ('Though it hurry thousands hence,)
 Nor noon-sickness' wasting by,
 E'er shall climb my dwelling-fence,
 E'er shall come my footsteps nigh.

O'er my head, in mercy sent,
Angels constant watch shall keep;
And where'er my course is bent.
When I wake or when I sleep,
All their mighty succours lent,
Will sustain through perils deep.

Since my love is fix'd on Thee,
Thou wilt great deliv'rance show
Since Thy name is fear'd by me,
Honours high shalt Thou bestow
And my pray'r prevailingly
In the time of trouble flow.

VERSION LXXXIX.

92 PSALM v. 1. 2. 4. 12. 13—15. (P. M.)

It is a sweet and pleasant thing
 To render thanks to Thee, Most High!
 At morning's prime Thy praise to sing,
 Or, when the ev'ning shuts the sky,
 Thy loving kindness to express,
 And show forth all Thy faithfulness.

For, with Thy wonders manifold,
 Through all creation's lower span,
 (By wisdom fashion'd, grace controll'd,)
 Up to that noblest being, man,
 Thou mak'st our spirits to rejoice,
 And lift the high adoring voice.

The righteous like the palm shail grow
The cedar crowning Lebanon ;
And planted in Thy house shall show
A vigour giv'n to saints alone,
Shall flourish there, nor feel decay,
Till life is one unsetting day :

Yea, they shall still in hoary age
A full and precious produce bear,
The eye to charm, the heart engage
With all that's prosperous and fair,
Constraining, Lord, the multitude
To own Thee just, and wise, and good.

VERSION XC.

93 PSALM. (P. M.)

ENROB'D with majesty and might,
Thou, Lord, in glory reignest,
And in its changeless course of light
This rolling earth sustainest.

Fix'd on its deep and ancient base,
Thy throne was shaken never ;
A God, when time was not, nor space,
And still art God for ever.

A thousand voices met in one,
Roars loud the troubled ocean ;
Thou speakest—and the storm is gone,
Nor sound is there, nor motion.

Thy testimonies, Lord, are sure,
In wisdom, grace, excelling ;
And holiness, while years endure,
Shall beautify Thy dwelling.

VERSION XCI.

94 PSALM, v. 17—23. (L. M.)

HADST Thou not been, O Lord, my stay,
 My lips in silence had remain'd ;
 But falling in the slipp'ry way,
 The succour of Thine arm sustain'd.

Deep in my meditative breast,
 Through all the countless thoughts that roll,
 Thy promises of peace and rest
 Breathe gladness to my wearied soul.

Shall they have fellowship with Thee,
 Who frame a law in wickedness,
 And with confed'rate strength agree
 Thy saints to harass and oppress ?

In Thee, my rock, while foes surround,
 My only hope of refuge lies ;
 Thy righteous anger shall confound
 And scatter all mine enemies.

VERSION XCII.

96 PSALM, v. 1. 2. 4—9. 13. (P. M.)

FRESH from our lips, O Lord, shall rise
 A song of sacred mirth,
 To swell the choral melodies
 Of all Thy saints on earth :
 We'll bless Thy name, and day by day
 The wonders of Thy grace display.

In sov'reignty, supremely great,
 Thou wilt be fear'd and prais'd,
 Above all gods in mocking state
 On heathen altars rais'd ;
 Poor idols they ! while Thou hast giv'n
 Existence to the boundless heav'n.

Might, majesty, and grace, before
Thy royal presence meet ;
And strength and beauty evermore
Attend thy mercy seat.
Most gladly shall Thy servants bring
Within Thy courts their offering.

And in the pow'r of holiness
We fain would worship Thee,
Beneath Thy feet our fear confess
With earth's great family.
Soon shalt Thou come, most righteous Lord,
To judge the nations with Thy word.

VERSION XCIII.

99 PSALM, v. 1. 2. 6—9. (r. m.)

THOU reignest, sov'reign Lord, alone;
 With fear let all the guilty quake;
 Betwixt the cherubim, Thy throne
 No tremors of the earth shall shake.

In Zion's city Thou art great,
 Supreme in glory, spreads Thy fame,
 And prostrate nations venerate
 Thy wondrous and majestic name.

When Moses and when Aaron pray'd,
 When Samuel sought Thy pitying care,
 From out the cloud Thy voice convey'd
 An answer to their earnest pray'r.

Although our sins Thy wrath might raise,
 Thy mercy speaks the pard'ning word;
 And in Thy holy church we'll praise
 Thy holier presence, King and Lord.

VERSION XCIV.

100 PSALM. (L. M.)

WITH all Thy people, Lord, on earth,
Would we Thy glorious name adore,
In harmonies of solemn mirth
Extend Thy praise from shore to shore.

Thou art our God, our God alone ;
And we the creatures of Thy hand,
The people whom Thou deign'st to own,
The flock of Zion's pasture-land.

Thy temple's gate we enter now,
Thy matchless honours to confess ;
To pay, while we in homage bow,
The tribute of our thankfulness.

For thou, O Lord, art always good,
And mercy still abides with Thee ;
Thy truth, that hath for ages stood,
Shall flourish everlastingly.

VERSION XCV.

102 PSALM, v. 3. 11.—13. 15. (L. M.)

THE rising smoke which flits away,
 The dying embers' transient ray,
 The falling shadows as they pass,
 The with'ring of the summer grass—

In these, the emblems, Lord, we see
 Of human life's uncertainty ;
 In these, the rapid flight appears
 Of all a mortal's boasted years.

But Thou, O Lord, enthron'd above,
 While rolling ages onward move,
 Amidst revolving times dost dwell,
 Unchanging and unchangeable.

Nor ever shall Thy mercy cease
 To bless Thy chosen church with peace,
 Whilst heathens fear, and kings confess,
 The glory of Thy holiness.

VERSION XCVI.

102 PSALM, v. 16. 17. 19—20. (L. M.)

WHEN Zion in perfection stands,
 The temple of all tongues and lands,
 Then Lord, with light and pow'r divine,
 Shalt Thou in all Thy glory shine.

Thy glory—deigning there to meet
 The mourner at Thy mercy-seat,
 To hear the pray'rs the needy press,
 And with Thy timely succours bless

Thy glory—whose omniscient eye,
 Earth piercing from the vaulted sky,
 Beholds the captive's struggling breath,
 To save from fetters, groans, and death :

Thy glory—spreading thus Thy name
 Throughout Thy church in blessed fame,
 And making with new praises ring
 The city of our God and King.

VERSION XCVII.

102 PSALM, v. 25.—28. (L. M.)

By Thy stupendous strength, O Lord,
 The pillars of the world were laid ;
 Unfolding, at Thy mighty word,
 The heav'ns their glorious pomp display'd.

And yet the solemn time is nigh
 When these no longer shall remain ;
 When the firm earth and spreading sky
 Shall like a vesture change again.

Still, though the universe depart,
 Nor shred remain of things that be,
 Thou wast, Thou shalt be, and Thou art,
 The same—Thyself eternity.

Establish'd by Thy pow'rful hand,
 Thy church, through age on age to come,
 Shall never want its witness-band
 The pillars of its martyrdom.

VERSION XCVIII.

103 PSALM, v. 1—5. (C. M.)

My soul, O Lord, with all its powers
 Thy holy name would bless,
 Forgetting not, in former hours,
 Thy care and bounteousness;

Whose pard'ning love its might reveal'd,
 To take my sin away;
 Whose gentle hand with mercy heal'd,
 When I in sickness lay.

If o'er my life destruction frown'd,
 Redeeming strength was Thine;
 Or when by richer mercies crown'd,
 The gifts were all divine.

Fountain art Thou of grace and truth,
 In each necessity;
 Renewing, like an eagle's youth,
 My soul to follow Thee.

VERSION XCIX.

103 PSALM, v. 6—11. 13. (P. M.)

WITH justice and with righteousness
 Thy doings, Lord, abound,
 Where evil men Thy saints oppress,
 And tread them to the ground:
 E'en so, of old, Thy ways were shown,
 By Moses prov'd, by Israel known.

Yes, Thou art merciful and kind,
 To wrath averse and slow;
 Whilst all abroad and unconfin'd
 Thy plenteous blessings flow;
 And if at times Thine anger chides,
 Not long the chastisement abides.

VERSION CI.

104 PSALM, v. 1—6. 20. 24. 31. 33. 34. (P. M.)

MY soul, Lord, to Thee
 A glad homage pays,
 And crowns Thy great name
 With worship and praise:
 Pavilion'd in glory,
 Thy garment the light,
 The heav'ns are a curtain,
 Outstretch'd by Thy might.

Thy palace spreads wide
 Its beams through the air,
 The swift rolling clouds
 Thy majesty bear,
 The wings of the whirlwind
 Are under Thy feet,
 And angels resplendent
 Encircle Thy seat.

Thy hand made the world,
And filled it with good ;
Up-piling each hill,
Out-pouring each flood ;
Through all Thy creations
What marvels we trace,
Prolific in wisdom,
O'erflowing with grace !

With joy and delight
Thy works musing o'er,
Thy glory, O Lord,
Unfolds evermore ;
And while life remaineth,
Our singing shall be,
Our sweet meditations,
Jehovah, of Thee.

VERSION CII.

106 PSALM, v. 1. 2. 4. 5. (SIXES.)

WE laud Thy name divine,
 With grateful hearts adore ;
 For goodness, Lord, is Thine,
 And shall beevermore.

What mortal lips may speak
 The marvels of Thy might ?
 The praise—how poor and weak !
 The mercy—Infinite !

On us the grace bestow,
 Thy saints receiv'd of old,
 Thy great salvation show,
 Thy glorious strength unfold.

Ennobled by Thy choice,
 May we in good advance,
 And triumph and rejoice
 With Thy inheritance !

VERSION CIII.

107 PSALM, v. 2—7. (C. M.)

LET the redem'd, O Lord, to Thee
 Exulting thanks express,
 Who from the ghostly enemy
 Hast rescu'd but to bless ;

Thy guardian pow'r collected wide
 Thy flock which went astray,
 Whilst wandering on, without a guide,
 A solitary way.*

Yea, when our souls, in all their woe,
 But faint and fainter grew,
 Thy mercy heard our cry, to show
 Its mighty succours too :

Thy right hand leads our pilgrim-feet.
 The way the just have trod,
 That so our souls with joy may greet
 The city of our God.

VERSION CIV.

107 PSALM, v. 8—14. (1. M.)

O LORD, our lips with praises move
For all Thy wondrous works of love,
Enriching with divine supplies
The soul in its necessities.

If some in darkness sit, o'er whom
Spreads deep the shadow of the tomb ;
If these as weary captives lie
Beneath affliction's iron tie—

Because with Thy just word they fought,
And all Thy counsel set at nought ;
Still when, in conscious helplessness,
The cry goes up of their distress,

Thou changest all their gloom to light ;
And, snapp'd by Thy resistless might,
'Their fetters fall, and they stand free,
The sons of God and liberty.

VERSION CV.

107 PSALM, v. 21. 25. 26. 28—30. (S. M.)

Thy goodness, Lord, we praise,
 And would record again
 Thy glorious ways, their bright displays
 To all the sons of men.

When Thy command is giv'n,
 The ocean-billows swell,
 And we are driv'n as high as heav'n,
 Or sunken low as hell.

Yet, while our fears increase,
 Consenting to our pray'r,
 Thy word is "peace," the tossings cease,
 And all is stillness there.

And soon our souls shall be,
 However now distrest,
 Wafted by Thee, o'er Time's rough sea,
 To an eternal rest.

VERSION CVI

103 PSALM, v. 1—5. (S. M.)

My heart, O God, is Thine,
 Is fix'd on Thee alone ;
 And ev'ry inward pow'r of mine
 Thy master-love shall own.

With music and with song
 A tribute will I pay,
 And, oft assembled saints among,
 Thy wondrous works display.

Thy faithfulness and love
 No narrow limits know
 They reach Thy glorious throne above,
 They fill the earth below.

The mighty angels there
 Thy majesty proclaim,
 Whilst all Thy saints on earth declare
 The marvels of Thy fame.

VERSION CVII.

111 PSALM, v. 1—5. 9. 10. (P. M.)

WE praise Thee, O Lord,
 In heart and in word ;
 Amidst Thine assembly of worshippers sing ;
 The works Thou hast done
 Our homage have won,
 And they who best know Thee, best tribute shall
 bring.

Thy glory and grace
 No time may efface ;
 Thy truth and Thy goodness unceasingly reign ;
 Thy bounties still feed
 The poor in their need ;
 Thy covenant-promises ever remain.

From heav'n Thou didst bend,
And plent'ously send
Redemption to those who were plung'd in despair;
Unfailingly sure
Thy pledge shall endure,
To lead and to cherish the flock of Thy care.

Thy name we revere ;
And, Lord, in Thy fear
Our wisdom beginning, Thy aid we implore,
That so we fulfil
Each word of Thy will,
Exalting and spreading Thy praise evermore.

VERSION CVIII.

113 PSALM, v. 1—8. (P. M.)

THY servants, Lord, draw near,
To bless Thy holy name,
Whose praise a world should hear,
And echo forth its fame,
Yea, when the sun uplifts his head,
Until his latest beams are shed.

Ere time or space had birth,
Thou wast exalted high ;
Thy footstool is the earth,
Thy throne the starry sky :
Whom, Lord, shall we compare with Thee ?
Thy glories fill immensity.

How wondrous is Thy love,
That Thou shouldst deign to view
The things in heav'n above,
The bright, the fair, the true!
More wondrous still of grace to tell
Which reaches where poor mortals dwell!

Beholding, but to raise
The weak and needy one,
To live amid the blaze
Of Thy unclouded throne,
With princes great and flourishing,
Where Jesus reigns immortal King.

VERSION CIX.

115 PSALM, v. 1—3. 12. 13. 18. (L. M.)

Not unto us the glory be,
 Not unto us, but, Lord, to Thee ;
 Thine own in all its fulness take,
 Both for Thy truth and mercy's sake.

“ Where's now their God ?” while mockers cry,
 We lift our hand and point on high,
 Whence sending forth Thy wise decrees,
 Thou rulest all as Thou shalt please.

Thine ever-mindful love and care
 Again Thy happy children share ;
 On Israel's seed and Aaron's race
 Descend Thy streams of heav'nly grace.

Yea, all who fear Thy name shall know
 How broad and rich Thy blessings flow ;
 While thus their lips make glad accord,
 Both now and ever “ Praise the Lord.”

VERSION CX.

116 PSALM, v. 1. 2. 7. 8. (c. m.)

I LOVE 'Thy name, O blessed Lord,
 For Thou hast heard my pray'r;
 And long as life the pow'r afford,
 I will that name declare.

Well may my soul retire again
 To its accustom'd rest,
 Since Thou, whose grace was never vain,
 Hast bountifully blest ;

Deliv'ring me from inward fears,
 Where fears of death enthrall,—
 Mine eyes, from unavailing tears,
 My feet, where thousands fall

Lord ! while my humble vows ascend,
 Lend 'Thine assisting grace,
 That, till life's pilgrimage shall end,
 I walk before Thy face.

VERSION CXI.

116 PSALM, v. 12. 14. 16. 18. 19. (S. M.)

WHAT offering shall I make,
 O Lord, for all Thy grace?
 Fresh vows upon my soul I'll take
 Within this hallow'd place.

Yea, now will I confess,
 Thy gather'd saints among,
 My debt for all Thy bounteousness,
 In tributary song.

Most earnestly have I
 In Thy pure service striv'n ;
 And when Thou heard'st my captive-cry,
 Thy help came down from heav'n.

And this will I repeat
 In grateful praise with them
 Who in Thy holy temple meet ;
 Our new Jerusalem.

VERSION CXII.

118 PSALM, v. 6. 8. 9. 11. 13.—15. (c. M.)

SINCE Thou, O Lord, art on our side,
 No cause have we to fear,
 Though, strong in all their hate and pride,
 A thousand foes stood near.

'Tis better far to trust in Thee
 Than any mortal pow'r
 If even mighty kings should be
 Our friends in peril's hour.

Girt with Thy truth, a conqueror's path
 Shall evermore be trod ;
 Against us what is human wrath,
 Whilst ours is help from God ?

Our strength art Thou, and Thou our song ;
 Salvation is Thy name ;
 And joyously Thy courts along,
 Shall sound Thy glorious fame.

VERSION CXIII.

118 PSALM, v. 18.—23. (SEVENS.)

HEAVILY upon my soul,
 Lord, Thy chast'ning hand was laid ;
 But, ere death had full control,
 Mercy all its pow'r display'd.

Through the open gates of praise
 Joyfully I've enter'd now,
 Singing sweet and solemn lays,
 Bowing where the righteous bow.

When to Thee for help I turn'd,
 Savingly Thy help was shown :
 He, whom once the builders spurn'd,
 Is my glorious corner-stone.

Man is folly, man is nought ;
 Thou art strong, and Thou art wise ;
 Mightily Thy hand hath wrought,
 Wondrously to human eyes.

VERSION CXIV.

118 PSALM, v. 24—29. (L. M.)

(Sunday Morning.)

THIS is the pure and blessed day,
 Which Thou, Lord, for Thyself hast made ;
 And we will our glad homage pay
 Within Thy temple's sacred shade.

Thy favour on our efforts rest !
 Save now with Thy converting word !
 And let that messenger be blest
 Who cometh in Thy name, O Lord

Thou art our God, and in the gloom
 Of nature's deep and awful night,
 Thy grace was present to illume,
 To fill and guide our souls with light.

And now, our sacrifice shall be
 Devoutly at Thy footstool laid,
 Exalting, praising, blessing Thee,
 Whose mercies through all worlds pervade.

VERSION CXV.

119 PSALM, v. 1. 2. 4. 5. (SEVENS.)

BLESSED, O my God, are they
Who in pureness keep Thy way,
Who with seeking hearts fulfil
Ev'ry precept of Thy will.

Thy command is laid on me
Thus to walk unweariedly ;
O for light and strength divine
To observe each rule of Thine !

Standing free from conscious shame,
Whilst Thy word directs my aim,
Taught by Thee Thy truth to know,
Praises from my heart shall flow.

Lord ! I am resolv'd to hold
All Thy statutes may unfold ;
Nor do Thou my soul forsake,
In the solemn vow I make !

VERSION CXVI.

119 PSALM, v. 9.—13. (L. M.)

How shall a young man cleanse his way?
 By taking solemn heed, O Lord,
 That, through Thy guidance, he obey
 The counsel of Thy holy word.

Most earnestly I've sought Thy face,
 Tried long Thy favour to obtain;
 O let me not Thy cause disgrace,
 By wand'ring on in sin again.

Thy word is hidden in my soul,
 That so I might no more offend;
 With Thy celestial pow'r control,
 With Thy enlight'ning grace befriend.

Thy judgments have my lips declar'd,
 And I have mus'd Thy precepts o'er
 With deeper joy than had I shar'd
 The largest pile of worldly store.

VERSION CXVII.

119 PSALM, v. 17—20. 24. (L. M.)

LORD ! hear Thy servant's strong request,
 Most graciously Thy succours give,
 And let Thy word within my breast
 For evermore engrafted live.

Yea, open Thou mine eyes, that so
 The sacred things Thy laws contain
 May all their wondrous beauty show,
 May all Thy secret will explain.

A stranger on the earth am I,
 Whose home is in a better place ;
 O let not, Lord, in darkness lie
 Thy promises of truth and grace.

Thy judgments to discern aright,
 Tow'rd's Thee my spirit's yearnings move,
 Thy statutes are my deep delight,
 They counsel me with words of love.

VERSION CXVI · I

119 PSALM, v. 25—31. (SEVENS.)

Bow'd beneath its weight of woe,
Lord, my soul is sunken low ;
With Thy gracious word dispense
Renovating influence.

Thou hast heard me from Thy throne,
Make my guilty doings known ;
Through Thy teaching, I will tell
Of Thy works unsearchable.

Sinking fast in grief and pain,
Let Thy strength my soul sustain ;
That from guileful ways I flee,
Grant Thy wisdom graciously.

I Thy truth my choice have made,
In my sight Thy judgments laid ;
Cleaving to Thy word, let shame
Never brand Thy servant's name.

VERSION CXIX.

119 PSALM, v. 34. 36—38. (S. M.)

O LORD, Thy light impart,
 That I Thy love may know ;
 And so shall my consenting heart
 A prompt obedience show.

From ev'ry sordid care
 Turn Thou my thoughts away
 And fix my best affections where
 True wisdom points the way.

Let objects light and vain
 Allure mine eyes no more ;
 With grace my feeble steps sustain,
 Where saints have trod before.

Establish Thou Thy word,
 Make ev'ry promise clear,
 And guide and bless Thy servant, Lord,
 Devoted to Thy fear.

VERSION CXX.

119 PSALM, v. 41—48. (SEVENS.)

BOUNDLESS in Thy deeds of love,
Let me, Lord, Thy mercy prove ;
In the volume of Thy grace
Let me Thy salvation trace.

So an answer shall be mine,
When reproachful lips malign :
For, O Lord, Thy trusted word
Is alike my shield and sword.

And in freedom will I walk,
Making all Thy truth my talk ;
Ready, though I spake to kings,
With my solemn witnessings.

Yes, and while Thy precepts still
With delight my bosom fill,
Evermore shall they command
All my pow'rs of heart and hand.

VERSION CXXI.

119 PSALM, v. 49.—54. (C. M.)

REMEMBER, Lord, Thy plighted word,
Where my best hopes repose ;
Which comfort can alone afford
In all my heavy woes.

Though scornful mockers may deride,
And speak disdainfully,
Thy truth, in which my thoughts confide,
Shall yet my solace be.

Thy blessings, precious as untold,
Each kindly providence,
I oft-review in times of old,
And draw sweet hopes from thence.

Awe-struck to see the godless throngs
Against Thy law engage,
Thy statutes will I make my songs
Through all my pilgrimage.

VERSION CXXII.

119 PSALM, v. 57—60. 62. (s. m.)

My portion, Lord, Thou art ;
 My vows are made to Thee ;
 Thy fav'ring grace with all my heart
 I've sought imploringly.

Be merciful and kind,
 According to Thy word.
 I saw how far my feet declin'd,
 And turn'd again, O Lord.

No spirit of delay
 Made that conviction vain,
 But instantly Thy holy way
 Was I resolved to gain.

Within the midnight hour
 I'll sing my sacred lays ;
 For Thine, O Lord, was all the pow'r,
 And Thine shall be the praise.

VERSION CXXIII.

119 PSALM, v. 65. 67. 71. 72. (L. M.)

O LORD, in pity all Thine own,
 Thou hast to me Thy favour shown ;
 For I the promis'd joy have shar'd,
 By Thy unchanging word declar'd,

Before affliction came, and tried,
 How widely had I turn'd aside !
 But now Thy holy will I hear,
 And keep it with a watchful fear.

Good is it that my soul should know
 The time of weariness and woe ;
 For there Thy great design I see,
 Of leading back to truth and Thee.

Most precious is the faithful word
 Proceeding from Thy mouth, O Lord !
 'Tis better far than all the gold
 By conqu'rors won or misers told.

VERSION CXXIV.

119 PSALM, v. 72—75. 80. (L. M.)

O GOD, by Thy creating hand
 This mortal frame of mine was made ;
 Teach Thou my soul to understand
 The truths within Thy law display'd.

So shall Thy saints, with glad surprise,
 Give me a happy welcoming,
 As now they see, with joyful eyes,
 Our hopes have but a common spring.

I know Thy judgments all are right ;
 And so, in very faithfulness,
 Thy chast'ning hand was rais'd to smite—
 To smite, but only thus to bless.

O, let my trusting heart be sound
 In ev'ry truth which bears Thy name ;
 So mockers shall no more confound,
 Depress with fear, nor fill with shame,

VERSION CXXV.

119 PSALM, v. 81. 82. 84. 88. (S. M.)

MY spirit faints to know
 Thy great salvation, Lord ;
 My spirit, that in all its woe
 Still leans upon Thy word.

I wait with failing eyes
 Thy promis'd love to see,
 And mournfully ascend my cries,
 " When wilt Thou comfort me ?"

Not many are the days
 Thy servant has to live :
 Where foes would crush, wilt Thou not raise
 And righteous judgment give ?

As is Thy loving care,
 So quicken with Thy grace ;
 And ever what Thy laws declare
 Will I with joy embrace•

VERSION CXXVI.

119 PSALM, v. 92—96. (L. M.)

HAD not my soul found deep delight
 Within Thy promise-breathing word,
 My wasted frame in sorrow's night
 Had sunken, ne'er to be restor'd.

And faithfully shall mem'ry hold,
 Till death remove my spirit hence,
 Those counsels sweet and manifold,
 Which quicken'd with their influence.

Oh ! save me, Lord, for I am Thine ;
 Oh ! save in danger and distress !
 Still to Thy truth my heart incline,
 Though ghostly foes around me press.

I've seen the height of human good,
 And I have seen the speedy fall ;
 But broad as is the ocean flood,
 Thy word with blessing flows to all.

VERSION CXXVII.

119 PSALM, v. 97—100. 103. 104. (L. M.)

Most deeply, Lord, I love Thy law,
 Where truth and grace make rich display;
 Its page, with mingled praise and awe,
 Fills all my thoughts the livelong day.

If learn'd above mine enemies,
 If than my teachers more I know,
 If wiser than the ancient wise,
 The light to Thee alone I owe.

How sweet to me Thy sacred lore,
 No pow'r is mine, O Lord, to tell;
 'Tis sweeter than the honey-store
 Press'd newly from its waxen cell.

Thence is my soul with knowledge fraught
 Of all that moves Thy secret will;
 And there am I divinely taught
 Each holy purpose to fulfil.

VERSION CXXVIII.

119 PSALM, v. 105. 111. (L. M.)

THY word upon my darksome way
Shines forth to guide my steps aright;
And I have vow'd, betide what may,
To follow still its heav'nly light.

Yea, always will I strive to do
Whate'er Thy righteous will shall please;
O Lord, my deep affliction view,
And comfort with Thy promises.

Accept the free-will offerings,
That from my lips devoutly flow,
And with the aid Thy spirit brings,
The wisdom of Thy precepts show.

To ghostly snares and human rage,
Though all expos'd my soul may be,
Thy word, my richest heritage,
I'll ever hold rejoicingly.

VERSION CXXIX.

119 PSALM, v. 113—116. (s. m.)

WHILE vanities but move
 My holy hate, O Lord,
 I fain would prove how much I love
 Thy just and faithful word.

In storms my hiding-place,
 In battle Thou my shield ;
 My hopes embrace all gifts of grace
 Thy counsels have reveal'd.

From them my soul retires
 Who plot and purpose ill,
 And still aspires with new desires,
 To keep Thy righteous will.

Uphold me by the same,
 The word which Thou hast giv'n ;
 And ne'er let shame divert my aim,
 Fix'd Lord on Thee and heav'n.

VERSION CXXX.

119 PSALM, v. 121—124. (C. M.)

FROM works of justice and of right
I strove, Lord, not to swerve ;
And now from the oppressor's spite
My threaten'd life preserve.

A surety for Thy servant's good,
Be Thou in my distress,
While the fierce scorner is withstood,
In all his haughtiness.

My watching eyes in dimness fail,
For Thy salvation, Lord ;
They wait to see the truth prevail,
Of Thy most righteous word,

As Thou art wont with saints to deal,
So guide me and control ;
And yet with greater light reveal
Thy statutes to my soul.

VERSION CXXXI.

119 PSALM, v. 129. 130. 132. 133. (s. m.)

WHAT marvels, gracious Lord,
 Within Thy laws I see !
 Fain would my soul its trust accord,
 And keep them constantly.

When ignorance, like night,
 In darkness veils mine eyes,
 The entrance of Thy truth is light,
 And makes the simple wise.

My poor estate behold,
 And let my faith embrace,
 As they who lov'd Thy name of old,
 The comfort of Thy grace ;

Direct me on my way,
 That I Thy word fulfil,
 While sin no more, with despot-sway,
 O'errules my heart and will.

VERSION CXXXII.

119 PSALM, v. 137—141. 143. (c. m.)

THY righteous judgments, Lord, my soul
Would evermore confess ;
Thy statutes are my charter-scroll
Of truth and faithfulness.

When these mine enemies deny,
It wounds my bosom sore :
Thy word is very pure, and I
Still love it more and more.

While I my conscious weakness own,
If mocking men despise,
That source shall fix my thoughts alone
Where all true comfort lies.

Let troubles vex and cares assail,
Let anguish seize me, still
The sweet delight shall never fail
Of keeping, Lord, thy will.

VERSION CXXXIII.

119 PSALM, v. 145—147. 150. 151. (S. M.)

WITH my whole heart I cry,
 O Lord, Thy servant hear :
 Thy statutes are before mine eye,
 Be Thy salvation near.

Ere morn reveal'd its light,
 Hope in Thy word I felt,
 And through the watches of the night
 My musings on it dwelt.

In loving-kindness great,
 Give heed to all my pray'r ;
 My inward soul to renovate,
 Shed holy unction there.

When, dark in their design,
 Draw nigh my lawless foes ;
 Thy guardian-presence, Lord, be mine,
 And with Thy truth oppose.

VERSION CXXXIV.

119 PSALM, v. 153—157. 159. 160. (SEVENS.)

Look upon my troubles, Lord,
 And Thy saving strength dispense ;
 Plead my cause, and let Thy word
 Quicken with Thy influence.

Not Thy health may sinners share,
 Since Thy statutes they disdain ;
 Great Thy tender mercies are ;
 Lord, let these my soul sustain.

Though the harassings be mine
 Of a thousand enemies,
 Still my faith shall ne'er decline
 From Thy precepts pure and wise.

On my love how deep their claim !
 With them, Lord, Thy guidance give ;
 Always was Thy word the same,
 Ever shall Thy judgments live.

VERSION CXXXV.

119 PSALM, v. 161—167. (L. M.)

THOUGH princes with their causeless rage
Might visit my devoted head,
Still would Thy law my thoughts engage,
And all my best affections wed.

As one who findeth hidden gold,
So o'er Thy word I thrill with joy;
Well may the truths which there unfold
Sev'n times a day my praise employ.

A peace ineffable is theirs
Whose life Thy blessed precepts sway;
Nor e'er shall human woes or cares
Divert them from their heav'nward way.

In Thy salvation trusting, Lord,
Fain would my will with Thine agree;
My soul hath ever lov'd Thy word,
And loveth still exceedingly.

VERSION CXXXVI.

119 PSALM, v. 169. 170. 173—176. (P. M.)

LORD, to Thee my pray'rs ascend,
Fill my soul with light,
And for my deliv'rance lend
Thy up-bearing night ;

Be my helper, for I still
Make Thy laws my choice,
Long to prove Thy saving will,
In Thy truth rejoice ;

Bid my failing spirit live,
Thy redemption show,
And to Thee my lips shall give
All the praise I owe .

Like a sheep that wanders wide,
From Thee I depart—
Seek me, for Thy words abide
In my trusting heart.

VERSION CXXXVII.

121 PSALM. (L. M.)

UP to the hills I turn mine eyes,
 From whence alone in streams descend
 Those free and bountiful supplies,
 Which neither measure know nor end.

They flow from THEE, whose word hath made
 Heav'n's boundless heights, earth's spacious
 plains ;
 Whose eyes no slumbers may invade,
 Whose strength Thy people's course maintains.

Thou art our guardian ; nor by day
 Shall smite the sun's intenser light,
 Nor yet the moon with sickly ray
 Shed baleful influence o'er our night.

Thy grace preserves the soul from sin,
 Thy spirit shall to health restore ;
 Our goings-out, and comings-in,
 Thou blessest now and evermore.

VERSION CXXXVIII.

122 PSALM. (C. M.)

(Sunday Morning.)

GREAT gladness fill'd my heart to hear
 My dear companions say,
 Now let us in God's house appear
 Upon His holy day.

Yes, Lord, we stand with willing feet,
 Within Thy temple's gate,
 And meeting at Thy mercy-seat,
 With saints communicate,

Commingling hymns of sacred praise ;
 Since here with joy we see,
 How David's Lord His throne displays
 In truth and equity.

The peace, too, which we most desire,
 Is here in plenteousness,—
 All blessings that our wants require,
 All good our souls to bless.

VERSION CXXXIX.

123 PSALM. (S. M.)

To Thee, O God, we raise
Our supplicating eyes,
Who dwellest in the central blaze
Of the unclouded skies.

As servants wait until
They hear their master's word,
E'en so our souls are waiting still
For Thy salvation, Lord.

Have mercy on us now,
Thy favour let us see,
Who bear the branding on our brow
Of shame and obloquy ;

Whose souls new terrors seize
From the insulting crowd,
The scorning of the men of ease,
The scoffing of the proud.

VERSION CXL.

124 PSALM, v. 1—3. 6. 7. (S. M.)

(Church Persecution.)

IF, Lord, Thou hadst not been
 At our right hand alway,
 A present help, though all unseen—
 Our comfort and our stay ;

If Thou hadst left our side,
 When persecution rose,
 We had been swallow'd by the tide
 Of overwhelming foes.

May endless blessings show'r
 Upon Thy gracious name,
 Whose arm redeem'd, with mighty pow'r,
 From slavery and shame.

Exultingly as springs
 The rescued bird, so we
 In spirit soar, upon the wings
 Of love and liberty.

VERSION CXLI.

125 PSALM. (SEVENS.)

THEY who trust, O Lord, in Thee,
Shall like Zion's mountain be,
Standing, all unmov'd and fast,
In its glory to the last.

As the mighty hills embrace
Salem, so 'Thine arms of grace
Circle now, as heretofore,
And shall guard us evermore.

Never let oppression's rod
On thy saints remain, O God,
Lest their failing hearts withdraw
From Thy true and holy law.

Thou the just shalt recompense,
Leading forth the wicked hence
Into wocs that never cease,
While Thy people dwell in peace.

VERSION CXLII.

126 PSALM. (L. M.)

WHEN, Lord, Thine arm with matchless might
 Set Zion from oppression free,
 It seem'd a vision of the night,
 Thy glories shone so wondrously.

Then was a holy laughter ours,
 Such singing had been heard by none,
 Whilst awe-struck spake the heathen pow'rs,
 "Great things for them their God hath done."

O Lord, let Thy redeeming hand
 For us its gracious strength employ,
 That we that ransom'd people stand,
 Who sow in tears to reap in joy :

That they who now go forth in grief,
 And bear, with weeping, precious seed,
 May happily bring home the sheaf,
 Exulting in their harvest-meed.

VERSION CXLIII.

130 PSALM. (P. M.)

Out of the depths do I
 Uplift my voice to Thee,
 Uplift a feeble cry,
 Amidst my misery
 Lord, hear the pray'r which I prefer,
 And be my present comforter.

If Thou in truth shouldst deign
 To mark our evil ways,
 What mortal might sustain
 The terrors of Thy gaze?
 But Thy forgiveness, Lord, is near
 That we may not despair, but fear.

My soul is waiting still,
 (Whose hope is in Thy word,)
To prove Thy gracious will
 In my salvation, Lord :
It waits as when in sorrow's night
We watch the slow-returning light.

Thy church shall evermore
 Its trust in Thee repose,
Whose mercy can restore,
 Whose blessing heal her woes,
Causing her glorious walk to be
In light and peace and liberty.

VERSION CXLIV.

132 PSALM, v. 9—11. 13. 15. 18. (L. M.)

ARISE, O Lord, into Thy rest,
 Thou and the ark of all Thy might ;
 Let righteousness Thy priests invest,
 And saints express their souls' delight.

Turn not away, for David's sake,
 O Lord, Thine own Anointed's face ;
 Sworn was the oath, that Thou wouldst make
 For David's Son a throne of grace.

Lo! Zion is Thy chosen hill,
 The mountain of Thy bright abode,
 The resting-place Thou lov'st to fill,
 Where all Thy riches are bestow'd ;

Where Thou, O Lord, wilt satisfy
 The righteous poor with living bread :
 And while with shame His scornors fly,
 The crown shall live on Jesu's head.

VERSION CXLV.

133 PSALM. (SIXES.)

How pleasant and how good

It is, O Lord, to see

The human brotherhood,

In love and unity !

'Tis like the frankincense,

So precious in its flow

Down Aaron's beard, which thence

Ran o'er his feet below ;

'Tis like the dews that fill

With richness Hermon's head,

Or over Zion's hill

A living freshness shed—

O'er Zion's chosen place,

Where Thy command is rife,

With boundless stores of grace

And everlasting life.

VERSION CXLVI.

135 PSALM, v. 6.—9. 13. (L. M.)

WHATE'ER Thy purpose, Lord, may be,
 Whate'er Thy great and sov'reign will,
 Or through the heav'ns, or earth, or sea,
 Thou shalt each vast design fulfil.

In all the vapours that ascend,
 In all the lightnings of the air,
 In waves that roar and winds that rend,
 Thy unseen presence, Lord, is there.

Lo! Egypt's first-born own'd Thy hand,
 That charg'd with wrath destructive fell
 Yea, Pharaoh with his countless band,
 Amidst the waves' entombing swell.

Thy name shall stand for aye and aye,
 The glory of our constant praise ;
 The records of Thy grace display
 A theme, for all succeeding days.

VERSION CXLVII.

136 PSALM, v. 1—7. 23. 24. (C. M.)

LET all give thanks, O Lord, to Thee,
 For goodness is Thy name ;
 Thy mercies through eternity
 Shall spread Thy glorious fame.

The God of gods, the King of kings,
 By mighty wonders known,
 The wisdom of Thy counsellings
 Within the heav'ns is shown ;

And in the earth, outstretching wide,
 And ocean's spreading shore,
 And in the lights which time divide,
 Till time shall be no more :

'Thy love, O Lord, remembers still
 Our weak estate and low,
 Our souls redeeming from the will
 Of man's relentless foe.

VERSION CXLVIII.

138 PSALM. (P. M.)

My unreserved praise
To Thee, O Lord, is giv'n,
In newly-chanted lays,
Before Thy throne in heav'n;
For faithfulness and grace are Thine,
And in Thy word Thy glories shine.

My pray'r, the day I pray'd
Was heard and answer'd too;
From Thy sustaining aid
Its strength my spirit drew :
All monarchs who Thy counsels see
Shall sing Thy fame adoringly.

Although enthron'd on high,
Thou wilt the meek approve ;
And where the haughty fly,
Thy wrathful glances move :
When I the paths of trouble pace,
Thou wilt revive me with Thy grace.

Let enemies assail,
Thy hand my strength shall be ;
Thy work shall never fail
In aught concerning me
Thy mercy lives—nor will forsake
Those whom Thy wisdom deign'd to make.

VERSION CXLIX.

139 PSALM, v. 1—3. 7—12. (L. M.)

THOU, Lord, hast search'd and know'st me well,
 Or when I sit or when I rise ;
 And Thou each secret thought canst tell ;
 My ways are all before Thine eyes.

Where from Thy spirit shail I go ?
 Ah ! whither from Thy presence flee ?
 All heights above, all depths below,
 Are fill'd with Thine immensity.

If I the wings of morning take,
 And range along the pathless main,
 Thy guiding hand my course shall make,
 And Thy right-hand my soul sustain.

If I, in deepest darkness, say
 Its glooms prevent Thy piercing sight,
 The night shall shine as perfect day,
 For where Thou art there must be light.

VERSION CL.

139 PSALM, v. 14. 17. 18. 23, 24. (L. M.)

THEE will I praise, whose hand my frame
 Hath all so wonderfully made ;
 Whose works, so marvellous in fame,
 My soul has oft with joy survey'd.

How welcome, Lord, my musings o'er
 The tokens of Thy tenderness !
 The counted sands of ocean's shore
 In vain their number might express.

Search, Lord, my inmost heart, and know
 The strength of all affections there ;
 Try, Lord, my thoughts, and let them show
 The secret images they bear.

Prove if in me the hidden thing
 Holds with Thy law rebellious strife,
 And on that way my footsteps bring
 Which leads to everlasting life.

VERSION CLI.

140 PSALM, v. 6. 7. 12. 13. (1. M.)

CONFESSING, Lord, before Thy throne,
 Thou art my God, my God alone,
 Oh ! ever hear me when I pray,
 Nor turn Thy gracious face away.

When sinking in my soul's despair,
 Thy love reveal'd its saving care,
 And e'er my head, on hostile field,
 Thine arm outstretch'd its ample shield.

Thou wilt the righteous cause maintain,
 Nor let the mourner plead in vain ;
 Thou wilt assert the poor man's right,
 Against oppression's lawless might.

The righteous shall ascribe to Thee
 The praise of Thy benignity,
 Amidst Thy glorious presence dwell,
 In light and peace ineffable.

VERSION CLII.

141 PSALM, v. 1—4. 8. (C. M.)

To Thee, O Lord, I raise my cries,
 O haste to my relief,
 And meet with Thy divine supplies
 The cause of all my grief.

As incense shall my pray'r ascend
 Amidst the op'ning day,
 As sacrifice my hands extend
 When ev'ning fades away.

Lord, of my lips keep Thou the door
 And guide my words aright;
 Hold from my bosom, I implore,
 The guilty man's delight.

Mine eyes in trustful earnestness
 Upon Thy mercy wait;
 O Lord, in all my soul's distress
 Leave me not desolate.

VERSION CLIII.

142 PSALM, v. 2—7. (P. M.)

BEFORE Thee, Lord, arose
My mercy-pleading call ;
Whate'er my wants or woes,
My voice disclos'd them all :
Thine eye my fainting steps pursu'd
Through all my weary solitude.

The snare was in my way,
The snare in secret laid ;
I look'd in pale dismay,
For none would lend their aid
None car'd, until I pray'd to Thee,
“ O Lord, my strength and portion be.”

Again receive my cry,
For I am sunken low,
And stronger far than I
Is my revengeful foe :
Let not his wrath my feet o'ertake,
Deliver for Thy mercy's sake.

My soul from prison bring,
That so, in freedom strong,
I may before Thee sing
A new and holy song,
While saints around assembled stand
To hear the mercies of Thy hand.

VERSION CLIV.

143 PSALM, v. 1—7. (S. M.)

HEAR, Lord, my humble pray'r,
Receive my soul's address,
And let me share Thy tender care
In truth and righteousness.

In judgment shouldst Thou rise,
Who may the search abide ?
The pure and wise in their own eyes
In vain were justified.

Back to the ancient days
My thoughts take silent flight ;
And there I gaze with love and praise,
O'er marvels infinite.

My spirit thirsts for grace,
As the parch'd ground for rain ;
Reveal Thy face, and so, Lord, place
My hope in light again.

VERSION CLV.

143 PSALM v. 8—11. (C. M.)

AT morning's dawn, Lord, may I hear
The tidings of Thy love
I trust in Thee ; with grace make clear
The way my feet should move.

O save me from my ghostly foes,
That press on ev'ry side ;
Whilst, Lord, on Thee my hopes repose,
I fain in Thee would hide.

Teach me to do Thy holy will,
Who other God have none ;
With Thy good spirit guide me still,
In paths of truth alone

Thy renovating grace bestow,
O Lord, for Thy name's sake,
And out of all its depths of woe
My soul in mercy take.

VERSION CLVI.

144 PSALM, v. 3. 4. 9—12. (L. M.)

LORD, what is man, that Thou shouldst know
 His thoughts, his works, on earth below ?
 Or what the son of man, that he
 Should with Thy love ennobled be ?

Though thousand lips his fame confess,
 'Tis vanity and nothingness ;
 His days, how long soe'er they last,
 Move like a shadow, and are past.

While music wakes the silent string,
 Anew my voice Thy praise shall sing :
Thy just decrees the sentence give,
 When kings shall perish or shall live.

Lord, who in perils manifold
 Didst David's failing strength uphold,
 Stretch forth Thine hand, and set me free
 From each afflicting enemy !

VERSION CLVII.

145 PSALM, v. 1. 2. 8—10. 12. 13. (C. M.)

I WILL extol Thee, Lord and King,
 And ever bless Thy name ;
 Thy glories will I daily sing,
 And magnify Thy fame.

Inclin'd to pity, full of grace,
 To deeds of anger slow,
 Thy goodness hath a large embrace,
 Thy love a boundless flow.

The living voices of Thy praise
 From all Thy works arise,
 Thy saints their grateful homage raise
 In choral harmonies.

Thy kingdom's honours, vast, sublime,
 Their constant theme shall be ;
 Thy kingdom spreading over time,
 And through eternity.

VERSION CLVIII.

145 PSALM, v. 14—21. (P. M.)

THE stumbling feet, O Lord, wilt Thou,
 With Thy free strength sustain;
 And when the faint and feeble bow,
 Thou liftest up again :
 All turn to Thee their asking eyes,
 And wait for Thy divine supplies.

Thy gracious hand is open'd wide
 To ev'ry living thing;
 In righteous ways Thou art our guide,
 Of holiness our spring ;
 And they who seek with aim sincere,
 Shall ever find Thy presence near :

Yea, all who fear Thy name shall know
The joy of their desire :
To catch the suppliant's words of woe,
Thine ear will never tire :
Thy mighty strength goes forth to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave.

And while Thy judgment shall not spare
The wilful souls that stray,
Thy love preserves with tender care
The faithful in their way :
All praise and blessing, Lord, to Thee,
Our hearts shall yield unceasingly.

VERSION CLIX.

146 PSALM. (P. M.)

As long as Thou wilt life afford,
 My soul shall bless Thy name, O Lord,
 My lips Thine honour sing ;
 Nor e'er in princes' words will I
 Nor on an arm of flesh rely,
 That can no succour bring.

For what is man ? He breathes to-day,
 To-morrow mingles with the clay,
 His thoughts for ever past :
 O happy he whose trust is laid
 On Jacob's mighty God for aid,
 Whose hope in Him stands fast—

In Him, whose will gave all things birth,
Creating heav'n, and sea, and earth ;
 Whose truth shall always be ;
Whose judgments vindicate the saint,
Whose hand supplies with bread the faint,
 And sets the pris'ner free ;

Whose mercy fills the blind with light,
The stranger's guide, the weak-one's might,
 The orphan's, widow's friend ;
Of Zion's city God and King,
From age to age still flourishing—
 Whose praise shall never end.

VERSION CLX.

147 PSALM, v. 1—5. (P. M.)

It is a pleasant thing,
And worthy in its aim,
The praises, Lord, to sing
Of Thine all-honour'd name ;

Whose mighty hand again
Jerusalem shall raise,
And gather and sustain
Each outcast soul that strays.

The broken-hearted find
No healing balm but Thine ;
No skill their wounds to bind,
Save that which is divine.

Thy word in night's dark hour
Calls forth each shining light ;
For great art Thou in pow'r,
In wisdom infinite.

VERSION CLXI.

148 PSALM. (P. M.)

LET the heavens in all their glory,
 Let the angels blazing there,
 Let the sun, moon, stars before Thee,
 Lord ! Thy matchless fame declare.

Let the earth, with wonders teeming,
 Mountain, wood, and ocean-deep,
 Fire and hail, winds, mists up-streaming,
 All that graze, swim, fly, or creep ;

Kings with jewell'd trappings laden,
 Rulers, sages, all who live,
 Age and childhood, youth and maiden,
 Homage in Thy presence give.

Ev'ry boasted name excelling,
 Wise and just in all Thy ways,
 Earth Thy footstool, heav'n Thy dwelling
 Lord ! accept Thy people's praise.

VERSION CLXII.

149 P. ALM. (P. M.)

LET all saints below
 Extol, Lord, Thy name,
 With new anthems show
 Thy glory and fame.
 His mighty Creator
 Let Israel sing,
 And Zion elate her
 Glad soul in our King.

With joy let us tell
 Thy marvels of praise,
 While music shall swell
 The chorus we raise ;
 Thine own chosen nation
 Is dear to Thine eye,
 Thou shalt with salvation
 The meek beautify.

With jubilant song
Uplifting their heads,
Thy servants prolong
Thy praise on their beds ;
Their lips still declaring
Thy honours abroad,
Within their hands bearing
A two-edged sword.

Let all saints below
Extol, Lord, Thy name ;
With new anthems show
Thy glory and fame :
The mighty Creator
Let Israel sing,
And Zion elate her
Glad soul in our King.

VERSION CLXIII.

150 PSALM. (SEVENS.)

IN Thy holy temple now,
 Lord, to Thee all praise be giv'n,
 Mingling, as we prostrate bow,
 Hymns on earth with hymns in heav'n.

Glorious works Thine hands have done ;
 Bounteous deeds Thy love hath shown ;
 Well have those our homage won,
 Well may these our songs make known.

Neither shall our voices be
 Only to Thy service lent,
 But with pow'rs of harmony,
 From each full-ton'd instrument :

While, to pay the mighty debt,
 All that breathe shall aid afford,
 Singing louder, sweeter yet,
 Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord

VERSION CLXIV.

150 PSALM. PARAPHRASE. (L. M.)

ETERNAL KING, who reign'st above,
 The source of wisdom, pow'r, and love,
 To Thee one choral hymn shall rise,
 Expanding through the earth and skies

For all the mighty deeds which Thou
 Hast wrought since time began till now;
 For all the good which crowns Thy name
 With honours of immortal fame.

Nor shall be unapprov'd or vain,
 Uniting with our vocal strain,
 The aid which we devoutly bring
 From dulcet key or sounding string.

Wide as creation's furthest bound
 The song shall spread, Thy praise resound;
 Adoring Thee who reign'st above,
 The Lord of wisdom, pow'r, and love.

COLLECTS
FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLYDAYS
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

(L. M.)

LORD ! give us grace, that so we may
All works of darkness cast away ;
Clothe with the armour of Thy light,
And aid us in each ghostly fight ;

That when Thy Son, who deign'd to be
Our guest in great humility,
Shall come with glorious pomp outspread,
To judge the living and the dead,

Uprising from the penal gloom
Which wraps the chamber of the tomb,
Within our souls *that* life may dwell
Unfading as unspeakable ;

Through Him who 'mid the heav'nly host,
With Thee and with the Holy Ghost,
(While countless lips His name adore,)
Reigns, and shall reign for evermore.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

(L. M.)

WHILE to instruct us, blessed Lord,
 The pen Thy guiding pow'r obey'd,
 And through the volume of Thy word
 Such great and glorious truths convey'd ;

Vouchsafe that we may so discern
 Those characters of grace and light,
 So hear and read, and mark and learn,
 And muse thereon by day and night—

That in our bosoms, fix'd and deep,
 By patience, comfort, now possess,
 We ever may securely keep
 The hope of our immortal rest—

The hope which Thou with pitying care
 In Jesu's wondrous name hast giv'n,
 Whose blest fruition spirits share,
 Where all is truth and peace and heav'n.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

(F. M.)

O LORD, who at Thy coming sent
 Thy minister and herald John,
 To publish, wheresoe'er he went,
 The marvels which should soon be done,
 Preparing thus Thy way before Thee,
 For triumphs of immortal glory ;

Grant that the stewards of Thy word,
 Through Thine own Spirit's gracious aid,
 May so Thy way make ready, LORD,
 By turning those whose thoughts are staid
 On scenes of worldly guilt and folly,
 To Thy commandments just and holy

That, when the last dread trump is blown,
Thy second coming to declare,
And Thou on Thy majestic throne
For final judgment shalt prepare,
With millions at Thy bar appearing,
To wait their last momentous hearing ;

All *we* within the Gospel's sound
May Thine accepted people be,
Our brows with golden splendours crown'd,
Our lips out-pouring hymns to Thee,
Who now Thy Tri-une state maintainest,
And through eternal ages reignest.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

(c. m.)

O LORD, arise in all Thy pow'r,
 And come amongst us now ;
 Stand ever near in peril's hour,
 Our great deliv'rer, Thou !

Sore press'd and hinder'd have we been
 Upon our godly way,
 By evil foes, that watch unseen
 To seize their long-sought prey.

O speedily the aid supply
 Of Thine all-bounteous love ;
 With mighty succour meet our cry,
 And all our fears remove.

Through Him who satisfaction made,
 (His blood, His life, the cost)
 To whom, with Thee, all praise be paid.
 And to the Holy Ghost.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

(P. M.)

O LORD, who, in Thy tender grace
Beholding us from heav'n,
And mov'd with pity at our case,
Thy blessed Son hast giv'n ;
Thy Son, who on this glorious morn,
Was of a Virgin-mother born ;

O grant that we, whom sin hath made
Heirs of a fallen state
But through Thy spirit's quick'ning aid
Are now regenerate,
Adopted by Thy love to be
The children of Thy family—

May be renew'd day after day,
Each better than the past,
Until the bed of death display
The brightest at the last ;
When the deep peace within the breast
Shall antedate our heav'nly rest.

This blessing, LORD, our lips implore
Through Him who bled and died,
Through Him, who now, each conflict o'er,
Is rais'd and glorified,
And with the Spirit and with Thee
Shall live and reign eternally.

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

(P. M.)

THOU, LORD, Thy blessed Son hast sent,
 (All other gifts excelling,)
To make our fleshly tenement
 His poor and humble dwelling ;
Resigning His celestial throne
For cares and sorrows not His own ;

Thine only Son—that promis'd child,
 Who, all our griefs to carry,
Was born of woman meek and mild,
 The spotless Virgin Mary ;
Was born at this appointed time,
Which prophets saw with joy sublime.

Be now, with renovating pow'r,
Thy Spirit, LORD, imparted ;
Let fresher proofs impress each hour
That we are holy-hearted ;
That we, through Thine adopting grace,
Behold, in love, a Father's face !

Whilst HE, from whom all mercies flow
To whom all praise is given,
By his assembled saints below,
And by His Church in heaven,
With Thee and with the Spirit sways
The sceptre of eternal days.

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

(P. M.)

THOU, LORD, Thy blessed Son hast sent,
 (All other gifts excelling,)
To make our fleshly tenement
 His poor and humble dwelling ;
Resigning His celestial throne
For cares and sorrows not His own ;

Thine only Son—that promis'd child,
 Who, all our griefs to carry,
Was born of woman meek and mild,
 The spotless Virgin Mary ;
Was born at this appointed time,
Which prophets saw with joy sublime.

Be now, with renovating pow'r,
Thy Spirit, LORD, imparted ;
Let fresher proofs impress each hour
That we are holy-hearted ;
That we, through Thine adopting grace,
Behold, in love, a Father's face !

Whilst HE, from whom all mercies flow
To whom all praise is given,
By his assembled saints below,
And by His Church in heaven,
With Thee and with the Spirit sways
The sceptre of eternal days.

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY

ANOTHER VERSION. (SEVENS.)

GRACIOUS FATHER, who hast giv'n
 Thy belov'd and only Son,
 Coming from His throne in heav'n,
 Now to put our nature on ;

Now to be of woman born,
 And our mortal flesh to take,
 Bearing poverty and scorn,
 Only for His mercy's sake ;

Grant that we, transform'd, and made
 Sons of Thine adopting care,
 Day by day all-needful aid
 From Thy Spirit's grace may share.

This through Christ our Lord, we pray,
 With the Spirit and with Thee,
 In the realms of cloudless day
 Reigning everlastingly.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

(L. M.)

ALMIGHTY GOD, who mad'st Thy Son
 Observe the Law's recorded rite,
 That all it sanctions might be done
 Before Thy wise and holy sight ;

O grant Thy Spirit's heav'nly strength,
 Our hearts impure to circumcise,
 That, while our bosom-sins at length
 It quells, subdues, and mortifies ;

From all the fleshly lusts which burn,
 From all which feeds a carnal will,
 To Thy blest precepts we may turn,
 And ev'ry just demand fulfil.

LORD, guide us in each wiser care ;
 LORD, aid us in each holier aim,
 Since thus we now prefer the pray'r,
 For Jesu's sake, in Jesu's name.

THE EPIPHANY.

(L. M.)

Thou who didst send a star to guide
 The Gentiles to that lowly shed,
 Where, at his Virgin-mother's side,
 Lay Jesus on his manger-bed ;

Vouchsafe Thy mercy, Lord, that we,
 (Whose faith, detach'd from things below,
 The wonders of Thy love can see,
 The glories of Thy presence know,)

May, when this weary life is past,
 And angel-forms invite above,
 In heaven's unclouded clime at last
 Thy Godhead's full fruition prove.

And now to this our soul's request,
 O God, a willing ear afford ;
 Through Him by men and spirits bless'd,
 Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Lord.

THE EPIPHANY.

PARAPHRASE. (P. M.)

Most mighty and most gracious Lord,
 Fulfilling whose prophetic word,

A star, in eastern beauty bright,
 Comes gliding onward, slow and still,
 O'er ev'ry Gentile vale and hill,
 'Till now it hangs its herald-light—

Above that hovel poor and rude ;
 Where, lo ! a babe's similitude

Veils ~~Judah~~ ^{Jehovah}'s Shiloh—Israel's King !
 Whilst Mary sees, with meek surprise,
 Each splendid gift, the great and wise
 To Jesu's feet devoutly bring ;

O grant that we, to whom is giv'n
The noblest boon of boons from heav'n,
Thee, blessed Lord, by faith to know ;
To know as Thou in Christ art known,
Whose merits and whose blood alone
Absolve from guilt, redeem from woe—

May, when Time's troubled day is o'er,
And grief and care distract no more,
The glorious consummation see
Of perfect joy and perfect peace :
Where angel-anthems never cease
To praise Thy name—eternally !

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

(S. M.)

Good Lord, with grace receive
 The suit Thy children press,
 Nor e'er permit them to believe
 That pray'r is profitless.

With light celestial fill,
 And grant us pow'r to see
 The wisdom of Thy blessed will
 In its own purity ;

And by Thy Spirit's aid
 Our daily strength renew,
 That, where the precept stands display'd,
 The practice follow too ;

So, while our watchful care
 Fulfill each holy claim,
 We may all promis'd blessings share,
 Through Christ's prevailing name

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

(L. M.)

ALMIGHTY God, whose one command
 Brought all things into life that be,
 Outstretching with Thy sov'reign hand
 The sceptre of eternity ;

Who rulest with a law of love,
 A law both worlds adoring know,
 Thy radiant hosts who praise above,
 Thy chosen saints who praise below ;

O Lord, with mercy for Thy throne,
 Receive the words Thy people pray ;
 Whate'er the want our lips make known,
 Whate'er the wish our thoughts convey :

And, oh ! as with the coming years
 Our mortal weaknesses increase,
 In Jesus calm all inward fears,
 In Jesus fill our minds with peace.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

(L. M.)

GREAT God, whose nature knows no change,
 Whose goodness fills the earth and skies,
 Whose eyes o'er worlds of spirits range,
 Yet turn to man's infirmities ;

Behold our own, our own, which now
 Disturb the soul with grief and fear ;
 And where Hell's tyrant would o'erthrow,
 Uplift, O Lord, Thy glitt'ring spear.

In all our peril and distress,
 In all the woes that weigh us down,
 Stretch forth Thine hand to raise and bless,
 And with Thy great deliv'rance crown,

Through Him, Thy blessed Son, our Lord,
 Whose promises, begun in Thee,
 Shall light and strength and peace afford
 Through time and through eternity.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

(S. M.)

O God, discerning well
 Each treach'rous snare and net
 By which Thy saints, where'er they dwell,
 So closely are beset :

Whose wisdom knoweth all
 The weakness of our kind,*
 How prone Thy creatures are to fall,
 To ev'ry danger blind ;

Arm Thou with strength divine,
 Thy constant aid supply,
 Nor prostrate be one child of Thine
 Before the enemy ;

But, standing ever near,
 O Lord, Thy love display,
 And bear our souls through ev'ry fear
 Upon a conqu'ring way.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

(S. M.)

WHILE impious men agree
 Their mockeries to spread,
 LORD, may Thy Church triumphantly
 Uplift her glorious head.

Thy household always keep
 In Jesus' living way ;
 Nor e'er in danger let them sleep,
 Nor e'er in error stray :

That, as beside Thee none
 Within their hearts have place,
 And hope is simply leaning on
 The anchor of Thy grace,

O grant in Christ Thy pow'r
 To strengthen and defend,
 Till nature's last triumphant hour
 In joys immortal end.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

(P. M.)

O God, whose first-born stood reveal'd
 In heav'nly armour bright,
 Stood singly on this mortal field,
 And legion put to flight,
 That we the sons of God might be,
 And heirs of immortality ;

Vouchsafe, for his prevailing sake,
 Thy Spirit to impart ;
 That, as this glorious hope shall take
 Deep root within the heart,
 We may, while earthly days endure,
 Be purified as He was pure.

So, when with pomp and pow'r again,
And down the thronged sky,
Where millions swell the advent-strain,
Christ cometh royally,
Chang'd to his image all divine,
We ever in His kingdom shine

Where high amidst the angel-host,
O Father, now with Thee,
And now with Thee, O Holy Ghost,
(Mysterious Trinity!)
He reigns in His own sov'reign right,
One God through ages infinite.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

(L. M.)

GREAT LORD ! whilst now in pray'r we meet,
 Low kneeling at Thy mercy-seat,
 Whilst now our earnest voices blend,
 O hear in heav'n, with grace attend ;

And grant that we, who rightly know
 For all our sins, grief, shame, and woe,
 Who justly for our deeds might stand
 Mementos of Thy wrathful hand,

May, through Thy goodness, blessed LORD,
 To Thy lost favour be restor'd,
 And by each purer work and aim
 Yield glory to Thy holy name,

Through Him, who in compassion gave
 His precious blood to heal and save,
 And with the Holy Ghost and Thee
 Now reigns one God immortally.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

(C. M.)

ALMIGHTY GOD, whose piercing eyes
Behold our souls' distress,
While we deplore with broken sighs
Our great unworthiness ;

Who knowest that in works our own
No confidence we place,
But all our trust is fix'd alone
In Christ's redeeming grace ;

Thy mercy, blessed LORD, extend,
And ever present be,
Thy saints to succour and defend
In their adversity.

And this we ask for His dear sake,
Whose life for us was giv'n,
For Him, whose glorious merits make
The harmony of heav'n.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

(c. m.)

O LORD, who hast in wisdom taught,
 Whate'er our doings be,
 'That all are vanity and naught
 Which have not charity ;

E'en now Thy Holy Spirit grant,
 And with full pow'r bestow
That heav'nly dew we so much want,
 To make our graces grow.

That bond of peace, in mercy give ;
 On us those virtues shed ;
 Devoid of which, all those who live,
 By Thee are counted dead ;

We ask, LORD, for the sake of One
 Now in his glorious rest,
 Thine own belov'd, immortal Son,
 The blessing and the bless'd.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

(L. M.)

ALMIGHTY God, who canst not hate
Whate'er Thy wisdom may create,
And ever from Thy throne hast bent,
To heal the wounded penitent ;

With Thy celestial grace endue,
Enlighten, sanctify, renew ;
Take, take away this heart of stone,
And give a new and fleshly one ;

That, truly mourning o'er the sin
Which stains each secret thought within
And owning with unfeign'd distress
The burden of our guiltiness,

We may, through mercy, rich as free,
(That evermore belongs to Thee,)
Full pardon find ; and stand restor'd
To perfect peace in Christ our Lord.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

(P. M.)

WHAT mercy, LORD, was Thine, to come
In all our deep distress,
To leave for us Thy glorious home,
And tread a wilderness ;
To travail there, in fastings sore,
Till forty days and nights were o'er !

Thy grace afford, that we may use
Such holy abstinence,
And ev'ry evil lure refuse
Which pampers flesh and sense ;
That, while the body is subdu'd,
The soul may feed on heav'nly food ;

That we Thy godly calls obey,
Thy motions, LORD, within,
And further, each returning day,
Refrain from deeds of sin,
Up the new path with vigour press,
Of truth, and love, and godliness :

So all our thoughts and words and ways,
Which now bring woe and shame,
May but reflect Thy holy praise,
The glory of Thy name,
Who art of that mysterious Three
Whose reign shall never cease to be.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

(S. M.)

O GOD, whose searching eye
Sees how we lack the pow'r
To foil our ghostly enemy
In dark temptation's hour,

Where human trust is vain,
And man can nothing do,
Our inward souls with grace sustain,
Sustain our bodies, too ;

That both, made strong and whole,
Resist the Tempter's aim,
Nor evil thoughts assault the soul,
Nor outward ills the frame.

This, LORD, we ask through Him
Before whose glory-seat
The Seraphim and Cherubim
In adoration meet.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

(P. M.)

O LORD of might,
 Regard us now,
Who in Thy sight
 Devoutly bow ;

Meet each desire
 We breathe to Thee ;
All we require,
 Grant bounteously ;

Uplift on high
 Thy sov'reign hand,
'That foes may fly
 Who yet withstand.

In Jesu's name
 We this implore,
Whose glorious fame
 Spreads evermore.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

(C. M.)

WE, who for deeds of evil, done
Against Thy law, O GOD,
Against the Spirit of Thy Son,
Deserve Thy chast'ning rod ;

We, who the agony and woe
Most worthily might share,
Amidst that fiery gulf below,
Where wicked angels are—

Pray, that our souls may now receive
The comfort of Thy love,
Which shall in all our griefs relieve,
And all our fears remove.

And this petition, blessed LORD,
Through HIM we humbly make,
Once crucified but now ador'd,
For Jesus Christ his sake.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

(S. M.)

GREAT FATHER of the skies,
 Supreme oe'r sea and land,
 Hear Thou our cries, and turn Thine eyes
 Tow'rds us, a Christian-band.

Our ruler and our guide,
 Let ne'er Thy influence cease,
 But still preside o'er passion's tide,
 And hush the waves to peace.

Thy succour to sustain,
 Thy wisdom to control,
 Sin's rebel-train assault in vain
 The body or the soul.

Preserv'd and govern'd so,
 Most blessed LORD, by Thee,
 The thanks we owe in praise shall flow,
 Now and eternally.

SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE EASTER.

(P. M.)

O THOU, whose tender love
For suff'ring mortal-kind,
Poor, naked, weak, and blind;
Thy holy will could move
To send Thy Son, that He might be
Cloth'd on with our humanity ;

Thy Son, who now forsook
His sceptre, throne, and crown,
And, freely, bowing down
The heav'ns, our nature took,
Took all its woes—yea, bore a name
Of ignominy, tears, and shame ;

And on the cross expos'd
His marr'd and broken form,
And in a night of storm
His days of darkness clos'd,
'That on our hearts He might impress
The pattern of His lowliness :

Grant, Lord, that we may make
That great example ours ;
Of His life-giving pow'rs
In other worlds partake ;
Who suffer'd, bled, and rose again,
That we should deathless joys obtain.

GOOD FRIDAY.

FIRST COLLECT. (C. M.)

O LORD, in pray'r before Thy throne
We meekly bow the knee,
That Thou with pitying love mayst own
Thy human family ;

For whom, by heav'nly mercy sent,
Of glory disarray'd,
Thy blessed Son, in meek content,
Came forth to be betray'd ;

And all-resign'd and yielding now,
The pure and wise and good,
Saw from the cross, with bleeding brow,
The mocking multitude :

Till having crush'd Sin's rebel host,
And seiz'd Death's tyrant rod,
With Thee and with the Holy Ghost,
He reigns, one living God.

GOOD FRIDAY.

SECOND COLLECT. (SEVENS.)

EVER-LIVING, mighty LORD,
 By whose high and sov'reign grace
 All who love and keep Thy word,
 All who seek with pray'r Thy face,

All Thy ransom'd church below,
 All Thy people far and wide,
 Are preserv'd from sin and woe,
 Are controll'd and sanctified ;

Let our supplication find,
 Find for them an open ear,
 All estates of human kind
 Serving in Thy house with fear ;

That each member of the same,
 In his call and work may be
 One who through a Saviour's name
 Walks in truth and purity.

GOOD FRIDAY.

THIRD COLLECT. (P. M.)

O LORD, at whose supreme command
All things that live, to live began ;
Whose pow'r hath peopled ev'ry land
With Thine own form and image—man ;
And what Thy wisdom might create,
Thine eye can ne'er behold with hate ;

Who, great in goodness, hast no will
That any sinful man should die,
Should die a sinner's death, but still,
To spare his soul that agony,
Thy Spirit and Thy word dost give,
That through conversion he may live :

O LORD, in love and mercy seek
All those who from Thy gospel err ;
The mocking Jew, the subtle Greek,
Turk, Infidel, Idolater,
Enlighten, soften with Thy grace,
And their contempt of heart displace :

Yea, LORD, as wand'ers from Thy fold,
So bring them home to truth and Thee,
That they, with Jesu's flock enroll'd,
In Him their Shepherd-king may see :
Who reigns with Thee where seraphs soar,
And with Thy Spirit evermore.

EASTER EVEN.

(L. M.)

GRANT, O Almighty LORD, that we,
Baptiz'd in Jesu's death, Thy Son,
(Thy ble·sed Son, who came to be
The Saviour of a world undone,)

With constant striving mortify
Each fleshly lust and low desire ;
That, buried with Him, these may lie—
The ashes of a former fire ;

And so through death's low gate, the grave,
We pass to join all saints above,
Palms in our hands triumphant wave,
Hymns on our lips, sing Jesu's love,

For His own merit's sake who died,
And from the tomb arose again,
That we, redeem'd and glorified,
Might ever near His throne remain.

EASTER DAY.

FIRST VERSION. (SEVENS.)

MIGHTY GOD, who in Thy Son
 Hast the glorious vict'ry won,
 Struck the overwhelming blow,
 Vanquish'd man's relentless foe ;

Bursting now the portal-bar
 Of the grave asunder far,
 Which from worldly woe and strife
 Leads to everlasting life ;

Since Thy special grace inspires
 Pious thoughts and pure desires,
 LORD, Thy constant unction give,
 That in works the same may live,

Through Thy glorious Son, our Lord,
 Who, by angel-hosts ador'd,
 With the Holy Ghost and Thee
 Reigns one God eternally.

MONDAY IN EASTER WEEK.

SECOND VERSION. (P. M.)

ETERNAL LORD ! whose glorious pow'r.
 Hath giv'n the highest fame,
 In sorrow's most despairing hour,
 To Jesu's name ;

When He the wond'rous work achiev'd
 With hand invincible,
 Death of his tyrant-spoils bereav'd,
 And conquer'd hell ;

Yea open'd wide for us a way
 To endless bliss above ;
 Grant, LORD, Thy Spirit, that we may
 His triumphs prove.

All wishes pure from Thee arise,
 These to fruition bring
 Through Him, whose honours make the skies
 Applausive ring.

TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK.

THIRD VERSION. (P. M.)

IN Christ, O LORD, are Thy glories shown,
 In Jesus Thy Son display'd,
 Whose arm of strength the foe has o'erthrow'n
 And a mighty conquest made.

He grappled with Death, and tore away
 The crown from his sov'reign brow ;
 And enter'd the realms of cloudless day,
 Where He sits in His glory now.

All holy affections, blessed LORD,
 Are sown in our hearts by Thee ;
 To nourish the seed, Thy grace afford,
 That it bring forth plenteously.

And this through Christ we humbly implore
 To whom be worthily giv'n,
 From this time forth and for evermore,
 The homage of earth and heav'n.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(P. M.)

FATHER of might, all mercy possessing,
Caring for those who car'd not for Thee,
Giving Thy Son—and crowning with blessing
All who approach with lowly-bent knee ;

Giving Thy Son, upon the cross bleeding,
Man to redeem from guilt and distress,
Bursting the tomb, and now interceding
Sinners to pardon, perfect and bless ;

Grant, LORD, our pray'r, Thy Spirit bestowing,
So that, all hate and sin put aside,
Walking in truth, in holiness growing,
We in Thy service ever abide.

Grant, LORD, our pray'r, through Jesus ascending,
Jesus, whose praises archangels sing,
Thron'd in the heav'ns for years never ending,
Over His Church omnipotent King.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(L. M.)

ALL-BOUNTEOUS Maker, Thou hast shown
 Thy love and grace ineffable,
 By sending from His heav'nly throne
 Thy Son, with us in flesh to dwell ;

A double boon—whose death for sin
 A constant sacrifice should be,
 Whose holy life our feet might win
 To trace His course of purity ;

Thy Spirit give, that we may prove
 Our int'rest in this two-fold claim ;
 As converts to His saving love,
 As seekers of His glorious fame

Nor, LORD, shall our petition fail,
 Which now we all devoutly make,
 Through Him, whose merits must prevail,
 For Christ, Thy Son, our Saviour's sake.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(L. M.)

O LORD, who o'er the feet that stray
Hast watch'd with eyes of pitying love,
And on our dark benighted way
Shed down Thy wisdom from above,
That Thou might'st bring the wand'rer back,
To paths of righteousness restore ;
A guide upon that glorious track
Which all thy saints have trod before ;
Vouchsafe that they, who firm and true
In christian fellowship remain,
May, what the Gospel sanctions, do ;
From what it disallows, refrain ;
And this we humbly ask through Him,
Before whose presence, in the skies,
The seraphim and cherubim
Repeat their choral harmonies.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(C. M.)

ALMIGHTY God, whose sov'reign pow'r
 Alone hath full control
 O'er all that fires, in passion's hour,
 The proud and rebel soul ;

Who canst the inward purpose bend,
 To Thy supreme decrees,
 And strength in the affections lend,
 Thy holy will to please ;

O grant Thy children grace to love
 Whate'er Thy law requires,
 And let each promis'd blessing move
 Tow'rds Thee our pure desires ;

That, through all changes here below,
 Our hearts may fix and dwell
 Where saints, through Christ, the pleasures know
 That are unspeakable.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(L. M.)

Most gracious God, from whom proceed
 All blessings that Thy creatures need,
 By whose free grace each joy is giv'n
 Which bears on earth the bloom of heav'n ;

We now implore Thee to dispense
 Thy Spirit's richer influence,
 That not a thought within us rise
 But what is holy, true, and wise.

And, oh ! with constant strength imbue,
 That all we *think*, our hands may *do* ;
 Still guiding on (while thousands stray)
 The narrow road, the living way :

Accept this pray'r through Christ, our Lord,
 Who ruleth by His Gospel word ;
 Who died for us, and rose again,
 That we may live with Him—Amen !

ASCENSION DAY

(P. M.)

FAITH welcomes the word,
Which tells from His woes
How Jesus our Lord
In triumph arose,
And bursting Death's portal,
And conquering Hell,
In glory immortal
Ascended to dwell.

Thou God of all might,
Who ever dost live
In honour and light,
Thy patient heed give,
While in the dust kneeling
Thy people appear,
With sadness revealing
Each trouble and fear.

In mercy so move
Our heart and our will,
That Jesus above
We follow. until,
Enrob'd with His splendour,
'The praises we sing
Of Him our Defender,
Our Saviour, and King ;

Who now gone before,
A mansion prepares
For us evermore
His children and heirs
All honour, all merit,
To Jesus be giv'n,
With Thee and the Spirit
One God over heav'n.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.

(P. M.)

God of glory, who hast rais'd,
 Borne in triumph up the skies,
Him by men and angels prais'd
 O'er all pow'rs and dignities,
Seated on His glorious throne,
Jesus, Thy beloved Son ;

Yet, for mercy's blessed sake,
 Us in trouble do not leave,
Nor by Thy dread absence make
 Thine adopted children grieve,
Grieve as those Thou once didst bless,
But seem now the fatherless :

Lord, Thy Spirit now confer
Send Him with His heav'nly pow'r,
As our holy Comforter
In the depths of sorrow's hour,
As our guide through peril's way,
Leading to the realms of day ;

Where, enrob'd in dazzling white,
With the sceptre in His hand,
On a throne of chrysolite
Jesus holds supreme command,
With the Holy Ghost and Thee
There to reign eternally.

WHIT SUNDAY.

FIRST VERSION. (P. M.)

O LORD, who on that glorious day
 Thy Church shall ne'er forget,
 Didst Thine almighty love display,
 E'en at the feast of Pentecost,
 By sending forth the Holy Ghost
 Where Thy Apostles met ;

And cause from heav'n a light to shine
 Above each bending head,
 The still and cloven flame divine ;
 And thus, in sorrow's gloomy hour,
 Thy promis'd gifts in all their pow'r,
 In all their pow'r didst shed ;

Lord, by Thy Spirit's influence,
In tender mercy giv'n,
Be ours the true discerning sense
All holy things to see and know,
Whate'er affects our peace below,
Or leads to peace in heav'n.

And, oh ! may we the comfort prove,
The joy ineffable,
Of His indwelling light and love !
Through Christ, to whom, in unity
With that same Spirit, and with Thee,
Unceasing anthems swell.

MONDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK.

SECOND VERSION. (S. M.)

O God, who didst unfold,
 With mercy infinite,
 All knowledge to the saints of old,
 By Thine own Spirit's light ;

Through that same Spirit made
 In understanding wise,
 May we detect each varying shade
 Of truth or error's guise ;

And if for sin we grieve,
 And doubt or fear increase,
 Be ours the comfort to receive
 His succours and His peace.

Through Jesu's merits we
 These blessings, LORD, implore,
 Who with the Holy Ghost and Thee
 Now reigneth evermore.

TUESDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK.

THIRD VERSION. (L. M.)

O God, who hast Thy Spirit giv'n,
And, with the light which comes from heav'n,
Art pleased Thy people to illumine
In error's deep and fearful gloom ;

By that same pure and gracious ray
Inform our judgment of Thy way ;
So teach, that we alone pursue
All holy things, and wise, and true.

And when our cares and fears distress,
And man hath left us comfortless,
Blest by His presence, may we prove
The sweetness of His peaceful love !

And these our lowly pray'rs we make
In Jesu's name for Jesu's sake,
Who, One in glorious Trinity,
Was, is, and evermore shall be.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

(C. M.)

Most holy God, by whom the grace
 Within our hearts is giv'n
 To worship in this sacred place
 The Trinity of heav'n ;

To celebrate on bended knee,
 Before Thine awful throne,
 The glories of the blessed Three
 In the mysterious One :

This, our most holy faith, O Lord,
 In constant strength maintain,
 That all who wrest Thy sacred word
 Assault our souls in vain.

Assail'd—Thy Spirit's wisdom give ;
 Oppress'd—Thine arm extend ;
 Who art One God to reign and live
 Through ages without end.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(C. M.)

ALMIGHTY God, the strength of all
 Who trust in Thee alone,
 O hear with pitying love the call
 Ascending to Thy throne :

And since such weakness dwells within
 Our frail and sinking frame,
 That all without Thy strength is sin,
 Without Thy light is shame ;

The help, the constant help supply
 Of Thy renewing grace,
 And in our heart as in our eye,
 Thy just commandment place ;

That so we thankfully fulfil
 Each precept of Thy word,
 Still pleasing Thee in deed and will,
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(L. M.)

O God, whose never-failing might
 Is present, or to help or rule
 All those who walk in Jesu's light,
 All those who sit in Jesu's school ;

All those who with a pious dread
 From works of sin and folly flee,
 Within whose hearts is nourished
 The love of holiness and Thee ;

O grant, in mercy to our pray'r,
 That we secure from perils stand,
 Beneath Thy wing of guardian-care,
 Within the shadow of Thine hand ;

That with abiding fear and love
 We magnify Thy glorious name,
 Until, through Christ, our lips above
 In ceaseless anthems sing its fame.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(P. M.)

WHIL T. Lord, we humb'y pray
 That Thou wilt ever hear us,
 And in our griefs alway
 With heav'nly comfort cheer us ;

Who hast, with grace Thine own,
 The holy wish implanted,
 To seek Thy mercy-throne,
 Where all Thy gifts are granted ;

We pray, that, by Thine arm,
 Thy mighty arm extended,
 In ev'ry new alarm
 Our souls may be defended.

The deeper our distress,
 Pour richer consolation,
 And we Thy name will bless
 In Jesus, our salvation.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(S. M.)

O God, the guardian-pow'r
 Of all who trust in Thee,
 At danger's front, in peril's hour,
 Our souls' security ;

Without whose heav'nly aid
 Our strength is weak and vain ;
 Without whose light in midnight shade
 All'holy things remain ;

Thy mercies, Lord, increase ;
 Thy blessings, Lord, extend ;
 In trouble be our guide to peace,
 In hostile ills our friend,

That thus, through things below,
 We reach the things above,
 And heaven's immortal pleasures know
 By Jesu's saving love.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(C. M.)

WHILST seated on Thy steadfast throne,
 Thy throne, O Lord, on high,
 Cloth'd with all pow'r, Thy word alone
 Rules heav'n's great hierarchy :

Receive our pray'r, our pray'r fulfil,
 That this world's course may be
 So govern'd, by Thy sov'reign will,
 So guided, Lord, by Thee,

That thus our joy may still increase,
 (None daring to oppress)
 To serve Thee in the bonds of peace,
 And godly quietness ;

Till in that house not made with hands,
 The privilege be giv'n
 Of joining there those glorious bands,
 Who form Thy church in heav'n.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(P. M.)

O LORD, whose mercy hath prepar'd
Things great and all unspeakable,
To be by them with joyance shar'd
Who in Thy heav'nly favour dwell ;
Who love Thy sacred law, and prove
By all their deeds how much they love

Vouchsafe that in our hearts, the fire,
Thy Spirit lights may brighter burn,
With pure affection, strong desire ;
Till from all meaner things we turn ;
From earth to heav'n, from self to Thee,
From time unto eternity ;

That, loving Thee o'er all beside,
 (As worthiest of the love we owe,)
When patience hath been fully tried,
 We may the inward comfort know
To realize what faith beholds ;
Each promise that in Christ unfolds ;

Each promise that exceeds in good
 Whate'er this present world can give,
And, (as the rill, awhile pursu'd,
 Leads where the ocean-waters live,)
Shall end within a world of light,
Of joy and glory infinite.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

ANOTHER VERSION. (L. M.)

Most merciful, O Lord, Thou art,
 Who hast design'd and set apart,
 For those who love Thy sacred name,
 Things which transcend our hope or aim ;

Things, which no stretch of mortal mind
 In good and fair hath e'er combin'd,
 Of which celestial lips might tell,
 But are on earth unspeakable ;

O Lord, our sluggish feelings move,
 Excite, and draw, and fix our love,
 That, turning our whole hearts to Thee,
 As claim'd by Thy supremacy,

We may Thy promises obtain,
 Which our desires but grasp in vain ;
 Yea, prove the blessings these afford,
 Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(SEVENS.)

LORD of glory, Lord of pow'r,
 Ruling all, below, above—
 Source of an eternal show'r
 Streaming down in gifts of love;

Grafting in our hearts Thy name,
 May we through all coming days
 Prize it more, and spread its fame
 With expanding hymns of praise.

Piety sincere and true
 In our thoughts and lives increase,
 Still imparting, to renew,
 Tokens of Thy truth and peace.

And with grace sustain and hold,
 Lest our truant feet again
 Wander from the blessed fold
 Of our Shepherd Christ,—Amen.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(P. M.)

O LORD, supremely wise and great,
 With constant care presiding
 O'er worlds where holy angels wait,
 Or mortals are abiding ;

We humbly seek Thy heav'nly aid,
 Our hands in pray'r extended,
 That when our souls are most afraid,
 We may be most defended.

And, oh ! in mercy turn and lead
 Through wastes of want and sadness,
 With bread from heav'n Thy children feed,
 The pledge of peace and gladness ;

That so, again to health and strength
 Our inward man restoring,
 We join that angel-train at length,
 Round Jesu's throne adoring.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

SECOND VERSION. (L. M.)

O God, whose providence ne'er fails
 In gracious acts its care to prove,
 And with controlling pow'r prevails
 Through things below and things above :

In all humility we pray,
 Nor be, O Lord, our pray'r in vain,
 That Thou wouldst ever keep away
 Whate'er might prove our nature's bane.

And of Thy bounteous mercy grant
 All that may help our poor estate ;
 Supplying what the needy want,
 And soothing the disconsolate ;

Through Jesus, Thine anointed Son,
 Who came upon our earth to be
 The Saviour of a world undone,
 A friend in man's necessity.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(s. m.)

ON us, who humbly pray,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow,
 That day by day our bosoms may
 His gracious presence know—

Thy Spirit, that instils
 All pure desires within,
 And as He wills, with vigour fills
 To conquer mortal sin ;

That so, while ev'ry pow'r
 Without Thee mocks our need,
 And in the hour when trials low'r
 Wounds like a broken reed,

By His assisting grace
 Our life may thus become
 A glorious race, with quick'ning pace,
 Tow'rds an immortal home.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(S M.)

Good Lord, incline Thine ear,
 With grace incline, while we
 Thy seat of mercy now draw near
 In deep humility ;

And that we may obtain
 The things for which we pray,
 Nor selfish thoughts make void and vain
 The holy words we say,

Within our hearts enthrone
 Thy blessed Spirit there,
 To sanctify and guide alone
 The purpose of our pray'r :

That, so, whate'er we crave,
 Shall with Thy will accord,
 And asking we may freely have,
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(P. M.)

O God, whose pow'r is chiefly shown
 In stooping from Thy glorious throne
 To acts of grace and love ;
 Yea, when to save from sin was none,
 By sending forth Thy blessed Son,
 Our burthen to remove ;

Grant that we plead not now in vain,
 But let Thy children, Lord, obtain
 Such plenitude of grace,
 That, while the heav'nward course is plain,
 Some further point our feet may gain
 Upon the Christian race ;

And so each sacred claim fulfil
Of Thy most just and holy will,
 Within Thy word exprest ;
That ev'ry promise, sweeter still,
Refresh and cheer us onward, till
 We reach our perfect rest ;

And now the high and heav'nly goal
Spreads forth its honours to the soul,
 The crown and raiment white ;
These to adorn—while onward roll
(Where truth and love alone control)
 The ages infinite.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

SECOND VERSION. (S. M.)

O God, whose sov'reign pow'r,
 More gloriously confess'd,
 Shines forth in pity's holy hour,
 To comfort the distress'd ;

So plenteously afford
 Thy grace to help and guide,
 That walking in 'Thy ways, O Lord,
 We never turn aside ;

But pressing forward still
 To objects, faith describes,
 Thy promises our hearts may fill
 With hallow'd ecstacies ;

Till we our station take
 With that immortal throng,
 Who, sav'd by Christ, His merits make
 The theme of endless song.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(L. M.)

Most blessed God, who ever art
 More prompt to hear than we to pray,
 More free Thy blessings to impart,
 Than we our grateful thanks to pay ;

Not doling out with niggard hand
 The scant supply our case requires,
 But far exceeding the demand
 Of all deservings or desires ;

Abundantly Thy mercy shed,
 And be Thy gracious pardon shown,
 Where conscience points with shudd'ring dread
 The terrors of the judgment-throne ;

And with those choicer favours bless,
 For which we only urge our claim,
 And are but worthy to possess,
 Through Jesus Christ our Saviour's name !

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(P. M.)

ALMIGHTY God, from whom alone
 'The holy unction falling,
 Prepares for duties, else undone,
 Within our christian calling ;

By whose free grace (Thou lov'st so well,
 When truly sought, to tender),
 All service pure and laudable
 Thy faithful servants render ;

Vouchsafe, that through the transient days,
 Our steps on earth may measure,
 We so may keep Thy righteous ways,
 And follow Thy good pleasure,

That when at length life's fretted chain
 The hand of death shall sever,
 All promis'd good our souls obtain,
 Through Christ—our King for ever !

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(L. M.)

GOOD LORD, a precious boon we pray,
Turn not Thy list'ning ear away,
But grant that ours the gift may be
Of faith and hope and charity.

Long may they in our hearts increase,
Dispensing there a holy peace—
A peace, the world could ne'er convey,
Nor shall the world e'er take away.

And, oh ! that we at last obtain
The promis'd blessings which remain,
Remain within a world above,
Where all is heav'n, and heav'n is love,

Our souls' affections turn and draw,
To what Thy wisdom stamps as law,
That we fulfil Thy written word,
By inward strength from Christ our Lord.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(L. M.)

O LORD of mercies manifold,
 Great Source of wisdom and of might,
 Thy Church, Thy chosen Church uphold,
 And put her daring foes to flight.

Yea, while her living members feel
 How oft expos'd to fall they are,
 All needful strength betimes reveal,
 And keep them with Thy loving care ,

Preserve from each destroying wile,
 When Satan would the soul surprise,
 Who, while he courts with flatt'ring smile,
 Plots to enthrall and tyrannise ;

And guide to all things that are rife
 With promises of health and peace,
 Which point to that forthcoming life,
 Whose glories ne'er shall fade, nor cease.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(S. M.)

LORD, hear our humble cry,
 With pitying care attend ;
 Thy holy temple purify,
 Thy faithful Church defend :

And since it cannot stand
 In its own strength secure,
 Beset by Satan's threat'ning band,
 Malicious, as impure.

Against them stretch Thine arm,
 To scatter and appal ;
 And all Thy saints' forebodings calm,
 Who tremble lest it fall.

Thy succours, LORD, bestow
 In wisdom, pow'r, and love,
 That so through Christ Thy Church below
 May be Thy Church above.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(C. M.)

MOST blessed LORD, we humbly pray
 Thy grace to go before,
 And render smooth each rugged way,
 That so we fall no more.

Before us go, and let Thine arm,
 On ev'ry hostile field,
 Where Satan's threats the soul alarm,
 Be our protecting shield ;

And follow us, and crown with love
 In all our righteous ways,
 That thus we leave, where'er we move,
 A record to Thy praise :

That ev'ry work may glorify
 The honour'd name we bear,
 Until we meet Thee, Lord, on high,
 And sing Thy mercies there.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(P. M.)

LORD, from Thy high and holy place,
Thy seat of pow'r and glory,
Assist us with Thy Spirit's grace,
That, when we pray before Thee,
We may, the things we seek, obtain,
Nor ask as those who ask in vain.

O grant us in each coming hour
Of sinful strife and evil,
Thy mighty aid to overpow'r
The world, the flesh, the devil ;
That so we stand secure and free
From ev'ry ghostly enemy.

By nature unrenew'd in heart,
And in our mind benighted,
Refraining from that better part
In which 'Thy saints delighted,
O cleanse, illumine ! let us be
The followers of truth and Thee—

The followers of Thy pure will
Through scenes of guilt and folly,
Like Him who, coming to fulfil
Thy law divine and holy,
A pattern left, that points the way
To regions of immortal day.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(P. M.)

SINCE, blessed Lord,
No pow'r have we
To keep Thy word
In purity :

Unless Thy light
Our eyelids fill,
Unless Thy might
Constrain our will ;

O Lord, we pray,
Our suit attend,
Thy grace display,
Thy Spirit send.

And rule and guide
Our hearts ; that so,
Through Him who died
True peace we know.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(L. M.)

GREAT God, whose grace was e'er bestow'd
 Thine ancient fold to watch and keep,
 Upon life's dark and dang'rous road
 Guard Thou Thy few and chosen sheep ;

Let none of ghostly enemies
 Who lurk for harm by night and day,
 Or in unthinking hours surprise,
 Or in presumptuous hours betray.

But in our body and our soul
 Vouchsafe we all prepar'd may stand,
 Resigning both to Thy control,
 Complying with Thy law's command.

That so upon that coming hour
 When Thou our mighty Judge shalt be,
 In Jesu's faith, through Jesu's pow'r,
 We rise to glory, heav'n, and Thee.

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(C. M.)

ALL-MERCIFUL and mighty Lord,
 Our pray'r ascends to Thee ;
 Bow down Thine ear, and grace afford
 In deep necessity.

And while we to Thy service live
 Sincerely day by day,
 Our sins in all their guilt forgive,
 And wash each stain away.

And thus, as Thy great mercy brings
 From woe a glad release,
 Let Thy pure Dove's extended wings
 Shed down Thy blessing—peace ;

That so, with meek and quiet hearts,
 When all our years are past,
 We sleep, as mortal hope departs,
 In Jesus at the last.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(S. M.)

Thy mercy, Lord, bestow,
 Thy faithful people bless,
 And keep Thy chosen Church below
 In constant godliness.

Yea, grant that, through the might
 Of Thy protecting hand,
 In Satan's, as in man's despite,
 Thy holy house may stand,

May stand secure and free
 From all that would enslave;
 Thy strength its sole security,
 Thy grace the pow'r to save.

Whilst all-devoutly giv'n
 To works of pious fame,
 Thy saints on earth with saints in heav'n
 Yield glory to Thy name.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(P. M.)

THE strength, the refuge, LORD, of all
 Who place their trust in Thee,
 Who on Thy name sincerely call,
 And walk consentingly ;
 Of godliness the fountain-head,
 Whence all its living streams are fed ;

Be ever prompt to lend Thine ear,
 (As on this blessed day,)
 Whene'er Thy holy Church draws near
 Thy mercy-seat, to pray—
 Thy holy Church, which rests alone
 On Christ its great foundation-stone.

And in Thy bounteous goodness grant
 To this our souls' address,
 Whate'er may best supply each want,
 Or soothe each deep distress ;
 So, while we seek with earnest mind,
 We may thy heav'nly favour find.

Yea, thus abundantly obtain
 As we in truth apply ;
 Thro' Him, whose name, ne'er heard in vain,
 Brings blessings from on high ;
 Through Jesu's name, the wise and good,
 Who seal'd it with a martyr's blood !

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(SEVENS.)

EVER merciful and true

Let our pray'r Thy favour win ;
 Lord, our need in pity view ;
 Lord, forgive Thy people's sin.

Where our passions most are prone
 From Thy will to lead away,
 And the strength is Thine alone
 To restrain the feet which stray ;

In our weakness always strong,
 In our folly always wise,
 Break the chains which have so long
 Bound in our infirmities.

Father, thus our fears dispel,
 For the sake of Christ Thy Son ;
 Who o'er death and sin and hell,
 Our immortal triumph won.

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(L. M.)

O LORD, while bearing Jesu's name,
 We oft that blessed name belie,
 And put His holy cause to shame
 By sloth and inactivity ;

Awake, stir up our sluggish will,
 Thy Spirit's energy bestow,
 That we each Gospel-rule fulfil,
 And in our lives its graces show :

That as we thus in works abound
 In all of pious word and deed,
 We may, where Thy true saints are crown'd,
 Receive the Christian's glorious meed ;

Our souls the high reward may win,
 Which Thou, O Lord, alone wilt give
 To them, who die to self and sin,
 And live in Christ, and by Him live

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

(P. M.)

LORD JESU ! if e'er call'd to make
(Whate'er the Gospel-truth at stake,)
Our witnessing for Thy dear sake,
While man, our holy trust to shake,
 Wreaks his relentless cruelty ;

Vouchsafe, in that more trying hour,
Thy heav'nly mercies, Lord, to show'r,
Thy Spirit's light, Thy Spirit's pow'r ;
That higher still Hope's wing may tow'r,
 And Faith look forth exultingly.

Meanwhile, our heart with pity flows,
With pard'ning love and pray'r for those
The authors of our heavy woes ;
Like Stephen for his murd'rous foes,
Still looking up imploringly,

Yes, Lord, to Thee !—who now dost stand,
Great Advocate, at God's right hand ;
To succour all Thy suff'ring band,
And while they bear the scoffer's brand,
To plead for them prevailingly.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

(S. M.)

O LORD, cast forth Thy light,
And beams of mercy shed
Upon Thy Church ; nor hide in night
Her venerable head ;

But let Her walk the way
Of Thy beloved John,
And shining with Thy Spirit's ray,
From strength to strength go on,

Till soon the warfare past
With human tyrannies,
Her path of glory reach at last
The honours of the skies

And standing thus before
The throne's intenser blaze,
She sing to Jesus evermore
The anthems of her praise.

INNOCENTS' DAY.

(L. M.)

THOU, who hast giv'n to infants' breath,
 To infants' words, a strength divine,
 And through their sweet and tranquil death
 Made Thine own name in glory shine ;

O Lord, when sinful lusts would sway,
 These mortify, subdue, and kill ;
 And so Thy strength'ning grace display
 To bend our purpose to Thy will,

That by the pureness of our ways,
 And by our faith's deep steadfastness,
 We may till death extend Thy praise,
 And in our death Thy pow'r confess,

Through Him who came on earth, to be
 The peace, the way, the life, the word,
 In mortal man's necessity—
 Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

(C. M.)

THOU God of might, whose sov'reign grace,
 By one resistless word
 Turn'd from the world St. Andrew's face,
 To follow Christ his Lord,

And left his lips without the pow'r
 One weak excuse to frame,
 Yea, made him willing from that hour
 To bear the Christian name ;

O grant that we, whom now the call.
 The self-same call, invites,
 May so at once abandon all
 The world and its delights,

That ev'ry law we keep of Thine
 In truth and purity ;
 And while the strength is all divine,
 Yield all the praise to Thee.

ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

(P. M.)

O LORD, whose wisdom did permit
A saint's, apostle's faith to be,
(The flame Thy Holy Spirit lit,)
O'ershadow'd with obscurity ;
Who standing near his Lord alone,
His risen Master fail'd to own ;

Meantime the doubt his soul express'd
Was only passing there to wake
A stronger faith in Thomas' breast,
Which nought in after years might shake,
As now confessing he ador'd
The presence of his God and Lord ;

Vouchsafe that we may never know
A moment's gloom from unbelief,
That o'er Faith's vision doubt may throw
No shade to cause us shame or grief,
But stronger still increase our light,
Till Faith be lost in perfect sight.

To this, O God, our humble pray'r,
Thy prompt and patient hearing give,
Through Him who all our sorrows bare,
Who bled and died that we might live,
And with the Spirit and with Thee,
Was, is, and evermore shall be.

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

(L. M.)

THOU, Lord, who hast in mercy sent
 Thy gifts of grace and truth to all,
 Through *that* Thy chosen instrument,
 The Gentile-ministry of Paul ;

And didst exert such wondrous pow'r,
 (While saints before his rage were driv'n)
 When in the solemn noon-tide hour
 Came forth a light and voice from heav'n ;

O grant, that as we now review
 This prodigy of saving love,
 A gratitude devout and true
 Our hearts may fill, our lips may move—

Whose fruit to full perfection brought,
 Throughout our lives shall be display'd ;
 Holding the truths Thy Servant taught,
 Obeying all as he obey'd.

PURIFICATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

(SEVENS.)

God of might, and God of love,
Hear Thy humble saints alway,
When their lips before Thee move,
When their hearts before Thee pray :

And as in Thy temple now,
Jesus, the incarnate child,
Was in'holy rite and vow
Offer'd by a Virgin mild,

Grant Thy Spirit's grace, that we,
Being sanctified within,
Cleans'd in heart, and standing free
From all spots of cherish'd sin,

May be dedicate and giv'n,
In each service of Thy word,
Unto holiness and heav'n,
Through our Saviour, Christ the Lord.

ST. MATTHIAS'S DAY.

(L. M.)

GREAT FATHER, whose electing grace
 Upon the meek Matthias fell,
 (Now rais'd to an apostle's place,
 With gifts and pow'rs unspeakable,)

And did among the Twelve enrol
 A name unknown to fame before,
 Succeeding *him*, whose guilty soul
 The blood of his own Master bore ;

LORD, o'er Thy Church with pow'r preside,
 That so, from all false brethren free,
 From trait'rous friend and blinded guide,
 Who lead from truth to fallacy,

It may alone (wolves scar'd away,)
 Those pure and faithful pastors keep,
 Who pray and watch each passing day,
 To fold in Christ, His chosen sheep.

ANNUNCIATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

(C. M.)

O LORD, whose mercy ne'er shall fail,
Who hast through grace alone,
In nature's weak and fleshly veil,
The mighty God foreshown,

And by an angel from above
The glorious news convey'd,
How a rebellious world might prove
Thy Son's incarnate aid ;

O grant, that as our faith is led
To tidings thus reveal'd,
So through the blood which Jesus shed,
And hath the promise seal'd,

We may, amidst those blissful skies
With starry splendours floor'd,
The deathless triumphs realize
Of our ascended Lord.

ST. MARK'S DAY.

(L. M.)

O God of mercy, God of might
 Who didst Thy early Church assist,
 By sending forth, in pow'r and light,
 Saint Mark, Thy great Evangelist ·

That all Thy blessed saints below
 Might prove each holy truth he spake ;
 LORD, give us grace these truths to know,
 By these our fearless stand to take ;

That not as children borne away
 By ev'ry changing wind that blows,
 The slaves of any zealot's sway,
 The grief of friends, the mirth of foes,

We anchor by that *Rock* alone,
 (Where sinful souls for safety flee,)
 Whose summit is Thy glorious throne,
 Whose spreading base, eternity.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES'S DAY.

(c. m.)

ALMIGHTY FATHER, whom to know
In all Thy pow'r to save,
Is freedom from each ghostly foe,
And life beyond the grave,

Thy Spirit give, and so our eyes
Enlighten by His ray,
That we, in Christ becoming wise,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,

May track the course, at Jesu's call,
By His apostles trod,
Saint Philip and Saint James, and all
The holy men of God,

As finally through Him we gain
The crown laid up on high,
And live in peace, in glory reign,
With Thee immortally.

ST. BARNABAS, THE APOSTLE.

(S. M.)

GREAT God of boundless pow'r,
Of wisdom and of love,
Who on Saint Barnabas didst show'r
Choice blessings from above ;

Yea, precious gifts from thence,
Rare as unspeakable,
When now in all His affluence
The Holy Spirit fell ;

We pray Thee, do not leave
Our souls in hopeless care ;
But, while we kindred gifts receive,
And like provisions share,

Vouchsafe Thy grace divine,
That all we have may be
Submitted to each call of Thine,
And dedicate to Thee !

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY.

(P. M.)

GREAT God, whose sov'reign grace alone
 Was all so wondrously display'd
 In raising up that mighty One,
 In arming with Thy heav'nly aid
 The Baptist John—whose herald voice
 Made barren solitudes rejoice ;

Proclaiming *His* appearance near,
 Thy glorious Son, our Saviour-King,
 Repentance preaching ev'ry where,
 That hearts made pure, pure gifts might bring,
 And welcome Him who came in peace
 To give a world in chains release ;

A voice abroad the wilderness ;
Be ours to follow what it taught,
To feel for sin a deep distress,
To mourn each evil deed and thought ;
Lord, through the grace Thy Spirit show'rs,
The Baptist's word and life be ours ;

Be ours to speak the truths he spake,
To charge the folly boldly home,
And if needs be, for conscience sake,
To bear a living martyrdom,
Until, the storm of trial past,
In Christ's own robes we shine at last.

ST. PETER'S DAY.

(S. M.)

ALL-BLESSING, ever blest,
 Who didst Thy gifts dispense
 O'er Thine apostle Peter's breast
 With richest influence ;

To whom Thy last command
 With thrice-told pow' was giv'n,
 That he amongst Thy flock should stand,
 And feed with bread from heav'n ;

May all ordain'd by Thee
 A pastor's charge to hold,
 Declare Thy word as faithfully
 And all its truths unfold,

That those who hear, obey,
 And finally possess
 The crown which fadeth not away,
 Of life and happiness.

ST. JAMES, THE APOSTLE.

(L. M.)

GRANT, LORD, whose love is over all,
 That as with ready heart and will,
 James only heard his Master's call,
 Its holy bidding to fulfil,

And left at once each stronger tie
 Which might a worldling's foot detain,
 His father and his family,
 All hopes of ease, all cares of gain ;

So we, through Thine assisting grace,
 (Without which grace what good can come?)
 May find no carnal resting-place,
 No joys to keep our souls at home,

But evermore obeying Thee,
 We follow ev'ry wise command,
 Until through Christ our glory be
 To wait and serve at Thy right hand.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

(S. M.)

THOU ever-living Lord,
 Who didst with grace imbue
 That holy servant of Thy word,
 The great Bartholomew ;

That he in faith might hear,
 And preach with pow'r around,
 Unmov'd by threats, uncheck'd by fear,
 The Gospel's glorious sound ;

O grant, we now implore,
 That what he thus believ'd,
 Within Thy Church for evermore
 May be with love receiv'd ;

That so his glorious theme
 Extend both far and wide ;
 The joy of our redemption-scheme
 In Christ, the Crucified !

ST. MATTHEW.

(L. M.)

Most merciful, and true, and wise,
 Who, by Thy Son our Saviour's call,
 Bad'st Matthew from his seat arise,
 And leave his office—leave his all—

To bear a great Apostle's name,
 And Thine Evangelist become,
 The souls of sinners to reclaim,
 And lead the weary wand'ers home ;

Thy grace vouchsafe, that we forsake
 Each sordid joy which worldlings prize,
 Nor of our souls a temple make
 For Mammon's gross idolatries :

But walking in our Saviour's way,
 We join at last that heav'nly host,
 O'er whom He holds eternal sway,
 With Thee and with the Holy Ghost.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

(L. M.)

O LORD, who art the glorious King
 Of men and angels, who hast giv'n
 The laws which in subjection bring
 All services of earth and heav'n ;

From those who worship near Thy throne,
 The countless seraphs blazing there,
 To such as, all unseen, unknown,
 In secret breathe the lowly pray'r ;

Grant Thou, that as Thy angel-band
 In climes above true homage show,
 So at Thy merciful command
 Their aid may be dispens'd below

That watching o'er us they defend,
 Where foes are lurking to surprise ;
 Through Jesus Christ, who deigns to lend
 His strength through all their ministries.

ST. LUKE.

(S. M.)

ALMIGHTY God and wise,
Who gav'st Saint Luke control
O'er all the ills and maladies
Of man's polluted soul ;

Saint Luke, of Gospel-fame,
Call'd and ordain'd to be
A great Evangelist by name,
And Minister of Thee ;

Vouchsafe that we may find
Within his doctrines pure,
Sweet med'cine to the wounded mind,
For each disease a cure.

And while this pray'r we make,
O Lord, Thy favour give,
For His immortal merits' sake,
Who died that we might live.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

(L. M.)

O God, whose pow'r, and none beside,
 Thy Church on deep foundations laid,
 "Of all the Prophets prophesied,
 Of all th' Apostles' lips convey'd,

He standing the head corner-stone,
 Whom Prophets saw, Apostles knew—
 He, Jesus Christ, whose name alone
 Proclaims the work *He* came to do ;

Grant now, most mighty Lord, that we,
 Whose hearts *their* blessed doctrines move,
 May so be link'd in unity,
 And bound in bands of holy love,

That, like some temple bright and fair,
 We stand before Thy gracious eyes,
 Till, sinless as Thy seraphs are,
 We worship in the cloudless skies.

ALL SAINTS.

(P. M.)

GREAT Lord of thrones and pow'rs above,
Whose sov'reign will alone
Hath knit the chosen of Thy love
In blest communion,
In fellowship united all
Within Christ's body mystical ;

Let now Thy Spirit's heav'nly grace
With inward might endue,
That we, Thy saints' immortal race,
May ever keep in view ;
Live as they liv'd, die as they died,
With faith in HIM, the Crucified.

So, when this stormy scene is past,
Its days of conflict o'er,
We reach a glorious bourn at last,
A calm and happy shore,
And with Thy people ever dwell
In peace and joy unspeakable :

The peace and joy for them alone
Who love Thy law prepar'd,
To mortal eye, ear, thought unknown,
By holy spirits shar'd,
Through HIM whose name the praise shall be
Of time and of eternity.

HYMNS

SUGGESTED BY THE GOSPELS OF THE DAY

THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

(L. M.)

He comes in glory, yet He wears
 No earthly monarch's diadem ;
 A lowly beast the lowly bears,
 Behold thy King—Jerusalem !

Hosannas through the concourse run,
 And palms and robes bespread His way ;
 The reign of peace is now begun,
 And truth and love hold gentle sway.

He seeks His Father's house of pray'r,
 Strewn, as a mart, with things profane ;
 Expels each sordid trafficker,
 And brings its honours back again.

He comes in glory, comes to see
 The abject rais'd, the lost restor'd ;
 And blessings on His mission be,
 Who cometh in Thy name, O Lord !

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

(P. M.)

STRANGE signs and wonders fill the sky,
In sun, moon, stars portentous,
And nations wait, with troubled eye,
Impending ills momentous ;
The winds with ocean's hollow roar
Mix wailings never heard before :—
It is the hour of Judgment !

The conscious earth rocks to and fro,
The pow'rs of heav'n are shaken ;
The men of strength are stricken low,
By guilty fears o'ertaken ;
The trump of God, with summons dread,-
Uprouses from their graves the dead :
It is the hour of Judgment !

He comes, the Lord, with might His own,
In clouds of awful splendour ;
Whilst millions throng before His throne,
Their last account to render ;
Look up, ye fearful saints ! advance,
Possess your high inheritance,—
It is the hour of Judgment !

Great God, when thus mine eyes shall see
Creation's glories ended,
And Jesus in His sovereignty
By angel-hosts attended ;
O, bid my spirit wing its way
To regions of immortal day,
In that last hour of Judgment.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

(L. M.)

WHEN he, the Baptist, sought to know,
If, Lord, Thy mission were the true,
Thy answer came, "Return, and show
The marvels ye behold me do.

"The blind receive again their sight,
The lame without their staff appear,
The lepers own my cleansing might,
The deaf stand by with list'ning ear.

"The dead, to wonted life restor'd,
Have burst the fetters of the grave ;
Amongst the poor, the gospel-word
Is preach'd in all its pow'r to save."

Blind, lame, and leprous, poor, and dead,
Are we, O Lord, in sin's estate ;
But oh ! the self-same blessings shed,
That we Thy love may celebrate.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

(L. M.)

THE Baptist, in his mission, made
 A free and fearless witnessing ;
 And every claim and honour laid
 Before the feet of Christ his King.

“ Who art thou ? of thyself confess.”
 “ I am the voice of one, (he spake,)
 That crieth in the wilderness,—
 A highway for Messiah make.

“ Amongst you, though unknown, there stands
 One mightier than I—’tis He
 The latchet of whose shoe my hands
 Would loosen all unworthily.”

The Baptist's lowliness be mine,
 His courage mine the Lord to own ;
 And mine his great reward—to shine
 In bright apparel near the throne !

CHRISTMAS DAY.

(S. M.)

IN the beginning, Lord,
 When time its course began,
 Thou wast the all-creating Word,
 Of suns, and worlds, and man ;

With God, *and* God—the same
 In wisdom, grace, and might,
In whom was life, and life became
 To all display'd in light :

'Midst darkness shining still,
 And still not understood ;
 So blind the eye, so dead the will,
 To man's immortal good.

Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow,
 And give us pow'r to see ;
 That we the light, the life, may know,
 Of Christian liberty.

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

(C. M.)

GOD'S glorious Son made man on earth,
 How great the mystery !
 Both in Thy nature and Thy birth,
 What marvels, Lord, there be !

Thy birth, whose secret to declare,
 An angel came from heav'n ;
 To whom the name which thou shouldst bear,
 In holy charge was giv'n :

He call'd Thee Jesus—thus to show
 'Thine embassy was love ;
 That sinful souls, redeem'd from woe,
 Immortal joys might prove :

A name all nations shall confess—
 Yea, honour and adore ;
 And ransom'd spirits praise and bless,
 In anthems evermore.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

(L. M.)

THE anthem ceas'd, the angels sped,
 When thus the watching shepherds said,
 "Now let us for ourselves behold
 Those strange events the Lord hath told."

Anon they leave both flock and field,
 To see the glorious things reveal'd;
 A manger hold the promis'd child,
 Whilst o'er him watch'd the virgin mild.

Thence far and wide the tidings flew,
 Of all they heard, of all they knēw;
 Which Mary, with a mother's care,
 Kept in her heart, and ponder'd there.

So, when the temple-rite was o'er,
 That name the angel gave, He bore—
 And Jesus' name, through endless days,
 Shall fill our hearts and swell our praise.

THE EPIPHANY.

(C. M.)

As from the mean neglected earth
 Shines forth the precious gem,
 E'en so did our Immanuel's birth
 From lowly Bethlehem.

Yea, where the weary oxen fed,
 In beauty slumbering,
 Lay Zion's great and living Head,
 And Judah's promis'd King.

Meanwhile (a bright and moving star
 The herald of their way)
 The Magi, from the east afar,
 Their costly tribute pay ;—

Adoring pay :—and, Lord, to Thee,
 Whose claims are all divine
 Our talents shall devoted be,
 For ev'ry gift is Thine.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

(C. M.)

WAS Jesus, at His tender age,
In understanding wise,
Astounding every Hebrew sage
With questions and replies?—

Was Jesus, then, so full of zeal
For things of heav'n and God,
As scarcely for the time to feel
The ties of home and blood?—

Whilst I, in guilty ignorance,
Am still content to rest;
Nor strive those objects to advance,
The noblest and the best?

Great Spirit, me with wisdom fill,
My daily strength renew,
That so I may, with heart and will,
The work assign'd me, do.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

(C. M.)

He whose heart-searching wisdom knew
Man's unbelief so well,
To prove His holy mission true,
Wrought sign and miracle.

And thus, as Cana's marriage-guest,
He first to men appeal'd,
His hidden pow'r made manifest,
And all the God reveal'd ;

While each with silent wonder saw
The prodigy divine,
As owning now some higher law,
The water chang'd to wine.

Yet oft by greater works, O Lord,
Thy presence is made known ;
When into flesh Thy mighty word
Transforms the heart of stone !

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

(C. M.)

THE Roman captain sought, and stood
Before our gracious Lord ;
And, wrapp'd in sorrow's saddest mood,
His healing might implor'd,—

Implor'd for one, who (while he pray'd)
In grievous suff'ring lay ;
For whom all hope of human aid
Had ever pass'd away.

But, oh ! what joy succeeded woe,
When now the suppliant heard,
“ As thou believest, be it so,”
And life was in the word.

O Lord, in trouble's darker hour,
Be present to our view ;
That faith asserting all its pow'r,
May prove its triumphs too.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

(P. M.)

THROUGH the drear and troubled sky,
 Blacker still the shadows grow ;
Only wrath impends on high,
 Only danger frowns below ;
Redder is the lightning-flash,
Louder bursts the thunder-crash.

O'er the vessel's creaking side,
 Waves on waves engulfing roll ;
Where is wisdom's vaunted pride ?
 Where is human skill's control ?
He alone, who sways the deep,
All unconscious lies a-sleep.

" Lord, we perish !—save us now ;"
 Jesus hears, and turning, saith—
 " Why should ye these terrors show,
 O ye men of little faith ?"
 Chiding, then, the winds and sea,
 Deep was their tranquillity.

Lord, when fiercer storms surprise,
 In affliction's gloomy hour,
 And our ghostly enemies,
 Would the trembling soul o'erpow'r,
 Give us faith, that we may prove
 Peace in Thy subduing love.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

(L. M.)

“MY kingdom is,” the Lord declares,
 “Like one who soweth precious seed ;
 But while men sleep, with subtle heed,
 The foe steals in and scatters tares.

“And when as now they both have grown,
 The servants ask, Shall we uproot
 The noxious from the healthful fruit ?
 The master says, Let each alone,

“Lest with the rank ye pluck the sweet ;
 My reapers will I send at last,
 The tares in quenchless fires to cast,
 And in my barns to store the wheat.”

Which in the gospel-field are we ?
 Or tares, or wheat ? let conscience say ;—
 O Lord, prepare us for that day,
 When angels shall the reapers be.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

(P. M.)

WHEN wand'ring voices shall declare,
 With signs and wonders still deceiving,
 "Lo! Christ is here,—lo! Christ is there,"
 And almost stagger the believing;—

When sun and moon shall shine no more,
 And stars unspher'd from heav'n are falling;
 And loud and deep, from shore to shore,
 The earth sends up its cries appalling;—

Comes forth, in glorious pomp, the Lord,
 With the great trump His angels sending,
 To gather all His saints abroad,
 And raise to glories never ending.

Bless'd Saviour! with Thy word alone,
 My will, my heart, my life complying,
 May I at last Thy mercies own,
 Where sin is not, nor pain, nor dying.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

(C. M.)

O LORD, when sinful human kind
 Thy fiercest wrath might move,
 How full and free, and unconfin'd,
 The proffers of Thy love!

Thy gospel-vineyard, rich and fair,
 Presents its door unbarr'd;
 And all insure, who labour there,
 A bountiful reward.

And still dost Thou Thy calls repeat,
 Thy gracious offers press,
 And at the latest moment greet
 The rous'd from idleness.

Lord, help me, where delay is crime,
 Thy summons to obey;
 Since *now* is the accepted time,
 And *this*, salvation's day.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

(L. M.)

LORD, when Thy gospel-seed is sown,
Nor let it on the way-side lie,
Nor on a bed of earthless stone,
Nor else by weeds encumber'd die ;

But let it fall on genial ground,
That, taking there a steadfast hold,
Its healthful produce may abound,
From thirty to a hundred fold.

Nor e'er let Satan's watchful guile
Take from our hearts Thy word away ;
Receiv'd, retain'd with joy awhile,
To wither in the adverse day.

Forbid or worldly wealth or care,
Or vain delights, to choke and kill ;
But, Lord, that we much fruit may bear,
Shine on us with Thy spirit still.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

(L. M.)

LORD JESU, sad they were as true,
 The words of ancient prophecy,
 Which spake of woes to sinners due,
 In all their weight to fall on Thee ;—

That Thou, in persecution's hour,
 Though saints and angels bless'd Thy name,
 Deliver'd to the Gentiles' pow'r,
 Shouldst bear oppression, scorn, and shame ;

The scourge full soon Thy flesh to tear,
 And wicked men, with ranc'rous hate,
 Thy cross of martyrdom prepare ;
 In blood their sin to consummate ;

Yet should the grave Thy pow'r reveal,
 (Its bands upon the third day riv'n,)
 Those glorious promises to seal
 Which point to happiness and heav'n.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

(c. v.)

LORD, let not our profession be
 A false and specious guise,
 The masking of the Pharisee,
 Before our fellows' eyes ;—

Which makes the meed of human praise
 Its sole and constant aim ;
 And only at the best may raise
 A perishable name.

Be ours, while deeper still appears
 The guilt of each offence,
 The broken heart, the sighs and tears,
 Of pray'rful penitence :

That so, while secretly to Thee
 We make our anguish known,
 Thou mayst reward us openly,
 With honours all Thine own.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

(L. M.)

SAD was the hour which saw Thee led
 Within that gloomy wilderness,
 Where Satan's malice, deep and dread,
 Thy spirit, Jesu! dar'd oppress;

Where, after fastings sore and long,
 For forty days and nights endur'd,
 Thy flesh grown weak, *his* hope wax'd strong
 The tempter's of success assur'd.

But joy was ours, when rising now
 In all Thy self-asserted might,
 With baffled purpose, low'ring brow,
 He shrank away in sullen flight.

And joy, deep joy, is ours to feel,
 That when his arts our faith assail,
 Thou e'er shalt meet the soul's appeal,
 And arm with strength that must prevail.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

(c. m.)

WHEN, Lord, from Canaan's heathen land,
 With accents sad and wild,
 A wretched mother sought 'Thine hand,
 To heal her stricken child ;—

Although no gracious answer came
 To soothe her anxious care,
 Through all reproaches, threats, and blame,
 She yet renew'd her pray'r.

If hope was low, she still believ'd,—
 Though trembling, still ador'd ;
 Until 'Thy love her woes reliev'd,
 And that poor child restor'd.

Away, then, each desponding fear,
 When troubles multiply ;
 For Thou art mercy, Lord, and here
 Shall all my hope rely.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

(L. M.)

How deep in heart, how strong in will,
Is unbelief no tongue can tell ;
With stubborn hate resisting still
The very force of miracle.

Yes, Jesu, when Thy pow'r divine
Such wondrous energies display'd,
It scorn'd to own the glory Thine,
And cried—Behold Satanic aid!

As if the evil angel's hand
Against himself at strife might be ;
And a divided house could stand,
From danger and destruction free.

O Lord, a living faith impart,
That still to Thee new homage pays ;
Thine image always in our heart,
And always on our lips Thy praise.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

(L. M.)

O LORD, whose word of sov'reign pow'r
 Supplied, in nature's fainting hour,
 Abundantly the body's food,
 To all the famish'd multitude—

Consenting thus in love to grant
 Provision for each creature-want,
 Of those five thousand following Thee,
 The marvels of Thy might to see ;

May we, Thy hung'ring children, share
 Those richer mercies of Thy care,
 Whilst now our souls, in deepest need,
 Ask on the bread of life to feed ;

That bread which, in Thy wisdom giv'n,
 Sustains on earth, makes strong for heav'n ;
 And, once partaken, want is o'er,
 For we shall hunger, Lord, no more.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

(C. M.)

Most holy was Thy life, O Lord,
 From spot and blemish free ;
 Truth stamp'd its impress on Thy word,
 Though few its claims could see.

The earthly-minded can receive
 The earthly thing alone ;
 But men of God at once believe
 Whatever God makes known.

Thus to the Jews each truth of Thine
 Was all incredible ;
 Who call'd the agency divine
 The agency of hell.

To unbelief as prone as they,
 Fill, Lord, our souls with light,
 That thus Thy Gospel may display
 Its wisdom infinite.

SUNDAY BEFORE EASTER.

(L. M.)

How manifold as dark the woes
That shadow'd, Lord, Thy blameless life !
Forsook by friends, oppress'd by foes,
A world in arms, and hell at strife :

The true—with a deceiver's name ;
The wise—yet fools more gladly sought ;
The pure—to bear a culprit's shame ;
The good—as evil set at nought :

The Great Redeemer—yet the bound ;
The Judge of men—arraign'd and tried ;
The King of kings—with mockery crown'd ;
The Lord of life—the crucified !

And thus didst Thou all sorrows bear,
Thus painfully Thy course was trod ;
That Thine oppressors peace might share,
Thy foes stand reconcil'd with God.

MONDAY BEFORE EASTER.

(L. M.)

GLOOMY and dark approach'd the hour,
And sorrowful to death was He,
Who, meeting hell's terrific pow'r,
Enter'd the lone Gethsemane.

And lo ! with body prostrate, now
Did Jesus thrice His Father pray,
(The sweat of blood upon His brow,)
To take the awful cup away.

But all was silence—for the cup
Was charg'd with ev'ry sinner's guilt;
And with these words He drank it up—
“ Not as I will, but as Thou wilt ! ”

Lord Jesu ! didst Thou pray, and groan,
And agonize for souls like mine ?
Then all the pow'rs and gifts I own,
Through life, and death, be wholly Thine !

TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

(L. M.)

THE worn in visage, marr'd in form,
 Beneath affliction's iron storm ;
 'The bound with cords by savage hands,
 In Pilate's presence Jesus stands.

But, if oppress'd and scorn'd, still He
 (All-conscious of His majesty)
 Met fearlessly the questioning—
 “Thou sayest *that* I am—a King!”

Yea, Lord, though lacking outward sign,
 A palace and a throne were Thine ;
 More glorious far than his, who now
 Look'd on Thee with suspicious brow.

Thy palace is Thy church—Thy throne
 Thy people's hearts ; and there alone
 All homage to Thy name is giv'n,
 Whose crown is love, whose kingdom heav'n.

WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

(L. M.)

Yes, Jesu ! Thou wast bought and sold,
 Man set a price upon Thy blood,
 Whilst he who took the hateful gold,
 Was one of Thine own brotherhood.

Yes, Jesu ! and the friend who vow'd
 To stand unshrinking at Thy side,
 Through life and death—with anger loud
 In curses, thrice Thy name denied.

Yes, Jesu ! in Thy sorest woe,
 When like a lamb to slaughter led,
 The chosen of Thy love below,
 Pallid with terror, turn'd and fled.

And, Lord, since all like hearts possess,
 As prone an evil course to take ;
 Help Thou, lest we, when trials press,
 Betray, deny Thee, or forsake.

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.

(L. M.)

NOR Herod found, nor Pilate saw,
In Jesus, matter of offence ;
And as He faultless was in law,
So both proclaim'd His innocence.

Still, when the tumult fiercer grew,
And now for blood the people cried ;
Whilst far and wide the clamour flew—
“ Let Him (their King) be crucified ;”

The judge— with conscience for his foe,
The judge—of fear the guilty slave,
Consenting, seal'd Messiah's woe,
And most unrighteous sentence gave.

Whate'er the outward strife may be,
Thy truth, Lord, may I ever hold ;
Yea, though a world opposes Thee,
Oh, make me in thy service bold.

GOOD FRIDAY.

(P. M.)

HUMAN hate hath done its worst,—
Jesus suffers—Jesus dies ;
Stretch'd upon the tree accurs'd,
By His savage enemies !
Crown'd with thorns, they mock Him now,
And in feigning homage bow.

Broken by oppression's rod,
Martyrs never groan'd as He—
Never said, " My God ! my God !
Why hast Thou forsaken me ?"
For, whate'er the troubles past,
God was with them at the last.

Conscious nature feels the blow,
On its dying Lord and King ;
Quakes the earth with inward throe ;
Rocks betray their shuddering ;
Veils the sun his glorious head ;
Graves give up their hidden dead.

Jesu ! didst Thou thus complete,
By Thy blood, the mighty scheme,
Made in heav'n our wants to meet, .
Man from bondage to redeem ?
Ever shall Thy mercy move
Hymns of praise from hearts of love.

EASTER EVEN.

(L. v.)

How weak is man, his pow'rs how mean,
 How little is the way he sees,
 Whene'er he strives to contravene
 The workings of divine decrees !

With truth prophetic, Jesus said,
 The third day should behold Him rise ;
 Nor might the fetters of the dead
 Obstruct His passage to the skies.

Then let the ponderous stone be seal'd,
 That block'd the prison where He lay ;
 The guard be set with sword and shield,
 To keep close watch by night and day :

For what are these ? since death or hell,
 O Lord, before Thy presence fly ;
 When Thou, with might invincible,
 Thy promises wouldst ratify.

EASTER DAY.

(C. M.)

'Tis come ! 'tis come ! that morning bright,
Of which our Master spake ;
When Death should own His victor-might,
And Hell submission make.

'Tis come ! 'tis come ! the wondrous hour,
When now the empty grave
Bears witness to the sov'reign pow'r
Of Him who died to save.

'Tis come ! 'tis come ! the gladsome time,
When drooping saints may see,
With steadfast hope and joy sublime,
Their immortality.

'Tis come ! 'tis come ! the day of days,
When, Lord, our lips shall sing,
In fuller harmonies of praise,
The triumphs of our King.

EASTER MONDAY.

(C. M.)

WHEN two disciples on their way,
Met Jesus face to face,
Their eyes were holden—nor could they
Their Master's features trace.

Yet, if His face was all unknown,
Or fail'd their ears to prove
Whose voice it was, though ev'ry tone
Breath'd wisdom, peace, and love ;

Well might their bosoms burn to hear,
Whilst He, who could not err,
Made ev'ry hidden scripture clear,
His own interpreter.

O Lord, if all unseen, yet still
My only teacher be ;
That I may know Thy blessed will,
And daily walk with Thee.

EASTER TUESDAY.

(C. M.)

THE stars are only seen at night ;
So, in our dark distress,
Thy mercies, Jesu, shed their light,
To guide, and cheer, and bless.

When once in trouble's gloomiest hour
Thy chosen sheep were left,
Of their great Shepherd's guardian-pow'r,
All suddenly bereft ;—

Then didst Thou unexpected stand
Amongst that mourning few,
To soothe their woes in accents bland,—
“ My peace I give to you.”

Thus when, in all-surrounding woe,
Thine absence we deplore,
Thy healing Spirit, Lord, bestow,
And bid us weep no more.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(C. M.)

SAD was the day and dark the eve,
And drear the solitude,
When each disciple met to grieve,
And all the past review'd.

But, oh, what sudden mercy now
Their fainting hopes restor'd,
What light illum'd each gloomy brow,
As they beheld the Lord—

And felt His breath, His accents heard,
And saw the wounds He bore ;
While gifts and pow'rs His love conferr'd,
Far greater than before !

E'en so Thy tender grace display,
When, Lord, we need it most;
And breathe upon our hearts, and say,
“Receive the Holy Ghost.”

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(C. M.)

THOU art a Shepherd wise and good,
And patient watch dost keep ;
Willing to shed Thy precious blood,
Lord Jesu ! for Thy sheep.

With fear o'ercome, in danger's hour,
The faithless hireling flies,
His charge abandon'd to the pow'r
Of ruthless enemies.

Nor o'er Judea's field alone,
Dost Thou Thy staff extend ;
But Gentile-lands its sway shall own,
And bless their guardian-friend.

O, hasten, Lord, the time (though we
May not the time behold)
When through all nations there shall be
One Shepherd and one Fold.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(C. M.)

PERPLEXING were the words which fell
 On each disciple's ear,
 When, Lord, Thou didst Thy purpose tell,
 To go and re-appear ;

To leave them for a little while
 Alone and sad—and then
 To cheer with Thy returning smile
 Their drooping hearts again :

The world rejoicing, while in woe
 It saw their spirits cast ;
 Yet out of all their griefs should flow
 A gladness at the last.

Soon, Lord, Thy death and second life
 Clear'd up the mystery ;
 And lips, with sad lamentings rife,
 Breath'd happy hymns to Thee.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(L. M.)

“Tis good for you that I depart,”
 Spake Jesus to the griev’d in heart ;
 “ For should I to your wish defer,
 He would not come—the Comforter.

“ Him will I send, and, coming, He
 Shall this hard world’s convincer be,
 Of sin—because no faith have they,
 In all I suffer, do, or say—

“ Of righteousness—because I go
 To purer climes than these below ;
 Of judgment—since their prince and God
 Shall feel and own th’ avenging rod.”

O Lord, to me in love dispense
 Thy Spirit’s guiding influence ;
 That I the happy heir may be
 Of peace and immortality.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(L. M.)

No words could come with sweeter pow'r
Than, Jesu, Thine, in trouble's hour ;
That all we ask for in Thy name,
The Father will bestow the same :

Whate'er the want which makes us grieve,
That, praying thus, we shall receive
The meet supply—yea, surely prove
The joy of God's paternal love.

Lord, we are blind—and in our night
We ask for Thy directing light ;
Lord, we are poor—and in our need
Upon the bread of life would feed.

Lord, we are naked—and would be
Cloth'd with Thy robe of purity :
These are our wants ; and, Father, make
Provision for our Saviour's sake.

ASCENSION DAY.

(C. M.)

WHEN Christ the glorious work had done,
Which brought Him from the skies,
For man's transgression to atone,
In blood and agonies;—

And had this last and great command
To His apostles giv'n—
That they should spread, through ev'ry land
The truths reveal'd from heav'n ;—

He, putting forth the hidden might,
That in His nature lay,
To His own realms of peace and light
Took his triumphant way ;

And while He sits in glory now,
Upon His royal seat,
May we with holy Angels bow
In worship, at His feet.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.

(L. M.)

LIPS full of grace, which could not err,
While sorrow fill'd each heart and eye,
Foretold that He, the Comforter,
Of Jesus' truth should testify.

And, lo ! upon that wondrous day,
When with such glorious pow'r He came,
Three thousand souls confess'd His sway,
And own'd and bless'd a Saviour's name.

Thy work is His, His Thine, O Lord !
Convincing us of sin, He shows
The meetness of Thy gracious word,
To give guilt-burthen'd souls repose.

And ever in this heart of mine
May He in all His fulness dwell,
Dispensing gifts and pow'rs divine,
And love and peace ineffable.

WHIT SUNDAY.

(P. M.)

FAIL'D not our gracious Lord to bend
 Before His Father's mercy-seat,
 That to the chosen He might send
 The Paraclete :

Who, being yet unseen, unknown,
 And unreceiv'd by all beside,
 Might find within their hearts a throne,
 And there abide ;—

Might bring before their open'd eyes
 The gracious words which Christ had said ;
 Make them in understanding wise,
 And comfort shed.

Lord, may I of Thy mercy speak,
 Vouchsafe His gracious aid to me ;
 His strength—when I am low and weak,
 His light—to see.

MONDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK.

(c. m.)

God lov'd the world,—yea, while it lay
Amidst its guilt and woe,
In His own free and glorious way,
He deign'd His love to show—

By sending forth His only Son,
That suff'ring souls might be,
Through faith in His great name alone,
From condemnation free ;—

And, ransom'd from the grave, might stand
With that immortal throng,
Who pour their praise at God's right hand,
In never-ending song.

Lord, give us faith, that we may prove
A privilege like this ;
And sing Thine everlasting love,
In everlasting bliss.

TUESDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK.

(c. m.)

THOU art, O Lord, the open door
To Zion's scatter'd sheep ;
And all who ever came before,
No faithful guard could keep.

They only thieves and robbers were,
With purpose to destroy ;
From hope consigning to despair,
To wretchedness from joy.

Of Zion's fold Thou art the door ;
And ent'ring in by Thee,
Believing souls may evermore
Have life abundantly.

And, Lord, Thy gracious name to bless
Our lips shall never cease,
Who thus, in life's drear wilderness,
Find shelter, food, and peace.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

(P. M.)

THE carnal mind can only know
Things palpable to sense ;
The Spirit's influence
Alone may heav'nly mysteries show.

When he, the Jewish ruler, went
To meet our Lord at night,
Before His wisdom's light
He sat in deep astonishment.

No human teachings could explain
This solemn mystery :
" God's kingdom none can see,
Except a man be born again."

Lord, when our reason would rebel
Against Thy written word,
Thy Spirit's pow'r afford,
'To sound the else unsearchable.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(P. M.)

WITH purple and fine linen clad, all gorgeous in
array,
A rich man liv'd, who sumptuously was faring
ev'ry day ;
While Lazarus, diseas'd and poor, crouch'd at his
lordly door,
And ask'd in need on crumbs to feed, that
strew'd the rich man's floor.

The beggar died, and speedily, by angel-hands
convey'd,
In Abr'am's bosom evermore all blissfully was
laid ;
The rich man died, and soon in hell, while flames
about him clung,
He loudly pray'd that beggar's aid, to cool his
burning tongue.

But o'er the gulph impassable no messenger
 could come,
 Nor yet be sent to warn or guide his kindred
 left at home ;
 " If Moses' and the prophets' words they hear
 not," Abr'ham said,
 " Nor would they learn, repent, or turn, though
 one rose from the dead."

Let not our poorer brother's cry be, Lord, by us
 withstood,
 Who now receives the evil thing when we
 receive the good ;
 And while the means of grace are giv'n, our
 Guide and Helper be,
 That we may share, where angels are, the glory
 endlessly.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(SEVENS.)

TOKENS manifold of grace
 Jesus to the world hath giv'n ;
 To a blind apostate race,
 All estrang'd from truth and heav'n.

Largely is His banquet spread,
 Far and wide the summons flies ;
 Souls that perish may have bread
 In their last necessities.

Jesus speaks, but who will hear ?
 Jesus calls, but who obey ?
 Can their self-excuses clear
 Those of sin who walk away ?

Soon will come that awful hour,
 When they all their guilt shall see :
 Jesu ! with Thy Spirit's pow'r,
 Turn and bind our hearts to Thee.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(C. M.)

THE shepherd will awhile forsake
 His flock, if one should roam ;
 That in its course he may o'ertake,
 And bring the wand'rer home.

And fuller is the secret flow
 Of gladness in his breast,
 O'er that poor sheep recover'd so,
 Than over all the rest.

So, when one contrite soul is found,
 While angel-eyes behold,
 Their hearts with deeper joy abound,
 Than o'er the Church's fold.

Great Shepherd, in my devious track
 Of folly, guilt, and shame,
 Oh! fetch me in my wand'rings back,
 Another sheep reclaim.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(c. m.)

O Lord, while mercy is Thy name,
And is Thy nature, too,
Let love and mercy be our aim,
In all we say or do :

Not judging others, that we so
May not be judg'd by Thee ;
Nor yet condemning, lest the woe
We mete, our own may be :

Dispensing good, as we would prove
How much we owe to Heav'n ;
Forgiving, as through Jesu's love
We hope to be forgiv'n.

Thus, Lord, our hearts, our thoughts dispose ;
That, as our days increase,
Each may begin, and each may close,
In charity and peace.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(C. M.)

WHEN human means are all in vain,
 Their object to secure,
 If, Lord, Thy succours we obtain,
 Our ev'ry hope is sure.

Thus Simon, toiling through the night,
 Fail'd to ensnare his prey,
 Yet when he heard Thy word of might,
 And did Thy word obey,—

The net, too weak its spoil to hold,
 The ships, that with their store
 Began to sink, the fishers told,
 Whose pow'r they should adore.

O Lord ! in all our helplessness,
 In all Thy strength, be nigh ;
 Crown ev'ry effort with success,
 And ev'ry want supply.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(L. M.)

If some amongst us only wear
The outward garb of sanctity,
And ev'ry time of praise and pray'r
They keep, as kept the Pharisee—

May we fulfil that faithful part,
Regardful, Lord, of Thee alone ;
Nor let Thy Spirit in our heart
E'er want an altar and a throne :

That, while each purpose and desire
Is far too deep for worldly ken,
And all our thoughts and hopes aspire
Beyond the straiten'd view of men—

We may become, day after day,
More wise and holy than the past ;
Until, O Lord, our Christian way
Reach Thee and glory at the last.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(L. M.)

SUCH, Lord, was Thy benignity,
That when the fainting multitude
For three whole days had follow'd Thee,
And lack'd the body's common food,

'Thou didst, in pow'r as mercy great,
At suff'ring nature's call, provide
Bread for four thousand men—who ate,
And all their hunger satisfied.

And yet a double boon was theirs ;
For, Jesu, in Thy word was giv'n,
Amidst all inward wants and cares,
The bread of life, the food from heav'n.

Of Thee, O Lord, our souls, in need,
That precious boon would now implore ;
On which, while faith delights to feed,
Our wants shall cease for evermore.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(L. M.)

If false and treach'rous guides, O Lord,
Beset us in our Christian way;
Who teach their own and not Thy word,
And promise only to betray;

Who come disguis'd as simple sheep,
And all their crafty arts employ,
Like rav'ning wolves that subtly creep
Within the pasture, to destroy;

Whose outward works but ill agree
With what their feigning lips declare;
(As bad fruit shows the evil tree,
However bright the blossoms were;)

Where such would flatter to deceive,
Lord, give us light to see their aim;
And strength that we those counsels leave,
Which end in mockery and shame.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(C. M.)

ARE we Thy stewards, gracious Lord,
 And shall it e'er be said,
 'That we, despite Thy will and word,
 Thy goods impoverished?

If we abuse or misapply
 The talents lent by Thee,
 Can we before Thy searching eye
 Pass with impunity?

Oh, no!—Thy justice will demand
 Whate'er to 'Thee is due;
 And this withholden, sure Thy hand
 With vengeance must pursue.

And we are guilty—but we know,
 When penitents confess,
 Thou wilt accepting mercy show,
 In Christ our righteousness.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(C. M.)

WHEN now, all-gorgeous to the eye,
Jerusalem appears,
Why should the city wake a sigh,
Or draw the Saviour's tears?

He weeps—for there the ruthless sword
Had His own prophets slain ;
His mighty works been done, His word
Proclaim'd to all, in vain.

He weeps—for soon His blood shall there
Wake God's avenging wrath :
Nor temple, nor yet priest to spare,
Within its sweeping path.

He weeps—that unbelief should seal
So many souls in woe :
Lord, to our minds Thy truth reveal,
And living faith bestow.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(S. M.)

LET no self-righteous claim,
 O Lord, our thoughts possess :
 For what is human boasting ?—shame ;
 Or wisdom ?—foolishness.

Warn'd by the Pharisee,
 Who, in his heart-blown pride,
 Put forth to heav'n his daring plea,
 But went unjustified—

Be ours the contrite sigh,
 The bitter tears that ran
 Down the pale cheeks, the anguish'd cry,
 Of him the Publican.

And if a world despise,
 May we with gladness prove,
 That saints, when lowest in its eyes,
 Are highest in Thy love.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(c. m.)

To manhood, from Thy lowly birth,
Wrong'd, hated, and withstood,
Still, Jesu! all thy life on earth
Was spent in doing good.

The sick, bed-ridden, brought to Thee,
Thy healing voice restor'd ;
The aged blind, from darkness free,
Beheld their gracious Lord.

The cureless deaf stood list'ning near,
Exulting leap'd the lame ;
The dumb, with accents, sweet and clear,
Pour'd blessings on Thy name,

Yet greater miracles, O Lord,
Than these Thy love attest,
When in our souls Thy gospel-word
Breathes pardon, hope, and rest.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(S. M.)

OF human hope bereft,
 A wounded trav'ler lay,
 By savage hands despoil'd, and left
 To perish in the way.

Nor priest, who journey'd there,
 Nor Levite, passing by,
 Reliev'd his wants, or sooth'd his care,
 In answer to his cry :

Not so when he appear'd,
 The good Samaritan,
 Who bound his wounds, and calm'd and cheer'd
 That miserable man.

Thus, when assail'd, O Lord,
 We look by pray'r to Thee ;
 The healing of Thy grace afford
 In our necessity.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(S. M.)

O LORD, whose gracious pow'r
 Ten stricken lepers prov'd;
 All cur'd by Thee the self-same hour,
 Their cries Thy pity mov'd;

Whilst of the heal'd, but one
 Was mindful to express,
 For what Thy wondrous love had done,
 A humble thankfulness;

O'er those deploring now
 A leprosy within,
 In all Thy wonted mercy bow,
 And cleanse their hearts from sin.

And as they keep in view
 The debt they owe to Thee,
 May praise, to whom all praise is due,
 Be giv'n unceasingly.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(L. M.)

Too long within this heart of mine,
 Has been the doubtful mastery,
 Of earthly claims, and claims divine,
 Betwixt the world, O Lord, and Thee.

I know full well, which ought to hold
 A pow'r supreme, but know in vain ;
 For if one day I seek Thy fold,
 The next I love the world again.

Two masters would I serve, and so
 I feel that I am serving none ;
 Lord, in my weakness, help bestow,
 And bind my rebel-thoughts to *One* :

Yes, Lord, to Thee, that I may make
 Thy will, Thy word, Thy cause mine own ;
 And ev'ry worldly idol break,
 Usurping in my heart Thy throne.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(P. M.)

WHEN Jesus, coming to the gate of that small
city, Nain,
Met on their way, disconsolate, a poor and
funeral train ;
Who follow'd to his clay-cold bed a widow's
only son,
“ Weep not,” the gentle Saviour said to her, that
childless one :

And touching now the lowly bier, the bearers all
stood still,
As they, submissively, would hear the bidding of
His will ;
When, with a voice omnipotent, He bade the
sleeper wake,
And straightway, in his narrow cell, the dead
sat up and spake.

And oh! the joy, description mock'd, which
 lighted up each face,
As son and mother now stood lock'd in one
 intense embrace ;
While, struck with awe, the people gaz'd, and
 thus in worship said,
" The Lord a prophet great hath rais'd, and us
 hath visited."

But mightier works, O Lord, are Thine, than
 even this might be,
When putting forth, with pow'r divine, Thy
 Spirit's agency,
Thou, for a stony heart within, a heart of flesh
 dost give,
And cause the sinner, dead in sin, to hear Thy
 word, and live.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(L. M.)

With shame, O Lord, my lips confess,
My heart is prone to haughtiness ;
All eager the applause to meet,
Of sitting in the highest seat.

And yet, when self, with posture bold,
Makes claim to talents manifold,
What have I in their proudest show,
But what alone to Thee I owe ?

When the tree bears its golden fruit,
The dew of heav'n is on its root ;
The sun of heav'n shines forth, to shed
Prolific virtues on its head.

While hopes presumptuous but enthral,
And pride must e'er insure a fall,
Take Thine own way, whate'er it be,
And, Lord, in mercy, humble me.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(I. M.)

WHEN he, the tempting lawyer, came,
 Bless'd Jesu, to entangle Thee,
 Upon himself recoil'd the shame,
 Ensnar'd by his own subtlety.

Most clearly, then, Thine answer prov'd,
 That truth is aye its own defence
 Nor e'er by dark assaults is mov'd
 The majesty of innocence.

The great commandment of Thy word,
 Keep constantly before my view ;
 That I may ever love the Lord,
 And ever love my brother, too ;—

Help thus my anxious soul to make
 Its calling and election sure ;
 That through Thy name and merits' sake,
 I share the bliss that shall endure.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(C. M.)

'Tis Thy prerogative alone,
 Lord Jesu, to release
 From guilt the broken-hearted one,
 And give the mourner peace.

Yea, while the Jew in thought preferr'd
 The charge of blasphemy,
 The palsied, at Thy sov'reign word,
 Walk'd forth the strong and free.

O Lord, to us Thy mercy show,
 By conscious sin depress'd,
 That in Thy pardon we may know,
 Health, liberty, and rest.

So when the pray'rs of faith ascend,
 Thy love shall hear and bless ;
 -Our only Comforter and Friend,
 In human wretchedness.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(SEVENS.)

RICH as bounteous, full as free,
 Breathing light and love to all,
 In our great necessity,
 Comes, O Lord, Thy gracious call.

Thousands hear, but thousands still
 Prove not what its words impart ;
 For the flesh enchains their will,
 And the world immures their heart.

Pleasures that, in grasping, die,
 Hopes that build on sordid gain,
 Toys and gauds that please the eye,
 Make Thy holy proffers vain.

Lord, Thy Spirit's pow'r display,—
 Draw, constrain, to Thee alone ;
 And, whilst hearing, we obey,
 Be Thy promis'd peace our own !

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(L. M.)

It was, O Lord, no vain appeal,
That noble's and that father's cry ;
" O sir, come down, my child to heal,
Ere yet my suff'ring child shall die."

For now, as faith Thine aid besought,
When human hope had quench'd its ray ;
With life and joy these words were fraught—
" Thy son is living, go thy way."

And ever shall each suppliant prove,
How deep soe'er the sorrow be,
That he who seeks and trusts 'Thy love,
Shall find a gracious friend in Thee.

Oh ! quicken our slow hearts, that pray'r
May thus successful issue meet ;
And so, Lord, shall our lips declare
The praises of Thy mercy-seat.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(c. m.)

WHILE mercies rich as manifold
A gracious Saviour grants,
Do we our meagre gifts withhold,
Amidst our brothers' wants?

'When all the mighty debt we owe
Is blotted out in heav'n,
Shall we not our forgiveness show,
As we have been forgiv'n?

Forbid it, blessed Lord, that we
Should so unworthy prove;
But move our thoughts to charity,
And melt our hearts in love.

So may we keep this rule alone
For ever in our view,
That as we would to us have done,
We should to others do.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(C. M.)

RAFFLED, O Lord, was every wile
Of evil men, who came
With hearts of hate, and tongues of guile,
To mar Thy spotless fame.

For when they ask'd if tribute were
To Cæsar justly due,
With treason lurking in the snare,
And Thy destruction too,—

The wisdom by Thine answer shown,
Outreach'd their subtlety :
“ To Cæsar render Cæsar's own,
To God what God's may be.”

Lord, through Thy grace, and for Thy sake
Be this obedience mine ;
Or where the law our rulers make,
Or where the law is Thine.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(L. M.)

“MY child is dead,” the Ruler saith ;
 “But, Lord, if Thou the word wilt give
 My daughter, in the sleep of death,
 Shall feel Thy sov’reign pow’r, and live.”

Nor vain the call—for though a band
 Of scoffing men made mockeries,
 When Jesus touch’d her lifeless hand,
 That father saw his child arise.

Things all impossible to men
 Are possible to Thee, O Lord ;
 Yea, and the dead to life again
 Are brought by Thine Almighty word.

Thy Spirit in His pow’r is nigh,
 Whene’er with faith and pray’r we strive ;
 And as we all in Adam die,
 In Thee may all be made alive.

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(c. m.)

Two voices testify of Thee,
And of Thy glories tell ;
One, blessed Lord, of prophecy,
And one of miracle.

Yet cannot this concurring proof
For Thee acceptance gain,
But unbelief still stands aloof,
And makes Thy gospel vain.

Yea, when so wondrously were fed
Five thousand souls, how few
To own Thy blessed name were led,
Or yield Thee honour due !

The precious faith, Lord Jesu, give,
Which hails and holds Thee fast,
That I may trust Thee while I live,
And die in Thee at last.

ST STEPHEN'S DAY.

(P. M.)

O LORD, what tender grace was Thine, through
all Thy course below !
How freely over harden'd hearts did Thy
compassions flow !
Nor insult, hate, nor cruelty, beyond the reach
might prove
Of those regardful charities which mark'd Thy
patient love.

“Jerusalem, Jerusalem, (thus ran Thy sad
lament,)
Who killest all God's messengers, to Thee in
mercy sent,
How oft would I have gather'd thee, as hens
their rising brood,
Yet ev'ry profler'd aid of mine was recklessly
withstood.

“ But now, by thine own hands, is seal'd thy
melancholy fate ;
For, lo ! thy house is left to thee, a ruin desolate ;
Nor henceforth shalt thou see my face, nor
hear my saving word,
Till thou shalt say, how bless'd is He who cometh
in the Lord !”

Great Saviour, in our day of grace, so swift in its
decline,
May we respond, in heart and will, to ev'ry
claim of Thine ;
Till, at life's solemn even-tide, we close our
weary eyes,
To wake again, and dwell with Thee for ever in
the skies.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

(C. M.)

To all, O Lord, who follow'd Thee,
Thy grace was manifest ;
Although but one of twelve might be
A leaner on Thy breast :

Whilst deeply of Thy Spirit there
He only drank to prove,
The nearer Thee, the richer are
The comforts of Thy love.

Then be a close communion mine,
That so Thou may'st dispense,
Of graces and of gifts divine,
A fuller influence :

That, as Thy love is clearer seen,
I may new hymns repeat,
Or whether on Thy breast I lean,
Or sit beneath Thy feet.

INNOCENTS' DAY.

(L. M.)

THY course, O Lord, was track'd with woe,
 For even in Thine infancy
 Man was Thy persecuting foe,
 And with his hatred follow'd Thee.

Yea, then from the pursuer's hand
 Thy safety lay in sudden flight,
 Borne to a strange and heathen land
 Through shadows of concealing night—

Until Thine earthly parents heard
 That Herod's murd'rous course was run,
 While seal'd was the prophetic word,
 "From Egypt have I call'd my Son."

But, why did sorrow mark Thy path,
 From Bethlehem to Calvary?
 It was to save from righteous wrath
 Guilt-laden sinners, bow'd like me!

ST. ANDREW.

(C. M.)

WHILE Peter and his brother cast
Their nets within the sea,
The Lord, who saw them as he pass'd,
Commanded, " Follow me.

" Me follow, and my pow'r shall make
Ye fishers, hence, of men ;"
And they, at once, their nets forsake,
Nor seek their nets again.

And James and John alike obey,
As next they come in view ;
In vain their ships their purpose stay,
In vain their father, too.

Lord, may we thus Thy summons hear,
Whate'er its call may be ;
Permitting nought to interfere
Betwixt our hearts and Thee.

ST. THOMAS.

(C. M.)

WHEN Thomas heard the brethren say
That they had seen the Lord,
All unconvinc'd, he turn'd away,
Discrediting their word ;

He could not in the fact believe
On common evidence,
But ask'd, and waited to receive,
Proof palpable to sense ;

The nail-prints must be seen and felt,
The wounds of Jesu's side .—
The proof was giv'n—and Thomas knelt
Before the Crucified !

And thus, in doubt's appalling night,
Be, Christ, Thy presence near,
That each may cry, amidst the light,
“ My Lord, my God, is here ! ”

ST. PAUL.

(L. M.)

“ BEHOLD,” said Peter, “ we have all
 Abandon’d, Lord, to follow Thee ;”
 And heeding thus Thy blessed call,
 What shall reward our constancy ?”

Then didst Thou gracious promise make
 Of thrones and honours yet to come ;
 When they who house and friends forsake
 For Thee, shall reach a heav’nly home.

Yes, Thou shalt over-payment give
 For ev’ry work a hundred-fold,
 Where saints amidst Thy presence live,
 And share the glories they behold.

Then who, O Lord, shall hesitate
 To meet at once each gospel claim,
 Or, with a recompense so great,
 Refuse to suffer for Thy name ?

PURIFICATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY

(L. M.)

WHEN Moses' law, in Temple-rite,
Must have its standing claims obey'd,
How deep was Simeon's delight,
How fervently his spirit pray'd—

To find his aged arms now press'd
That Babe—in whom 'twas long reveal'd,
His eyes should on Messiah rest,
Ere yet in death those eyes were seal'd.

“ With peace, Lord, my departing bless,
Since Thy salvation I behold ;
The light of Gentile lands, nor less
The glory of Thine ancient fold.”

Messiah's name, of all our praise
The still-returning theme shall be,
Until it swell the choral lays
Resounding through eternity.

ST. MATTHIAS.

(SEVENS.)

FREE as gracious was the call
 By a pitying Saviour made,
 Promising relief to all
 Who His blessed voice obey'd :

“ Come to me from toil and care,—
 Come, ye weary and oppress'd ;
 And amidst your troubles share
 Perfect freedom, lasting rest.

“ Take my gentle yoke, and seek
 Wisdom at my lips alone ;
 I am lowly, I am meek—
 Ask, and make my peace your own.”

Lord, we come—with faith receive
 Ev'ry summons 'Thou hast giv'n ;
 At Thy feet our burthen leave,
 Clasp Thy cross, and wait for heav'n.

ANNUNCIATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

(SEVENS.)

DOWNWARD from the realms above,
 See a radiant angel come,
 On an embassy of love,
 To the lowly Mary's home !

Telling in her startled ear
 She the honour'd One shall be,
 Who the glorious Child must bear
 In Her pure virginity—

Jesus—to be call'd the Son
 Of that Being all adore ;
 On His father David's throne,
 There to reign for evermore.

Spirit ! Him with power reveal,
 Make His will our better part ;
 On our mind His wisdom seal,
 Fix His image in our heart.

ST. MARK.

(C. M.)

O LORD, what tender words were Thine,
When now the chosen few
Heard, in their fears, "I am the Vine,
And ye the branches, too."

What comfort fill'd each heart to know
That nought should hence remove,
Whate'er the menace of the foe,
The presence of Thy love.

Nor were Thy words of truth and grace
Confin'd to *them* alone ;
But all who seek a Saviour's face,
A Saviour's care shall own.

Yea, still with accents thus divine
Wilt Thou our hopes renew,
Our fears repress—"I am the Vine,
And ye the branches, too."

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

(C. M.)

“ LET not your hearts in trouble be,
As ye in God believe ;
Believe ye also now in Me,
Whose lips can ne’er deceive.

‘ I go within my Father’s home
Your mansions to prepare,
That where I am ye all may come,
And be for ever there.”

Such words the gracious Saviour spake
To those who round Him stood,
Consenting, for his peoples’ sake,
To seal His words in blood.

And sweet, Lord, is the promise giv’n,
That, when our griefs are o’er,
Our place of rest shall be in heav’n,
Where Thou art gone before.

ST. BARNABAS.

(L. M.)

DID Jesus to His chosen say,
If in His holy name we pray,
The Father in His love will grant
A full supply to ev'ry want ?

Then, gracious God, we come to Thee
With earnest voice and bended knee,
To seek in nature's blinding night
The guidance of Thy Spirit's light.

We ask for faith—which leans upon
The merits of Thy dying Son ;—
For hope—that in the distance sees
The glory of Thy promises :

For love—that binds the heart to Thee,
And melts it, too, in charity ;
And this our pray'r, good Lord, we make
In Jesu's name, for Jesu's sake.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(C. M.)

A MIGHTY herald, Lord, was he,
Who from the desert came
(Fulfilling thus the prophecy)
To spread abroad Thy fame ;

Repentance preaching as he went,
Before Thy glorious face,
And cheering each poor penitent
With promises of grace ;

The great salvation making known,
Sin's captive to release,
Proclaiming Thee the source alone
Of pardon and of peace.

And while repentingly, O Lord,
Our guilt we now bewail,
Speak comfort in Thy gospel-word,
And let Thy love prevail.

ST. PETER.

(C. M.)

TRUTH, Lord, is Thine alone,
And time full proof hath brought
That Thou hast built Thy Church upon
The doctrine Peter taught.

Thus all secure it stands,
Itself impregnable,
The glory of a thousand lands,
Amidst the hate of hell.

Hither, from out the sea
Of human griefs and woes,
Souls desolate for safety flee,
And find a sure repose.

And, Lord, our praises flow
Still stronger with each day,
Since here the peace and joy we know
Which cannot pass away.

ST. JAMES.

(I. M.)

WHAT gifts soever, Lord, are mine—
Whate'er my station, Lord, may be—
My mind to lowly thoughts incline,
Graft in my heart humility ;

That as, while no one may despair
The mercies of Thy word to prove,
So none, while these with joy they share,
May yet presume upon Thy love.

I ask not, that I may obtain
At thy right hand the loftier seat,
Where blaze in light th' archangel train—
But, Lord, a place beneath Thy feet ;

Content if in those realms on high,
Where saints in varying glory shine,
(Like stars that fill our lower sky,)
The weakest, faintest ray be mine.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

(L. M.)

THE precepts that our Saviour spake,
 Were not upon His lips alone,
 But grac'd His life, that we might make
 The pattern of His life our own.

If now He urg'd, on those who heard,
 A self-denying lowliness,
 His walk, the comment on His word,
 Would thus, whate'er He taught, impress.

Was He not God's eternal Son,
 The Lord of David, and his seed,
 Who this our fleshly veil put on,
 To minister to souls in need ?

Most blessed Jesu, now impart
 Thy Spirit's gracious help, that we,
 In thought and word, in will and heart,
 May show a like humility.

ST. MATTHEW.

(s. m.)

ALL purposes of good
Will evil tongues malign ;
But never, Lord, hath hate withstood
So pure a cause as Thine.

E'en thus, the Pharisee
Sought only to defame ;
And on Thy work and ministry
Cast obloquy and shame.

To hear this truth declar'd,
Might well his malice move,
That publicans and sinners shar'd
The proffers of Thy love.

Physician of the soul,
We now Thine aid implore,
To make the sick and wounded whole,
The dying to restore.

ST. MICHAEL, AND ALL ANGELS.

(S. M.)

WHATEVER claim, O Lord,
Its urgent call may press,
May I be prompt to keep Thy word
With holy faithfulness ;

Still ready to comply,
Through ev'ry sacrifice,
Although a hand, or foot, or eye,
Be the exacted price ;

Relinquishing each sin,
How dear soe'er it be,
Or cherish'd long, and gloried in,
Because condemn'd by Thee.

This duty to fulfil,
Thy Spirit's grace impart ;
Change, Jesu, my obdurate will,
Give me another heart !

ST. LUKE.

(C. M.)

THE harvest, Lord, is truly great,
That spreads before our view ;
Yet, still, Thy work to consummate,
The labourers are few.

Our earnest pray'r in mercy hear,
And be Thy pow'r reveal'd,
That other reapers may appear
Within the gospel-field :

And so with grace their efforts own,
That they with joy may bring,
From lands where Thou art yet unknown,
A mighty gathering.

Oh, hasten Thou that blessed time,
When all, with one accord,
Shall in Thy church, with joy sublime,
Adore their harvest-Lord.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

(L. M.)

IN all we do, or think, or say,
Lord, may we to each other prove,
That we Thy great command obey,
By walking in a holy love,

And if the world with hate shall now
Pursue us in the course we take,
We will the time recall, when Thou
Its hatred met, for sinners' sake.

The children of the world may well
Its favours and its smiles secure ;
Such are not we—but needs must tell
Of all the wrongs Thy saints endure.

The servant cannot greater be
Than is his Lord ; and if Thy name
The signal was of enmity,
Why should we shrink to meet the same?

ALL SAINTS.

(P. M.)

THEY whom the worldly most despise—
 They whom the pow'rful most oppress—
 Meet favour, Lord, before Thine eyes,
 And share in all Thy tenderness :
 Yea, these their hymning voices blend,
 To praise in Thee the suff'rer's Friend.

E'en thus, the poor in spirit hear
 Of bliss reserv'd for them above ;
 And mourners dry the bitter tear,
 The comfort of Thy grace to prove ;
 And only by the meek possess'd,
 The earth affords a hope of rest.

All such who now, with earnest mind,
 Seek righteousness, its fruit may know ;
 The merciful shall mercy find—

God to the pure His face will show ;
 And peace-makers must ever be
 Accounted His true family.

And so, Lord, though malicious hate
 For Thy dear sake, will harass sore,
 And we must groan beneath the weight
 Of trials that our fathers bore ;
 Faith on the great reward shall dwell,
 With gladness inexpressible.



ORIGINAL HYMNS.

Submissive to the will of those I love,
Yea, of that little Flock my heart holds dear,
(And guiding whom as pastoral overseer
May God's good grace my single aim approve !)
Submissive to their call, my fingers move
O'er Zion's harp ; and if the notes they hear
Draw from its source the penitential tear,
Or wing earth cleaving thoughts to heav'n above,
Or haply Hope's dejected brow illumine,
Or fill the eye of Faith with glad surprise,
(New stars of promise breaking forth from gloom,)
Or quicken in their flow sweet charities ;
Not vain shall be the task ; while meekly pays
My soul to God the tribute of its praise,

HYMN I.

(P. M.)

Hallow ye the sabbath day.—JEREMIAH xvii. 22.

AFTER six days' care and folly
 In the paths by thousands trod,
 Comes the Sabbath, calm and holy,
 Leading to the house of God ;
 Points to wisdom's sacred treasure,
 Mercy's living fount displays.
 Make Thy service, Lord, our pleasure,
 Fill our hearts with hymns of praise !

For the Sabbath hours departed,
 Stain'd with thoughts and deeds of shame,
 Lord ! behold us contrite-hearted,
 Pardon Thou, in Jesu's name !
 On Thy Spirit's grace depending,
 On His heav'nly guidance cast,
 Be each Sabbath we are spending
 Hallow'd, as it were our last.

HYMN II.

(C. M.)

Lord, that I might receive my sight.—MARK x. 51.

A BEGGAR at the highway side
 Rais'd his benighted eye ;
 For mercy, not for alms, he cried,
 As Christ was passing by :

And, oh ! what joy ineffable
 Possess the blind man's soul,
 When now the gracious answer fell,
 " Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Lord Jesus ! with Thy Spirit's light
 May I have pow'r to see,
 Who still in sin's oppressive night
 Am crying wearily :

Anew, day after day, unfold
 The marvels of Thy grace,
 Till near Thy throne, mine eyes behold
 The brightness of Thy face.

HYMN III.

(c. m.)

And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims
on the earth.—HEBREWS xi. 13.

A HAPPY pilgrim, Lord, was I,
Unfearing ills to come ;
Hope fill'd my heart, faith fix'd mine eye,
Still pressing onwards home.

But faith is burning dim and faint,
And hope is beating low ;
For praise, I only breathe complaint,
My joy is chang'd to woe.

And now again, though tremblingly,
Thy grace, good Lord, I pray,
To strengthen and to comfort me
Upon my toilsome way.

My faith revive, my hope increase,
Till Thou, whose time is best,
Shalt give my soul its promis'd peace,
And lead to perfect rest.

HYMN IV.

(L. M.)

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion,
which cannot be removed.—PSALM CXXV. 1.

A HOLY joy be ours, to know,
However dark temptations low'r,
No subtle fiend, nor lurking foe,
Our harass'd souls may overpow'r.

A holy joy be ours, to stand
Assur'd, through Christ our confidence,
That we are in a Father's hand,
And none can ever pluck us thence.

A holy joy be ours, to feel,
That, when we lift the pray'r to Thee,
In sickness, Thou, O Lord, canst heal,
From bondage, Thou, O Lord, canst free.

A holy joy be ours, to think,
That we (Thou, Jesu! being near)
Shall stand on death's tremendous brink,
Releas'd from doubt, unmov'd by fear.

HYMN V.

(C. M.)

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.—ISAIAH xl. 11.

A LIVING Shepherd, full of care,
 Thou watchest, Lord, Thy sheep;
 Pleas'd on Thine heart their names to bear,
 And in Thine hands to keep.

A pitying Shepherd, full of grace,
 When, feeble or distrest,
 The old Thou leadest, and a place
 The young find in Thy breast.

A faithful Shepherd, full of pow'r,
 Thou never wilt forsake,
 But through affliction's gloomy hour
 A joyful passage make.

A tender Shepherd, full of love,
 Thy precious life was giv'n,
 To guide our souls to fields above,
 And fold Thy flock in heav'n.

HYMN VI.

(F. M.)

The Lord hath comforted His people, and will have
mercy upon his afflicted.—ISAIAH xlix. 13.

ALL condemn'd, O LORD, we lie
In our guiltiness ;
Heed our low and feeble cry,
See our deep distress :
“ Mercy ” is the only word
On our trembling lips, O LORD.

Works which in our strength were done,
Could no favour win ,
Mark'd and stain'd was ev'ry one
With its spot of sin .
“ Mercy ” is the only word
On our trembling lips, O LORD !

What Thy pard'ning love hath been
Shows the Gospel-leaf ;
Weeps no more the Magdalene,
Dies in peace the Thief.
“Mercy” is the only word
On our trembling lips, O LORD.

Let the precious blood alone
By a Saviour spilt,
For our heinous deeds atone,
Wash away their guilt :
“Mercy” is the only word
On our trembling lips, O LORD

HYMN VII.

(L. M.)

My hope is in Thee.—PSALM, xxxix. 7.

ALTHOUGH my soul is sunken low,
 And I am weak, and cannot flee
 'The presence of my hateful foe,
 My hope, O LORD, is still in Thee.

Although in gloomy paths I tread,
 And am, or soon, alas! *may* be
 A suppliant for my daily bread,
 My hope, O LORD, is still in Thee.

Although Thy chast'ning providence
 May follow up the dread decree,
 And all I love be taken hence—
 My hope, O Lord, is still in Thee.

What'er may menace, or befall,
 I will confess, on bended knee,
 Just wise, and good, art Thou in all—
 My hope, O LORD, is still in Thee.

HYMN VIII.

(C. M.)

I do set my bow in the cloud.—Gen. ix. 13.

ALTHOUGH in deepest gloom our sky
 Affliction may enshroud,
 Still faith discerns, with steadfast eye,
 A bow set in the cloud.

Some purpose bright, some wise design,
 Perceiv'd not by the crowd,
 Shall prove at last a hand divine,
 A bow set in the cloud.

While man before God's righteous law
 His guilty head had bow'd,
 In Christ's redeeming love, he saw
 A bow set in the cloud.

When we, in death's advancing night,
 Hear Jordan roaring loud,
 LORD, let Thy promise fill with light ;
 That bow set in the cloud,

HYMN IX.

(L. M.)

An Israelite indeed.—Joan, i. 47.

Am I a Christian?—do I hear
 The glorious name of Christ, the Lord?
 Is mine the privilege to hear
 The tidings of His Gospel-word?

Am I a Christian?—do I know,
 By Jesus taught, the narrow way,
 Which, o'er a wilderness of woe,
 Leads to the realms of heav'nly day?

Am I a Christian?—and for me
 Are all the promises display'd,
 Of comfort in adversity,
 Of conqu'ring strength when foes invade?

Am I a Christian?—and shall I,
 With Christ, my light, my life, my peace,
 His cause forswear, His name deny?
 Forbid it, LORD! my faith increase.

HYMN X.

(C. M.)

Having no hope, and without God in the world.—EPM. II. 12.

Am I that bold presumptuous man,
 Who kneels at reason's shrine,
 And makes his puny wit the span
 Of mysteries divine?

Am I that mean and truckling slave,
 Who kisses Satan's rod,
 Yet dares with rebel-strength to brave
 The wrathful pow'r of God?

Am I that heartless, shameless wretch,
 Who in his hate and pride
 Spurns those redeeming arms which stretch
 From Him, the Crucified?

Am I that child of sin, the heir
 Of sorrows deep as hell?
 Lord, change my stony heart, and spare
 From fears so terrible.

HYMN XI.

NEW YEAR. (L. M.)

Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy
God led thee.—DEUT. viii. 2.

ANOTHER year has past, my soul !
To bring thee nearer to the goal,
Where thou shalt meet contempt and shame,
Or bear the victor's glorious name.

Examine well what hath been done,
Through weeks and months for ever gone ;
What record may be given in
Of works of faith, or deeds of sin.

The open scroll before thee lay,
And musing weep, and weeping pray ;
Confess—implore—for mercy call,
In Jesu's name, who died for all.

Another year has past, my soul ?
Oh ! strive to reach that shining goal,
Where Christ's immortal crown shall grace
Each conqueror in the Christian race.

HYMN XII.

(C. M.)

Was lost, and is found.—LUKE, xv. 32.

A PRODIGAL, that fain would roam,
 My self-will'd course I bent,
 And left a father's care and home,
 And all my portion spent :

But soon the prospect sin display'd
 Put off its smiling dress,
 And round me spread in deepest shade
 A dreary wilderness.

I saw my guilt and misery,
 The tears came falling fast ;
 I pray'd the Lord to pardon me
 For all the evil past.

And Jesus stretch'd His willing hand,
 And freely bade me come ;
 In His own spotless robe to stand,
 And at my Father's home.

HYMN XIII.

(SEVENS.)

God was manifest in the flesh.—1 TIM. iii. 16.

ART Thou, gracious Saviour ! come
 From Thy bright and heav'nly home
 From a world of perfect bliss,
 To a scene of woe like this ?

Didst Thou lay in mercy down
 Sceptre, robe, and kingly crown,
 Leave the hosts of seraphs pure,
 Mortal insults to endure

Hast 'Thou, in temptation's hour,
 Struggled long with Satan's pow'r,
 Groan'd in dark Gethsemane,
 Bled upon the cross—for me ?

Yes ! to save *my* soul from sin :
 Yes ! that *I* might pardon win ;
Me to heav'n from hell to raise :
 Jesu ! Thine be all the praise !

HYMN XIV.

(L. M.)

I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the
lily.—HOSEA xiv. 5.

As falls the dew from heav'n above,
Upon the dry and thirsty earth,
That some poor dying seed may prove
The freedom of a second birth;

With Thy descending Spirit, Lord,
Refresh Thy Church; revive, and bring
To fruitful life that Gospel-word,
Which in the heart lies withering;

That seed, which oft by preachers sown,
And mocking ev'ry anxious care,
Hath (while Thy grace was wanting) shown
How feeble all their efforts were.

Yet, Lord, when e'en a Paul might plant,
Apollon water, but in vain,
Do Thou Thy holy influence grant
And make the desert smile again.

HYMN XV.

(C. M.)

And when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine.—LUKE x. 33.

As that poor traveller of old,
 (Surpris'd upon his way,)
 With wounds and bruises manifold,
 Half-dead and helpless lay ;

So, on my path to Zion's gate,
 The evil foe drew nigh,
 O'erpow'r'd, and left me desolate,
 To sink, despair, and die :

The passers-by who heard me call,
 The simple, and the wise,
 With cold disdain beheld my thrall,
 And scorn'd my piteous cries ;

When Christ, physician of the soul,
 The oil and wine pour'd in,
 Bound up my wounds, and made me whole,
 Yes, heal'd me of my sin.

HYMN XVI.

(TENS.)

Praise is comely.—PSALM cxlvii. 1.

AWAKE, my dull heart, from slumber awake,
 And with the redeem'd thy praises unite ;
 Who now round the throne sweet melodies make,
 Nor rest from their song by day or by night.

Praise, Father, be Thine ! whom pity did move
 To look on our chains, and proffer release ;
 To send from Thy breast the Son of Thy love,
 The Angel of grace, and freedom, and peace.

Praise, Jesus, be Thine ! who gladly could'st leave
 Thy honours in heav'n, Thy glories with God,
 The sick to restore, the weary receive,
 The sin-laden soul to save with Thy blood.

Praise, Spirit, be Thine !—who deigning to dwell
 In sanctified hearts, as temples made pure—
 Shalt guide to all truth, from error and hell,
 And fill with the joys that ever endure.

HYMN XVII.

SABBATH MORNING. (C. M.)

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.—Ex. xx. 8

AWAKE, my slumb'ring soul, awake,
It is the Sabbath-day ;
All paths of earthly care forsake,
And run thy heav'nly way.

Confess thy sins, so great and sore,
Sins cherish'd now so long ;
And His forgiving love implore
Who in His love is strong.

Yea, seek, while conscious of thy need,
The Spirit's promis'd grace,
That can thy steps, though trembling, lead,
To conquer in the race.

And praise, and bless, the Lamb of God,
Who in His mercy came
To save thee, by His precious blood,
From guilt, and grief, and shame.

HYMN XVIII.

(c. m.)

Love not the world.—1 JOHN ii. 15.

AWAY ! deceitful world, away !
 Thou hast detain'd me long ;
 I'll waste no more life's golden day
 With Folly's reckless throng.

Farewell, ye scenes of guilty care,
 Ye paths by sinners trod ;
 A world without a house of prayer,
 A world without a God !

O pardon, Lord, my blindness past,
 Thy gracious Spirit send,
 Whilst now to Zion's hill at last
 My anxious course I bend.

And grant I may not turn again,
 Nor linger in the path,
 Lest, judgment-stricken, I remain
 A monument of wrath !

HYMN XIX.

(P. M.)

Before Him shall be gathered all nations.--MATT. XXV. 32.

BEFORE Thine awful bar, O LORD,
 How soon must all assemble,
 Who laugh to scorn Thy gracious word,
 Nor at Thy judgments tremble !
 What secret things shall come to light,
 Before their fellows' shudd'ring sight,
 Of those who now dissemble !

What griefs shall then distract the heart
 Of father, wife, and brother,
 To hear that they must stand apart
 For ever from each other !
 How dread the doom that one must go
 To regions of eternal woe—
 To realms of bliss another !

O LORD, may those most dear to me
 Ne'er know this sad dividing ;
 But all our thoughts and hearts, to Thee
 The Holy Spirit guiding,
 Be ours the lot, in mercy giv'n,
 To meet " a family in heav'n"—
 In love and peace abiding !

Be ours the blessed lot to own
 The joy of that translation,
 Where ransom'd saints, around the throne,
 Pour hymns of adoration
 To Him, the glorious Son of God,
 Who, by the thorny path He trod,
 Wrought out our great salvation !

HYMN XX.

(P. M.)

A pattern to them which should hereafter believe on
Him.—1 TIMOTHY i. 16.

BLESSED Spirit, keep before me
That example Jesus gave,
Walking forth in grace and glory
From the manger to the grave :
Innocent, and meek, and lowly,
Just and true, from malice free,
Wise in thought, in action holy ;
Never man so spake as He :

Patient through each fierce oppression,
Weeping where the mourner wept,
Pard'ning all confess'd transgression,
Praying while the careless slept,
Zealous when the high endeavour
Might His Father's name display :
Spirit ! aid me, that I ever
Walk in Christ the living way !

HYMN XXI.

(P. M.)

Without shedding of blood is no remission. -- **HEB. ix. 22.**

“ BLOOD” was the appalling cry
 Breaking from the wrathful sky;
 Blood of human sacrifice :—
 Less than this, no proffer’d price
 Shall the sentence satisfy,
 Shall redeem the souls that die.

“ Blood” was the avenging word,
 Justice making bare the sword ;
 But the blood must flow from one
 Great as God’s eternal Son :
 “ Lo ! I come,” with meek accord,
 Spake the lips of Christ our Lord ;

“ Lo ! I come to do Thy will,
 “ All Thy law, O God, fulfil
 “ In the cross mine altar see,
 “ I the victim-lamb will be :
 “ See the blood, I freely spill,
 “ Flowing fast on Calv’ry’s hill.”

Thus for souls to Judgment driv’n,
 Jesus unto blood hath striv’n,
 Jesus suffer’d death and shame.
 —Hymns to His all-glorious name
 Shall by prostrate hosts be giv’n,
 Filling earth and filling heav’n !

HYMN XXII.

(P. M.)

Spare Thy people, O LORD.—JOEL ii. 17.

Bow'd down with inward grief and care,
 Because our sins so heinous are,
 To Thee we breathe the humble pray'r :
 O LORD, have mercy on us !

In darkness fill our souls with light ;
 In weakness gird our loins with might
 To conquer in the mortal fight :
 O LORD, have mercy on us !

With Jesu's name we come to Thee—
 The sufferer in Gethsemane—
 The victim of the cursed tree :
 O LORD, have mercy on us !

For Jesu's sake, who in our need
 Did weep, and agonize, and bleed,
 And still before Thy throne doth plead,
 O LORD, have mercy on us !

HYMN XXIII.

(SEVENS.)

He is not here ; for He is risen, as He said.

MATT. xxviii. 6.

BURSTING from the bonds of death,
 See ! our glorious LORD appears :
 Scoffer, hold thy taunting breath ;
 Mourner, dry thy bitter tears.

Clouds of majesty and light
 Bear Him to His native sky :—
 Sin, where dwells thy boasted might ?
 Grave, where is thy victory ?

Crush'd the evil angels were,
 Bound with an eternal chain ;
 Hope, thy scenes are true as fair ;
 Faith, thy wings are strong again.

Saviour ! in our hearts arise ;
 Be to us Thy Spirit giv'n :
 Till, releas'd from mortal ties,
 Thine on earth, are Thine in heav'n.

HYMN XXIV.

(L. M.)

But one thing is needful.—LUKE x. 42.

‘But one thing needful?’—Who will show
This mighty secret all should know;
What sage of wise antiquity
Hath left behind its master-key?

‘But one thing needful?’—Is it fame,
The scholar’s lore, the victor’s name,
The miser’s coffers, pleasure’s sway,
The pride and pomp of station?—Nay.

‘But one thing needful?’—’Tis to find
The peace which soothes a troubled mind
Thy love to know, Thy grace possess,
And stand, LORD, in Thy righteousness.

This one thing needful, Jesu! grant;
For, wanting this, all, all I want;
But this possessing, mine’s a gem
Worthy an angel’s diadem.

HYMN XXV.

(L. M.)

Watch and pray.—MATT. xxvi. 41.

By past experience well we know
 That many a strong and subtle foe
 Assails the soul by night and day :
 LORD ! give us pow'r to watch and pray.

There's Pride, whose scoffing lip denies
 The cross on which the Saviour dies,
 To reason's shrine would lead astray :
 LORD ! give us pow'r to watch and pray.

Next blind Presumption—shrinking Fear,
 That trembles at the scorner's sneer ;
 And torpid Sloth, and vain Delay
 LORD ! give us pow'r to watch and pray

Then worldly Love and wordly Care,
 Blind Unbelief and fell Despair—
 Despair, that bars to heav'n the way :
 LORD ! give us pow'r to watch and pray

HYMN XXVL

(SEVENS.)

He hath sent me to comfort all that mourn, -ISAIAH lxi 2.

By that mystery of love
 Which in flesh the God reveal'd ;
 By Thy baptism, when the Dove
 Thee with heav'nly unction seal'd ;
 Jesus ! hear and comfort us.

By Thy fasting and Thy woe,
 In the gloomy wilderness,
 When the fierce apostate foe
 Dar'd Thy righteous soul oppress,
 Jesus ! hear and comfort us,

By Thy tears and agony,
Yea, the sweat of blood which fell,
When, in dark Gethsemane,
God alone Thy griefs could tell;
Jesus! hear and comfort us.

By Thy cross and thorny crown,
By Thy grave, whose bonds were riv'n,
By Thy Spirit coming down—
By Thy pleading cries in heav'n;
Jesus! hear and comfort us.

HYMN XXVII.

(C. M.)

Oh that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly
away, and be at rest.—PSALM lv. 6.

By trouble laden—grief opprest,
Wings had I like a dove,
I'd flee away, and be at rest
Within a world above :

A world where angels, pure as fair,
Swell Jesu's glorious train ;
Nor Sin may make intrusion there,
Nor Death an entrance gain :

Where God's own hand shall wipe away
The tears from ev'ry face ;
And Jesus to His saints display
His mysteries of grace.

Yet, LORD ! each murm'ring thought control
Each anxious wish repress :
In patience I would keep my soul,
And wait till Thou shalt bless !

HYMN XXVIII.

(P. M.)

He humbled himself.—PHIL. ii 8.

CAME HE with a gorgeous train
 Of the great and wise below ?
 Came He with the outward show
 Of a conqu'ring monarch's reign,—
 Whilst proclaiming heralds blow
 Sounds from mighty trumpets?—No !

JESUS left His glorious throne,
 For the manger's lowly bed ;
 Cast the crown from off His head,
 All our woes to make His own,
 Tears for wretched souls to shed :
 Dying, to restore the dead.

Jesus came with hidden might,
 Man to free from Satan's rod ;
 Came to pardon through His blood,
 And to cast a heav'nly light
 O'er the one unerring road,
 Leading guilty souls to God.

LORD ! with deeper pow'r impress
 On my heart a Saviour's love :
 May I all its mercies prove,
 And its boundless grace confess,
 Till my lips with anthems move,
 In the choir of saints above !

HYMN XXIX.

(SIXES.)

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death : being
bound in affliction and iron.—Ps. cvii. 10.

CHAINS are there of the mind ;
And where they gall and bind,
Is felt severer woe
'Than common pris'ners know.

These *chains* ^{are} doubts and fears
When God in wrath appears :
Lord Jesu, may I be
From this dread bondage free !

The human breast may have
A gloomier dungeon-cave
Than where close bars prevent
The light which heav'n hath sent.

This *dungeon* is despair ;—
Lord Jesu, grant the pray'r,
That I may ever prove
The sunshine of Thy love !

HYMN XXX.

TRINITY. (P. M.)

Holy, Holy, Holy !—REV. iv. 8.

CREATOR of the spacious earth,
 By whom the boundless heav'ns were spread,
 And sun, and moon, and stars had birth,
 And ocean-waters fill'd their bed—
 Great FATHER ! of the human race,
 We laud, and bless, Thy sov'reign grace.

Redeemer ! from the awful doom .
 Which Adam's guilty sons beset,
 Whose arm of might could burst the tomb,
 And bind in chains the Prince of hell ;
 Eternal SON ! our lips shall be
 For ever fill'd with songs of Thee.

Of truth, immortal Source and Guide,
Of comfort, all-dispensing Pow'r !
By whom the soul is sanctified,
And strength vouchsaf'd in Satan's hour-
Blest Spirit ! unto Thee we raise
Our tribute of adoring praise.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom all the saints on earth adore,
And all in heav'n, the angel-host
Extol and worship evermore ;
We lift our hearts and shout again,
To every hymn—Amen ! Amen !

HYMN XXXI.

(C. M.)

He heareth the cry of the afflicted.—JOB. xxxiv. 28.

DISTRESS'D and poor, at Zion's gate
 I raise my feeble cry ;
 O God ! my lot compassionate,
 And all my wants supply.

I know Thy justice might repel,
 Yea, drive me from the place ;
 Yet such as I have liv'd to tell
 The wonders of Thy grace.

I ask not, seek not, gracious LORD !
 On richer food to feed,
 Than what Thy promises afford
 To souls that are in need :

Those Gospel-truths to know and taste,
 By Jesu's mercy giv'n ;
 Like manna in a barren waste,
 The living dew of heav'n !

HYMN XXXII.

(S. M.)

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.—ISAIAH lv. 6.

Do I inquire the way
To Zion's holy hill,
My vows with grateful lips to pay?
Or am I ling'ring still—

Still ling'ring on the plain,
Where nought remains for me,
But days of weariness and pain,
And nights of misery?

LORD, give me grace in pray'r;
LORD, give me faith to know
What Jesu's holy rules declare,
What Jesu's doctrines show.

My guide and help be Thou
Along the narrow road,
Until I lift my crowned brow
In Zion's blest abode.

HYMN XXXIII.

(SEVENS.)

Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall
find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—
MATT. vii. 7.

Dost thou bow beneath the rod ?
Is thy heart with sorrow riv'n ?
Make thy trouble known to God,
Ask for grace—and grace is giv'n.

Does the faithless worldling spurn,
He who found thee true and kind ?
Unto Jesus meekly turn,
Seek His friendship—seek and find.

Dost thou mourn a beggar's fate,
Is thy suit by all denied ?
Jesus points to mercy's gate ;
Knock !—and it shall open wide.

Ask—for pardon of thy sin ;
Seek—what Jesu's smiles approve ;
Knock—till thou an entrance win
Into realms of peace and love.

HYMN XXXIV.

Morning Hymn. (c. m.)

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth
more and more unto the perfect day.—PROV. iv. 18.

E'EN as the shade of night is driv'n
Before the rising day,
So, Spirit ! with Thy beams from heav'n
Our darkness chase away.

All low affections put to flight,
All sinful thoughts that rise ;
And may we walk within Thy light,
The holy and the wise.

Thy gracious presence gladdeneth,
When nought can cheer beside ;
A star, within the gloom of death,
To comfort and to guide.

Truth, love, and peace, are only Thine,
And where Thou deign'st to dwell,
Is prov'd the foretaste all divine
Of joy unspeakable !

HYMN XXXV.

EVENING HYMN. (P. M.)

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep ; for Thou,
 LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.—Ps. iv. 8.

Ere yet the weary eyelid closes,
 Ere yet the slumber of the night
 My all-unconscious frame exposes
 To perils great and infinite ;
 O LORD, in mercy hear my pray'r,
 And shield me with Thy guardian care.

Whilst now another day departing
 Presents its freshly-blotted scroll,
 Amidst my tears, Thy love imparting,
 Speak pardon to my troubled soul ;
 O LORD, from righteous judgment spare,
 And shield me with Thy guardian care.

And when the sun, in glory shining,
Goes forth to run his morrow's race,
To holier deeds my heart inclining,
Sustain and strengthen with Thy grace ;
O LORD, for brighter scenes prepare—
And shield me with Thy guardian care.

And now, whilst deeper darkness spreading,
Types the drear darkness of the grave,
A light within my bosom shedding,
Reveal Thy mighty pow'r to save ;
O LORD, when sinful souls despair,
Shield, shield me with Thy guardian care.

HYMN XXXVI.

(P. M.)

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O LORD.

Ps. cxxx. 1.

FULL of trouble, full of sorrow,

LORD! hear my cry—

Whence shall I true comfort borrow?

LORD! hear my cry.

Fears of conscious guilt come o'er me,

Justice bares the sword before me;

Who shall save me? who restore me?

LORD! hear my cry.

Satan's snare my foot hath taken,

LORD! hear my cry.

Self-betray'd, by man forsaken,

LORD! hear my cry.

In an evil world confiding,

All Thy proffer'd love deriding,

Though I well deserve this chiding,

LORD! hear my cry.

As a prodigal lamenteth,
 LORD! hear my cry—
 Mercy seeks, of sin repenteth,
 LORD! hear my cry,
 So I come on grace depending,
 Tears and pray'rs together blending;
 Pardon, LORD! my great offending!
 LORD! hear my cry.

By Thy strife when Satan tried Thee,
 LORD! hear my cry,
 By Thy woe when man denied Thee,
 LORD! hear my cry.
 By Thy cup with gall abounding,
 By thy cross, and awful wounding,
 By Thy triumphs--hell confounding,
 LORD! hear my cry.

HYMN XXXVII.

(SEVENS.)

Thou art worthy to receive glory.—REV. iv. 11

GLORY to the living God,
 God the Father, great and wise ;
 Him, whose mighty sceptre-rod
 Rules o'er human destinies.
 Hallelujah, praise the LORD !

Glory to the living God,
 God the Son, in mercy giv'n ;
 By whose agonies and blood,
 Guilty souls may enter heav'n.
 Hallelujah, praise the LORD !

Glory to the living God,
God the Holy Ghost, whose pow'r
Guides the erring on their road,
Arms the weak in Satan's hour.
Hallelujah, praise the LORD !

Glory to the Three in One,
Glory to the One in 'Three,
Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
Now and through eternity
Hallelujah, praise the LORD !

HYMN XXXVIII.

(S. M.)

God is a refuge for us.—PSALM lxxii. 8

God is our great defence ;
 Why seek we other aid ?
 Our rampart is Omnipotence ;
 Who then shall make afraid ?

Though threat'ning hosts be nigh,
 To harass, wound, and bind,
 He breathes—and adverse legions fly,
 Like stubble in the wind.

That glorious citadel,
 His Church, no foes may move,
 It stands secure 'mid storms of hell—
 The Zion of His love :

Yea, still with broader sweep
 Shall stretch its circling wall,
 Until it spread from deep to deep,
 And Christ is all in all.

HYMN XXXIX.

(SEVENS.)

This God is our God for ever and ever.—Ps. xlviii. 14.

GOD is ours—vain mocker, hence !
 GOD, who is Omnipotence :
 Though a thousand foes be near,
 None shall cause a thought of fear.

GOD is ours—shame, doubter, shame !
 For Omniscience is His name ;
 He our ev'ry want espies,
 Though conceal'd from human eyes.

GOD is ours—ye wise, be mute !
 This is His great attribute,
 Omnipresence—night and day
 He is at our side alway.

GOD is ours—for, Jesus ! Thine
 Was the wondrous pow'r divine,
 Through Thy blood to reconcile
 God the pure and man the vile.

HYMN XL.

(SEVENS.)

The mountains shall bring peace to the people.

PSALM lxxii. 3.

God on Ararat was known,
 When the waters backward curl'd,
 And to Noah's eye lay strown
 Fragments of a perish'd world.

God was met on Sinai's height,
 Met with fearfulness and awe,
 When amidst the thunder's light
 Stretch'd the Hand which gave the law.

God on Pisgah was confest,
 When, o'er Canaan spreading wide,
 Moses saw the promis'd rest,
 Israel's rest, to him denied.

God in Christ, on Calv'ry's hill,
 Proffer'd peace in guilt's despair:
 Strengthen, LORD, my faith until
 I receive full pardon there.

HYMN XLI.

(L. M.)

After the earthquake a fire ; but the Lord was not in
the fire : and after the fire, a still small voice.

1 KINGS xix. 12.

GREAT GOD ! how merciful art Thou !
Who not for judgment, but in grace,
The heav'ns beneath Thy feet couldst bow
To visit our rebellious race :

Who not in signs which woe portend,
Which fill with fears of righteous ire,
Nor in the winds that rage and rend,
Nor in the earthquake nor the fire ;

But with the still small voice of love
Thou shouldst in all our sinnings come ;
To counsel, win, renew, approve,
And take Thy wand'ring children home.

The Gospel is Thy still small voice ;
And breathing from a Father's breast,
It bids the weary soul rejoice,
And gives the heavy-laden rest.

HYMN XLII.

(P. M. ♪)

Verily, he is a God that judgeth in the earth.

PSALM lvi. 11.

GREAT GOD, in mercy and in wrath,
 Pursuing still Thine onward path,
 Uncheck'd—invisible—alone :
 Fulfilling all Thy dark decrees,
 As in Thy wisdom Thou shalt please,
 With majesty and might Thine own :

Whilst tremblingly Thy people stand,
 And see Thy judgments strike the land,
 In famine, war, or pestilence ;
 Vouchsafe to us discerning grace
 These workings of the curse to trace
 Back to their source, the past offence ;

That, while in dust we prostrate lie,
With inward groan and streaming eye,
Thy righteous wrath to deprecate,
Confessing all our guiltiness,
'The sins which on our conscience press,
The sins which change Thy love to hate ;

Thou wilt with mercy hear and see,
Thou wilt receive the mighty plea
Our lips on Jesu's merits cast,
Yea, take Thy chast'ning hand away,
And all Thy wonted grace display,
In glories brightening to the last.

HYMN XLIII.

(L. M.)

Where two or three are gathered together in my name,
there am I in the midst of them.—MATT. xviii. 20.

GREAT LORD ! who with averted eye
The blood-stain'd altar passest by,
While still with Thee acceptance find,
The broken heart and contrite mind :

In lowliness Thy children meet,
Like Mary at her Master's feet ;
To hear, to learn, to pray, to bring
Of praise our simple offering.

Approve the vows, we now renew ;
Receive the hymns, that are Thy due ;
And, oh ! forgive whate'er this day
Shall cause our thoughts from Thee to stray.

Confirm our faith, increase our love,
And let us now Thy promise prove,
Where two or three are join'd in pray'r,
Thou, LORD ! wilt meet and bless them there

HYMN XLIV.

(P. M.)

O deliver not the soul of Thy turtle-dove unto the multitude of the wicked : forget not the congregation of the poor for ever.—PSALM lxxiv. 19.

GREAT Ruler of the sky,
 Thy Church's Head and King,
 Hear now Thy people's cry
 In all their sorrowing,
 In all the woe
 Their souls express,
 Thus sunken low
 In wretchedness.

For, merciless as strong,
 The sons of pow'r and pride,
 A wild and godless throng,
 Oppress on either side ;
 (The fold is riv'n,
 Where 'Thou didst keep,
 Now widely driv'n,
 Thy chosen sheep).

But Thy right arm, O God,
 Is stronger far than they ;
 And Thine extended rod
 Shall sweep an awful way ;
 In that dread hour
 How truly known,
 When Egypt's pow'r
 Was overthrown !

In mercy, LORD, again
 Thy chosen Church restore ;
 The wrath of man restrain,
 That man assault no more :
 So may it prove
 'True peace in Thee,
 Its shield, Thy love,
 Eternally.

HYMN XLV.

(P. M.)

When He, the Spirit of truth, is come. He will guide
you into all truth.—JOHN xvi. 13.

GUIDE me, gracious Spirit! guide me
To some promise of Thy Word,
Which, at other source denied me,
Light and comfort may afford;
Some celestial promise bearing,
“Yea, Amen,” in Christ my Lord!

“Yea, Amen,” in Him who knoweth
Ev’ry secret want within;
And whose succour freely floweth
When we pray to conquer sin,
Seeing where the strong temptation
Might an easy passage win.

Let me Thy free gifts inherit,
Of Thy favour stand possest,
So that in my Saviour's merit,
I may find a place of rest :
And my soul, the Cross enclasping,
Be redeem'd—accepted—blest !

In the strife of self-denial,
Hold me to my purpose fast :
In the hour of stormy trial,
Leave not till the peril's past :
Through all chances, through all changes,
Oh ! sustain me to the last.

HYMN XLVI.

(L. M.)

Hosanna to the Son of David.—MATTHEW xxi. 9.

HE comes ! the promis'd Prince of Peace
 In grace and meekness moves along ;
 It seems the anthem ne'er shall cease,
 Ascending from the countless throng, Hosanna!

The prophecies now stand reveal'd,
 The glorious Archetype display'd,
 The ancient promises are seal'd,
 And all is light where all was shade. Hosanna !

A new Jerusalem is seen
 To lift its turrets to the skies ;
 In splendours which have never been,
 Behold another temple rise ! Hosanna !

Hail, Jesus, hail ! our Priest and King,
 Great Saviour of a fallen race ;
 The gentile world Thine honours sing,
 And spread the triumphs of Thy grace.
Hosanna !

HYMN XLVII.

(ELEVENS.)

He cometh, He cometh to judge the earth.—PSALM xcvi. 13.

HE cometh to judgment—the awful in name ;
His face blazing forth, like the sun in his sphere :
He rides on the whirlwind, with horses of flame ;
The blasts of His trumpet sound fearfully near.

He cometh to judgment—the *just* in His *wrath* :
His eyes are the lightning, the thunders His brow ;
And the guilty, and proud, who rejoice'd in their path,
Soul-stricken with anguish, cry bitterly now.

He cometh to judgment—the *rich* in His *love* ;
And those, whose apparel His blood hath made white,
From great tribulation, to mansions above,
He welcometh home, with a Saviour's delight.

He cometh to judgment—O God ! when I stand
To hear at Thy bar the life-sentencing word,
Be the crown on my head, and the palm in my hand,
And the hymn on my lips, to Christ Jesus my Lord !

HYMN XLVIII.

(TENS.)

Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour,
which is Christ the Lord.—LUKE ii. 11.

HE comes, with the swell of the angels' song :
He comes, with the shout of the shepherds' praise
He comes, the Messiah, the promis'd so long ;
The GOD, in the Man, His glory displays.

Hosanna ! the Prince, the Saviour, is come,
Whom prophets and kings were anxious to see ;
He leaves all the joy of His heav'nly home,
To visit the souls that destitute be.

Behold Him, ye blind, in the light He pours :
Leap, leap, to receive Him, ye halt and lame :
Ye captives, burst forth from your prison doors :
Exult, ye deaf, in the sound of His name !

He comes to illumine the dark in mind ;
To free the soul from the bondage of fear :
He comes, that the guilty pardon may find :
Hosanna ! our Saviour, our Lord, is here !

HYMN XLIX.

(P. M.)

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty..

2 Cor. iii 17.

HOLY SPIRIT ! fount of blessing,
 Ever watchful, ever kind ;
 Thy celestial aid possessing,
 Prison'd souls deliv'rance find.
 Seal of truth, and bond of union,
 Source of light, and flame of love,
 Symbol of divine communion
 In the olive-bearing dove !

Heav'nly Guide from paths of error,
 Comforter to minds distrest,
 When the billows fill with terror,
 Pointing to an ark of rest :
 Promis'd pledge ! eternal Spirit !
 Greater than all gifts below,
 May our hearts Thy grace inherit,
 May our lips Thy glories show.

HYMN L.

(SEVENS.)

One generation shall praise Thy works to another.

PSALM cxlv. 4.

HOMAGE now our lips shall bring,
 Father, to 'Thy glorious name;
 Melodies of praise we'll sing,
 Spreading wide Thy wondrous fame.

Doings marvellous are Thine!
 Earth below, and heav'n above,
 Richly strown with gifts divine,
 Laud Thy wisdom, pow'r, and love.

Thou art with us through the day,
 Thou art with us through the night;
 'Tis Thy hand which clears our way,
 'Tis Thy word which gives us light.

All we have, Thy grace bestows;
 All we hope for, springs from Thee:
 Like a stream Thy mercy flows,
 Flows through Christ abundantly.

HYMN LI.

(L. M.)

Thou art near, O Lord.—PSALM cxix. 151.

How gracions is Thy promise, LORD !
 How sweet to dwell upon Thy word ;
 Thy word, which saith, through ev'ry ill
 Thou wilt be near and with us still.

O why should man a thought engage ?
 How impotent his fiercest rage,
 How weak his threats, how vain his will,
 If Thou art near and with us still.

'Though Satan, in temptation's hour,
 Be arm'd with all his hostile pow'r,
 No terror shall our bosoms chill,
 Since Thou art near and with us still.

The martyrs, in their martyrdom,
 All smil'd at Death, and bade him come ;
 And joy like theirs our souls shall fill,
 Whilst Thou art near and with us still.

HYMN LII.

CHRISTMAS. (L. M.)

As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

JOSHUA xxiv. 15.

How may I, Lord, most worthily
 This holy season keep to Thee?
 How best in Thine approval show
 The gratitude and love I owe?

Thine ear will ne'er receive the song
 Which bursts from pleasure's noisy throng;
 Thou canst not own the tribute Thine,
 From festive boards or flowing wine.

Shall Christians to Thy presence bring
 No other, purer offering,
 Than that which Pagans spread, before
 The senseless idols they adore?

O Lord, Thy heav'nly grace impart,
 To make an altar of my heart,
 That I in love, and faith, and pray'r,
 May raise accepted incense there.

HYMN LIII.

(L. M.)

Let your requests be made known unto God.—PHIL. iv. 6

How shall I pray, O LORD ! to Thee ?—
 With lifted hands and bended knee,
 With heav'nward eye, and earnest breath ;
 Like one who asks for life in death.

What shall I pray for, LORD ! to Thee ?—
 For strength to help, and light to see ;
 For livelier faith, my heart to move ;
 For patience, meekness, fear, and love.

When shall I pray, O LORD ! to Thee ?
 In wealth, and in adversity ;
 At Sabbath-hours—beside my bed,
 When morn is come, and day is fled.

And praying, gracious LORD ! to Thee,
 In His great name, who died for me,
 Sure am I, Thou wilt hear to bless,
 In all my deep unworthiness !

HYMN LIV.

(R. M.)

He ever liveth to make intercession.—HEB. vii. 25.

HYMNS of holy adoration

We would now in concert sing
To the Lord of our salvation,
Jesus our anointed King :

Bowing down the heav'ns before Him,
Usher'd by angelic strains ;,
From that Virgin mild, who bore Him,
Taking all our human pains ;

Man's and Satan's wrath opposing,
Dying, conqu'ring as he dies,
On the cross His eyelids closing
In triumphant agonies ;

Thus to save His people, bleeding,
From the law's oppressive rod ;
Living still and interceding
For us at the throne of God.

HYMN LV.

(P. M.)

Abba, Father.—ROM. viii. 15.

I AM poor and desolate,
Long an outcast, LORD, from Thee,
Straying from my first estate
Deeper still in misery ;
Hear, O LORD, my heavy sigh,
Let me, Abba, Father ! cry.

In a wilderness of pain,
Long my choice has been to roam ;
With Thy Spirit's pow'r constrain,
Take a weary wand'rer home ;
See, O LORD, my streaming eye ;
Let me, Abba, Father ! cry.

Righteously, in wrath severe,
 Thou the sword art grasping now ;
But with wonted grace appear,
 Smooth the Judge's awful brow ;
LORD, amidst my fears stand nigh ;
Let me, Abba, Father ! cry.

From the dust my frame was made
 By Thy plastic hand divine ;
Once Thy image it display'd ;
 Yes, I am a child of Thine :
LORD, Thy Spirit's strength supply ;
Let me, Abba, Father ! cry.

HYMN LVI.

(SEVENS.)

Fear not, for I am with thee.—ISAIAH xli. 10.

‘ I AM with thee,’ Thou hast said,
 What of evil may I dread ?
 Harmless shall the tempest low’r,
 Trusting in Thy guardian *pow’r*.

‘ I am with thee,’ is the word
 Spoken in Thy promise, Lord :
 Never let my footsteps stray,
 For Thy *wisdom* points the way.

‘ I am with thee,’ is the voice
 Bidding weary souls rejoice,
 Weary souls, whose praises tell
 Of thy *truth* unchangeable.

‘ I am with thee : ’ so declares
 Jesus in the woe He bears.
 Who shall separate or move
 From His saints a Saviour’s *love* ?

HYMN LVII.

(L. M.)

At evening time it shall be light.—ZECH. xiv. 7.

IF dark and drear the morning rise,
 And noontide is no longer bright,
 Still on the promise Faith' relies,
 ' At evening time it shall be light.'

Thy suffering Church (whose martyr-blood
 Is precious, LORD, within Thy sight)
 But waits to prove, howe'er withstood,
 ' At evening time it shall be light.'

Though deep may be our souls' distress,
 Because of Sin's prevailing might,
 Not always may the foe oppress—
 ' At evening time it shall be light.'

The heavy cloud will roll away
 That hides Thee from our anxious sight,
 And Thou a Father's face display;
 ' At evening time it shall be light.'

HYMN LVIII.

(L. M.)

It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.

JEREM. x. 23.

IF, holy LORD ! the pure in heart
 Thy blessed face alone shall see,
 In guilty shame I must depart,
 And hide myself afar from Thee.

Or should Thy justice be extreme,
 To mark my soul's iniquities,
 My hopes were but a mocking dream,
 My refuge but a house of lies.

Thus speaks the humbled man of sin,
 Thus speaking feeds his deep despair,
 Until Thy grace his heart may win,
 Until Thy Spirit enter there ;

Until, as in that light of old,
 Which shone upon Damascus' road,
 Like Saul's his open'd eyes behold
 A God in Christ, a Christ in God !

HYMN LIX.

(P. M.)

Whereas I was blind, but now I see.—JOHN ix. 25.

I GAVE my soul, and gave it wholly,
To worldly pleasure, worldly folly ;
Till, by experience school'd, I found
The specious joy was all unsound,
And left but pain and melancholy.

A still, small voice, with earnest chiding,
Each changeful scheme of *self* deriding,
Upon my heart the question prest,
If this *could* be a place of rest,
And worthy of its long abiding ?

The *Spirit* gave His quick discerning ;
With shame and anguish inly burning,
 Back to a gracious Father's home,
 I came—as now, O LORD ! I come,
A prodigal in tears returning.

In Jesu's name a firm believer ;
Subdu'd at length the old deceiver ;
 Through ev'ry trial, ev'ry loss,
 Still closer will I clasp the Cross—
The Cross,—my hope, my joy for ever !

HYMN LX.

(C. M.)

The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.—HEB. xiii. 8.

I LOOK'D upon the mighty sea,
While still new changes came;
But manifold as these might be,
The sea was yet the same.

Now, as by sudden rage possest,
Deep call'd to deep—and then,
Hush'd as a child in smiling rest,
The waters slept again.

Thus, like the sea, great God! art Thou,
In terror and in grace,
Or, with the law-denouncing brow,
Or, mercy-beaming face.

Yet, whatsoever cause may move
Tow'rd's us Thy sov'reign will,
Thou art the *same*; and, oh! we prove,
Thou art a Father still.

HYMN LXXI.

(S. M.)

The head over all things to the church.—EPH. 1. 22.

IN melodies divine,
 To Thee, O LORD, we sing,
 Exulting in each work of Thine,
 Our Prophet, Priest, and King :—

Our Prophet, still to guide
 With heav'n-imparted ray,
 Where'er our footsteps turn aside
 From wisdom's narrow way :

Our Priest, whose blood alone
 Was made the costly price
 For all our sinnings to atone—
 A constant sacrifice :

Our King, whose name above
 Each name holds high control;
 Whose word is peace, whose throne is love,
 Whose palace is the soul.

HYMN LXII.

(P. M.)

O forsake me not utterly.—PSALM cxix. 8.

IN the hour when unbelief
Spreads its shadow o'er the soul,
And our eyes, through tears of grief,
Cannot read the Gospel-scroll,
Holy Spirit !
Bid the clouds at distance roll.

IN the hour when boastful pride
Hath, in gloomy sadness, found
That on which its strength relied
Is a reed to break and wound,
Holy Spirit !
Let Thy gracious helps abound.

In the hour when love is cold
Love to Jesus weak and dead,
And communings sweet of old
Now with all their peace are fled,
Holy Spirit !
On our hearts Thine unction shed.

In the hour when hope's bright ray
Seems to shine for us no more,
Ours the night which brings not day,
Ours the sea without a shore,
Holy Spirit !
Let Thy light our peace restore.

HYMN LXIII.

(SEVENS.)

He said, It is finished ; and He bowed His head, and
gave up the ghost.—JOHN xix. 30.

‘ It is finish’d,’ Jesus said,
Bowing low His sacred head ;
Finish’d the redeeming plan,
Form’d before the world began.

‘ It is finish’d !’ blood is spilt—
Blood to cleanse the sinner’s guilt ;
Lo ! the mighty debt is paid—
Justice sheathes the dreadful blade.

‘ It is finish’d,’ never yet
Saints had such a pattern set :
Agoniz’d the Saviour dies,
Praying for His enemies.

‘ It is finish’d,’ all the woe
Hell could wreak, and sufferer know :
Angels ! hail Him back again :
Lord ! receive me in Thy train !

HYMN LXIV.

(P. M.)

Prepare to meet thy God.—AMOS iv. 12.

IT is the martyr's meek petition ;
 It is the prophet's high command ;
 It is the judge's stern monition ;
 It is the priest's uplifted hand ;
 It is the mourner's tear, while falling
 Upon the churchyard's new-rais'd sod ;
 It is the cry of guilt appalling—
 “ Prepare, O man ! to meet Thy God.”

It is the thunder of the mountain,
 Where once the awe-struck Moses stood ;
 It is the voice at Mercy's fountain,
 That speaketh peace in Jesu's blood ;
 It is the Christian-brother's pleading,
 While pointing to the threaten'd rod ;
 It is the Spirit's interceding—
 “ Prepare, O man ! to meet thy God.”

HYMN LXV.

SABBATH MORNING. (L. M.)

I was glad when they said unto me, let us go in to the
house of the Lord.—PSALM cxxii. 1.

IT is the Sabbath of the LORD ;
It is the hour to hear His word ;
It is the day by mercy giv'n
To cheer with tidings brought from heav'n

It is the time, in which we may
Disburthen our full hearts and pray ;
Confess our sins, our guilt deplore ;
And ask for grace to sin no more.

It is the time which God hath set.
To bless the few together met,
Met, in his holy house, to bring
A new and heart-felt offering.

It is the time, when Jesu's call
Breathes out its tender love to all ;
Proclaims the captive soul's release,
And gives the pardon'd sinner—peace !

HYMN LXVI.

(L. M.)

What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?—MARK viii. 36.

It is a waste of time, of health ;
 It is a fatal sacrifice ;
 To build the pile of worldly wealth,
 And lose the pearl of greatest price.

He who hath guiltily amass'd
 The largest and the richest store,
 Will often tell us at the last
 How envied are the righteous poor !

Shall ours present that fool's estate,
 Who, in his self-security,
 Heard tremblingly, but heard too late,
 " This night thy soul's requir'd of thee ? "

O LORD ! if others toil in vain,
 Assist *our* labours day by day,
 That we through Jesu's merits gain
 The crown which fadeth not away.

HYMN LXVII.

(P. M.)

There are three that bear record in heaven.--1 JOHN v. 7.

JESUS ! while, in deep prostration,
 We approach Thy throne of grace,
 With the light of Thy salvation
 Meet us in this sacred place.

Holy FATHER ! great and glorious,
 Full of pow'r as full of love,
 Lead us on our course victorious
 Till we reach the crown above.

Promis'd SPIRIT ! whose assistance
 Freely aids the praying soul,
 Give us strength to make resistance
 Where the Tempter would control.

Honour, wisdom, strength, and merit
 Crown each name eternally !
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
 THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE.

HYMN LXVIII.

(S. M.)

His great love wherewith he loved us.—EPH. ii. 4.

LET all harmonic pow'rs
 In richer concert move ;
 For, Saints ! a noble theme is ours,
 While singing Jesu's love :

His love, who heard our cry,
 Who saw our deep distress,
 And laid His Godhead's glories by,
 To succour, save, and bless :

His love, who freely stood
 The victim in our strife,
 Receiv'd the stroke, and wrote in blood
 The charter of our life :

His love, whom Sin and Hell
 As their great conqu'ror own ;
 Who, LORD, with grace ineffable,
 Pleads for us at Thy throne.

HYMN LXIX.

(P. M.)

Great are Thy tender mercies, O Lord.—PSAL. cxix, 156.

LIFT the grateful voice,
 Strike the heart's best string,
 Let us all in God rejoice,
 God our Father-King.

Mercies fill the space
 Of each circling hour ;
 Providence, creation, grace,
 Shed a constant show'r.

All Thy debt of love,
 Who, my soul, can show?
 Let him count the stars above,
 Or the waves below.

LORD ! we ne'er shall raise
 Tribute worthy Thee,
 Till we celebrate Thy praise
 Everlastingly

HYMN LXX.

(P. M.)

Hath God forgotten to be gracious ? Hath he in anger
 shut up His tender mercies ?—PSALM lxxvii. 9

LING'RINGLY and wearily
 Night hath pass'd away,
 Cloudily and heavily
 Comes the tear-born day ;
 He, the Shepherd-guide of yore,
 Seems to lead His flock no more ;
 He, the olive-bearing Dove,
 Scar'd by sin, hath flown above—
 * LORD, in mercy visit me !

* Or, Miserere Domine !

Constantly, though mournfully,
 Still I breathe my pray'r,
 Earnestly, if tremblingly,
 Seek Thy smile to share :
 Wilt Thou e'er forget Thy word ?
 Shall Thy promise fail, O LORD ?
 Can the name of Jesus prove
 Pow'rless all to win or move ?—
 LORD, in mercy visit me !

Gloriously as tenderly
 Show a Father's face ;
 Bounteously, if tardily,
 Shed Thy heav'nly grace :
 And for Jesu's dying sake,
 Blessings of my trials make ;
 Heal the wounds by Justice giv'n,
 With the balm that comes from heav'n :
 LORD, in mercy visit me !"

HYMN LXXI.

(SEVENS.)

As dying, and, behold, we live.—2 CORIN. vi. 9.

LIVING, some in death remain ;
 Dying, there are some who live
Those who make Christ's precepts vain,
 These who prompt obedience give.

Let our souls the question try
 How the solemn case may be,
 Whether to the world we die,
 Whether, LORD, we live to Thee.

On this judgment well we know
 The tremendous stake is this,
 Everlasting pain and woe,
 Or immortal peace and bliss.

If a passing doubt come o'er,
 Let us, LORD, the doubt improve ;
 Loving, where was hate before;
 Hating, where before was love.

HYMN LXXII.

(P. M.)

I will arise and go to my Father ; and I will say unto him,
 Father, I have sinned.—LUKE xv. 18.

LONG, O LORD ! have I been led
 By an evil world from Thee,
 Having eyes that would not see,—
 “ Peace ! ” a thousand voices said,
 But the sound was mockery.

To a Father's house again
 See a prodigal draw near,
 Bow'd with shame and full of fear ;
 LORD ! thy righteous wrath restrain,
 LORD ! behold the trickling tear !

For the all-prevailing sake
Of the suff'ring Christ alone,
Pardon all the evil done ;
To Thine arms of mercy take
Once a dead, now living son.

Thus accepted, shall I dwell
With that glorious angel-band,
Worshipping at Thy right hand ;
Taste the joys no voice can tell,
Heart conceive, or understand.

HYMN LXXIII.

(S. M.)

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.—REV. iii. 20.

LORD ! at my bosom's door
 Appeals have long been made :
 Forgive Thy servant, that before
 The call was disobey'd.

When sickness on my bed
 Rous'd conscience from its sleep,
 Or the deep tolling for the dead
 Caus'd me to watch and weep—

When in mine ear the Word
 Did all Thy love declare,
 Or guilt's appalling doom I heard,
 Thy summons, LORD, was there.

For pardon I entreat :
 Oh ! cleanse me from my sin,
 And make my heart a temple meet,
 Where Thou mayst enter in.

HYMN LXXIV.

(L. M.)

Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward
receive me to glory.—PSALM lxxiii. 24.

LORD JESUS, we would come to Thee
In meekness and humility,
Disdaining not to take our seat
With little children at Thy feet.

Too long has pride held despot sway,
And drawn us from Thy rule away;
Too long hath self usurp'd the throne
Where Thou shouldst reign, and Thou alone.

We mourn, O Lord, our great offence,
And, kneeling in our penitence,
Thy pardon ask, Thy grace implore,
That we oppose Thy will no more.

Be Thou our Teacher, Thou our guide,
O'er ev'ry thought, word, work, preside,
Until we reach that world above
Where all is truth and peace and love.

HYMN LXXV.

(P. M.)

I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that
is of a contrite and humble spirit.—ISAIAH lvii. 15.

LORD of glory—King of kings !
 'Thron'd in light for evermore ;
 Where the great Archangels soar,
And o'er-shadow'd by their wings
 Tremble still, and still adore ;

How shall creatures, poor and weak,
 In Thy sight accepted be ?
 Worthily appeal to Thee ?
In Thine awful presence, speak ?
 Lift the eye, or bend the knee ?

Mercy spreads Thy holy book ;
 Mercy points the promise, where
 Thine own words of grace declare
Thou wilt on the contrite look,
 Thou wilt hear the humble pray'r.

LORD ! in dust our lips deplore
 Ev'ry outward act of sin,
 Ev'ry guilty thought within :
Pard'ning, bid us sin no more—
 Quick'ning, 'Thy great work begin.

HYMN LXXVI.

CHARITY HYMN BY THE CHILDREN. (C. M.)

Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them
not.—LUKE xviii. 16.

LORD ! no forbidding voice is here,
To keep us from Thy feet ;
But Christian friends invite us near,
Thy gracious smile to meet.

Though weak, and all expos'd, O LORD,
Thy guardian-arm is might ;
And in our ignorance Thy Word,
Shall aid us with its light.

O teach us, that we may improve
The means, in mercy giv'n,
To fill our hearts with truth and love,
And lead to peace and heav'n.

The gifts of those, whose kind concern
Would soothe our griefs to rest,
O LORD, with sev'nfold pow'r return ;
And, blessing, make them blest.

HYMN LXXVII.

(P. M.)

The Lord God omnipotent reigneth,--REV. xix. 6

LORD of the sea !

The billowy sea, whose hollow roar
Bursts on the wild and rocky shore
Unceasingly.

LORD of the land !

The solid land, o'er hills and plains
Where beauty smiles or terror reigns,
Holding command.

LORD of the sky !

The boundless sky, whence, day and night,
Its shining orbs with streams of light
The world supply.

LORD of the soul !

The soul that lives, when stars have fled,
Nor mountains stand, nor valleys spread.
Nor oceans roll.

HYMN LXXVIII.

(P. M.)

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Let the heathen be wakened. —JOEL iii. 12.

LORD, speed on their way
 The heralds who go
 Thy truth to display,
 Thy glories to show ;
 No jeopardy dreading
 Of desert or wave,
 Thy white banner spreading—
 “ Christ mighty to save.”

Thy choice blessings shed,
 Thy Spirit impart,
 In light to the head,
 In grace to the heart ;
 O crown each endeavour
 Whose object may be
 From idols to sever,
 And lead, LORD, to Thee.

With faith in the blood
 Of Calvary's hill,
 (That sin-cleansing flood
 Which floweth on still,)
 Let millions now lying
 In darkness and woe,
 For mercy applying,
 A full pardon know.

LORD, on their way speed
 Thy messengers' feet ;
 Give strength in all need,
 Thy work to complete ;
 Till thus ev'ry nation,
 From pole unto pole,
 Shall see Thy salvation
 In life to the soul.

HYMN LXXIX.

(P. M.)

Unstable as water.—GENESIS xlix. 4.

LORD, to my complainings listen ;
 Let my pray'r ascend to Thee ;
 While with tears my pale eyes glisten,
 And my sighs come heavily.
 Though the sentence was remitted
 On my former sins, O LORD ;
 Yet again have I committed
 All the evil I deplor'd.

Now repenting, now transgressing,
 When the master most the slave,
 Christ denying, Christ confessing,
 How shall I forgiveness crave ?
 Boasting wisdom, seeking folly,
 Teach me, LORD, a better part ;
 Crucify the old man wholly ;
 Give, O give another heart !

HYMN LXXX.

AT BAPTISM. (C. M.)

And I baptized also the household of Stephanus.

1 COR. i. 16.

LORD, to Thy sacred fount we bear
 The infant Thou hast giv'n,
 Beseeching Thee to hear our pray'r,
 And bless with gifts from heav'n ;

That while this tender child may be
 (Now made by baptism Thine,)
 For ever dedicate to Thee,
 To Thee and things divine ;

So, as in aged Eli's sight
 The little Samuel grew,
 Each day, some grace and virtue bright
 May open to our view :

Both babe and parent, let Thy will
 With constant mercies crown ;
 *Him, leading up life's rugged hill,
 And us, supporting down.

(* Him or Her)

HYMN LXXXI.

(P. M.)

I will praise Thee among much people.

PSALM xxxv. 18.

LORD, to Thee our praise is given ;
LORD, we would Thy glories show,
Sitting on Thy throne in heaven,
Ruling o'er the earth below.

Mercies from Thy hand are falling
Through the night and through the day ;
And where dangers lurk appalling,
'Tis Thy wisdom clears the way.

When, oppress'd by woe and sorrow,
We in fear and sickness lie,
Comfort from Thy Word we borrow ;
LORD, Thy saving health is nigh.

While our guilty souls are bending
O'er the gulf of endless pain,
JESUS, Thou Thy blood expending,
Bidd'st us hope and live again.

HYMN LXXXII

FROM THE FIFTEENTH PSALM. (L. M.)

The just shall live by faith.—ROMANS i. 17.

LORD, who are they whose souls shall rise,
 And in Thy heav'nly temple dwell,
 Pass through the portals of the skies
 To peace and joy unspeakable?

Such as, in honour of Thy laws,
 From each dissembling way depart,
 Hold fast Thy Word, support Thy cause,
 And speak the truth with all the heart,

Yea, though their loss or hurt it prove :—
 Who neither slander nor oppress,
 Whose voice of peace, and deeds of love,
 Their suffering brother cheer and bless.

These having faith, through which alone
 Their works can be approv'd by Thee,
 Shall all a Saviour's triumphs own,
 And Thine accepted people be.

HYMN LXXXIII.

(SEVENS.)

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-
will toward men.—LUKE ii. 14.

MIDWAY 'twixt the heav'n and earth
Often would my spirit hang,
Mingling hymns of solemn mirth
With the sons of God who sang ;

Viewing, LORD, Thy glorious might
At creation's dawn display'd,
When Thou said'st, " Let there be light,"
And the light Thy call obey'd.

But a holier joy was mine,
While my spirit join'd with them,
Who their choral song divine
Chanted over Bethlehem ;

When they saw the infant lie,
And the heav'nly descant ran,
" Glory unto God on high,
Peace on earth, good-will to man !"

HYMN LXXXIV.

(L. M.)

God, who is rich in mercy.—EPHESIANS ii. 4.

Most faithful art Thou, LORD, and good,
To mercy evermore inclin'd ;
Thy bounteous gifts to all mankind
Have been a constant-flowing flood.

And well might saints of old express
The homage of their noblest pow'rs,
Yet deeper reason still is ours,
Thy name to praise, Thy love to bless—

O'er whom the Gospel's glorious light
Hath pour'd the blaze of perfect day,
While we in all the terrors lay
Of hopeless and eternal night.

LORD, touch our hearts that we may show
A purer gratitude to Thee,
Who, what the prophets saw not, see,
And what the angels knew not, know.

HYMN LXXXV

(P. M.)

Even to-day is my complaint bitter.—JOB xxiii. 2.

Most Holy and most High,
 To me Thy grace impart ;
 With trouble in mine eye,
 And anguish in mine heart ;
 Who night and day
 Sad watchings keep,
 And weeping pray,
 And praying weep.

For Satan hath assail'd
 With more than common pow'r,
 And yet again prevail'd
 In blind presumption's hour ;
 And I have brought
 On that pure name,
 With glory fraught,
 Contempt and shame.

Repentingly I seek,
O LORD, Thy pard'ning love ;
And though Thy voice might break
In thunders from above,
With gracious call,
Oh ! bid me come,
A prodigal
Returning home.

Thy constant strength supply,
That I relapse no more,
Till in that glorious sky
Where seraph-hosts adore,
My soul may dwell
In joy and peace
Ineffable,
And ne'er to cease.

HYMN LXXXVI.

(P. M.)

I know that my redeemer liveth.—JOB xix. 25.

MY praises to the LORD shall flow,
 Who this assurance giveth,
 Yea, by His Spirit's pow'r I know,
 That my Redeemer liveth ;

And He with all His glorious band
 Of angels shouting o'er Him,
 Upon this trembling earth shall stand
 To judge the world before Him :

And though the grave-worm soon may be
 Upon this body preying,
 Yet in my flesh I God shall see,
 These eyes His face surveying ;

Then—as is spread the judgment-scroll,
 The sav'd and lost to sever,
 Lord! welcome Thou my ransom'd soul
 To dwell with Thee for ever.

HYMN LXXXVII.

(L. M.)

It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence
in man.—PSALM cxviii. 8.

MY soul, O LORD! hath trusted those,
Who neither fear'd, nor trusted Thee :
They *seem'd* my friends, they *prov'd* my foes.
So ill did word and deed agree.

Sweet hopes they rais'd, smooth things they said,
And peace and rest was all their cry ;
But, like some meteor-flame, they led
To depths of woe and misery.

Again, O LORD! to Thee I turn,
A humbled, weeping penitent ;
And wilt Thou from Thy presence spurn
The hand that's clasp'd, the knee that's bent.

In Jesu's name I hope and pray,
In Jesu's merits, plead for grace ;
Nor canst Thou send that child away
Who seeks, with tears, a Father's face.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

(C. M.)

They came round about me daily like water ; they compassed me about together.—PSALM lxxxviii. 17.

My soul is like a wave-toss'd boat
 Amid a boist'rous sea—
 That now seems lost, yet still doth float
 In bold security.

The raging winds, and foaming waves,
 Against it may conspire,
 And yet, though sore beset, it braves
 The tempest's bursting ire.

And thus, O LORD ! while Thou dost give
 The strength Thy grace supplies,
 Through ev'ry storm my soul shall live—
 From ev'ry depth arise ;

Yea, hold its way, (while foes in vain
 Its safety may molest,)
 Until, at Thy good time, it gain
 The haven of its rest.

HYMN LXXXIX.

NEAR DEATH. (P. M.)

Man is like to vanity : his days are as a shadow that
passeth away.—PSALM cxliv. 4.

My sun goes down, the time is nigh
When flesh and soul shall disunite ;
That, in the silent grave to lie,
This, to upclimb the starry sky,
Where angels walk in cloudless light.

No self-raiſ'd claims have I to press,
No merits may I call mine own ;
But, Jesu ! in Thy shining dress,
The garment of Thy righteousness,
Present me faultless at the throne.

If now the orphan-young I leave,
 Thine is a Father's tender care
 While o'er my dust survivors grieve,
 Thine ear is open to receive,
 Thy love to grant, the lowly prayer

The shadow spreads : near and more near,
 The sullen Jordan makes its roar :
 Lord, stretch Thy gracious arm to bear
 Through ev'ry doubt, through ev'ry fear,
 My trembling soul to Canaan's shore !

HYMN XC.

(C. M.)

O woman, great is Thy faith : be it unto thee even as
thou wilt.—MATTH. xv. 28.

No threat could check, no frown repress,
That mother's strong appeal,
When in her suffering child's distress
She pray'd the Lord to heal.

She heard His voice a *stranger* chide
Who sought the *children's* bread ;
Yet, still, she would not be denied,
Though with the dogs she fed.

Her faith grew stronger than her fear,
Her love knew no control,
She only saw the Saviour near,
Her daughter was made whole !

Thus in my deep distress and need,
Though fears and threats assail,
Will I, by faith, with Jesus plead,
Until my faith prevail.

HYMN XCI.

(L. M.)

Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it.
 EPH. v. 25.

No works or merits that we claim
 Drew Jesus from His throne above ;
 But through our sins, our guilt and shame,
 He loves us with a *sov'reign* love.

No wants nor yet desires have we,
 Which may *too* great or many prove
 For His exhaustless treasury :—
 He loves us with a *bounteous* love.

No narrow limits e'er confin'd,
 Or mark'd the course where he might move ;
 As shines the sun, or sweeps the wind,
 He loves us with a *boundless* love.

No fears, no doubts, though strong as they
 Against which, Peter, Thomas strove,
 Shall ever take His eye away,
 Who loves us with *unchanging* love.

HYMN XCII.

SACRAMENTAL. (L. M.)

My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.—

JOHN vi. 55.

OBEYING, Lord ! Thy gracious call,
 We to Thy holy Table come,
 Upon our knees devoutly fall,
 And think of all Thy martyrdom.

And oh ! forgive the doubts and fears
 That kept our feet so long away,
 Whate'er in former months and years
 From Thy command hath led astray.

Thy flesh, O Lord, is meat indeed,
 Thy precious blood, the living wine ;
 In faith, we drink ; in faith, we feed ;
 In love, unite with Thee, and Thine.

And now, as in communion blest
 With Thy pure Spirit, never cease
 To give, in all our troubles—rest
 To breathe, in all our conflicts—peace.

HYMN XCIII.

(L. M.)

Were there not ten cleansed ? but where are the nine ?
 LUKE xvii. 17.

OF those recover'd Lepers *ten*,
 Did only *one* appear again,
 And at his Saviour's feet express
 The homage of his thankfulness ?

Where are the *nine* ? No answer came.—
 How great the guilt, how deep the shame,
 That these should so forgetful prove
 Of that Physician's wondrous love !

For all the world did Jesus die,
 To cure sin's hopeless leprosy ;
 And yet, of all the world, how few
 Yield to His grace the tribute due !

Lord ! of the *ten* account me *one*,
 Mindful of what Thy love hath done ;
 And let the praise accepted be,
 Which my full heart ascribes to Thee.

HYMN XCIV.

(SEVENS.)

I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord.—GEN. xlix 18.

OFTEN, LORD, and wearily,
 Bow my knees beside my bed,
 Still I seek Thy face to see,
 Struggling on, though hope seem dead.

Slowly move my weary feet
 To Thy holy house of pray'r ;
 For it wants the mercy-seat,
 And the presence beaming there.

Spreading wide the Gospel-leaf,
 Light and peace once fill'd my mind ;
 Now, in tears of blinding grief,
 Not a promise can I find.

Through the clouds of doubt and fear,
 Send, O LORD, Thy Spirit's ray ;
 Show a gracious Saviour near,
 Turn my darkness into day.

HYMN XCV.

(P. M.)

It is the Lord ; let Him do what seemeth Him good.

I SAM. iii. 18.

O God, whose gift is Faith, bestow
 Its precious light on me,
 That, piercing ev'ry cloud of woe,
 Thine image I may sec ;
 That still this truth be kept in view,
 In sorrow's saddest mood,
 " It is the LORD, and let Him do
 " What seemeth to Him good."

If sickness lay me on my bed,
 If trusted friends forsake,
 If call'd to mourn the newly dead,
 If poverty o'ertake,
 Still let thē words my hope renew,
 (In patience understood,)
 " It is the LORD, and let Him do
 " What seemeth to Him good."

HYMN XCVI

(P. M.)

Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.
 PROV. xxvii.

Oh ! none in this wide world are free
 From peril, change, and sorrow :
 How bright soc'er to-day may be,
 Dark clouds involve the morrow ;
 The joy that promises to last,
 Is scarcely welcom'd ere 'tis past.

My step is firm, my pulse is strong,
 My cheek with health is glowing ;
 But, *hov'ring* ills may *light* ere long,
 And bitter tears be flowing :
 While pleasure plies the brimming bowl,
 The wall displays—the judgment-scroll !

The dove from off its happy nest
Is suddenly affrighted ;
The wing of riches hath no rest ;
The budding fame is blighted ;
The house that seem'd secure to stand,
Is sunken in the treach'rous sand.

Thy peace, O LORD ! Thy peace alone,
Hath rock for its foundation ;
Thy truth, O LORD ! Thy truth is one
With ages of duration :—
Blest Spirit ! through Thy grace divine,
That peace be giv'n, that truth be thine !

HYMN XCVII.

(L. M.)

If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee.

1 CHRON. xxviii. 9.

OH ! say not, sinner, thou art cast
 Beyond the reach of mercy's care,
 That hope's sweet visions all are past,
 And nought remains but dark despair.

Who rais'd the weeping Magdalene,
 And put her sev'nfold foe to flight ;
 Made the desponding leper clean,
 And bless'd the aged blind with sight ?

Who met the persecuting Saul,
 Who heard the sinking Peter's cry,
 Saw yet far off the Prodigal,
 And sooth'd the Thief's last agony ?

The same is HE, who now is near,
 Whose blood can wash all guilt away,
 Can turn to joy each gloomy fear,
 If thou believe—repent—and pray.

HYMN XCVIII.

CHARITY HYMN TO BE SUNG BY THE CHILDREN.

(C. M.)

Of such is the kingdom of God.—LUKE xviii, 16.

O HOLY Saviour ! meek and mild,
 Disdaining not to greet,
 With gracious words, each little child
 Who knelt before Thy feet ;

And, laying on Thine hands, didst say,
 “ In these my kingdom see ;”
 Rebuking those who chid away
 Thine infant-flock from Thee ;

Receive us now—and give us grace
 Thy will to learn and do ;
 All evil from our minds efface,
 All holy thoughts renew ;

And grant that *those* who come to show
 A kind and fost'ring care,
 The riches of Thy love may know,
 Thy heav'nly mercies share.

HYMN XCIX.

SABBATH MORNING. (L. M.)

I was in the spirit on the Lord's day.—Rev. i. 10.

O HOLY Spirit ! who didst shed
Thy heav'nly beams on Jesu's head,
When, stooping low, He meekly stood,
To be baptiz'd in Jordan's flood ;

O'er us Thy dove-like wings extend,
To us Thy promis'd succour lend,
That so this Sabbath-morn may prove
A time for knowledge, peace, and love.

Without Thy light, no pow'r have we
The glories of Thy word to see ;
Without Thy proffer'd strength, in vain
We strive to break our bondage-chain.

Thrice blessed Spirit ! hither come,
And make our willing hearts Thy home ;
Thy wisdom, grace, and might be giv'n,
To bless on earth, and lead to heav'n.

HYMN C.

(S. M.)

To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses,
though we have rebelled against Him. DANIEL ix. 9.

O LORD, Thy love was strong,
When ours was cold and weak ;
And while we stray'd with Folly's throng,
Thine eye our souls would seek.

Thou didst remember still
In our forgetfulness ;
And when we most oppos'd Thy will,
Thy bosom yearn'd to bless.

Thy hands tow'rds us were spread,
Though ours ne'er clasp'd in pray'r,
And beams of hope Thy promise shed,
Amidst our deep despair.

That ours may be the bliss
Not angels know in heav'n ;
For, Jesus, through Thy blood, 'tis this,—
The peace of *sin forgiv'n*

HYMN CL.

(r. m.)

Take up the cross, and follow me.—MARK x. 21.

O LORD, my heart is ever prone
 To seek the things I hear and see,
 To live to this vain world alone,
 As though the words were all unknown,
 "Take up the cross, and follow me."

Let now Thy gracious succours fall
 In this my great necessity,
 My soul's affections disenthral,
 And fix them by the Gospel-call,
 "Take up the cross, and follow me."

Who truly bear the Christian name
Must walk *as* Christ—One never free
From pain and peril, grief and shame ;
His pattern sealing thus His claim,
“ Take up the cross, and follow me.”

Not long shall rocks obstruct the way ;
Not long, my soul, thy night shall be,
Ere thou in realms of cloudless day
Shalt hear thy blest Redeemer say,
“ Take up the crown and reign with me.”

HYMN CII.

(L. M.)

Every day will I bless Thee, and I will praise Thy name
for ever and ever.—PSALM cxlv. 2.

O LORD, our God, Thy praise shall be
Upon our lips unceasingly ;
Still deigning in our need to send
The grace to guide, support, defend.

We'll praise Thee in the morning light,
For all Thy mercies through the night ;
We'll praise Thee in the evening gray,
For all Thy mercies through the day.

When spring-time bids our hearts rejoice,
When wintry storms obey Thy voice,
When autumn spreads its golden store,
Thy love we'll bless, Thy name adore.

But as through life our anthems dwell,
On each succeeding miracle,
So let, O LORD, our tuneful breath
Thy noblest praises sing in death.

HYMN CIII.

r. m.)

The good that I would I do not.—Rom. vii. 19.

O LORD ! I have not lov'd Thee truly ;
 My faith has waver'd in its aim ;
 I have not kept Thy precepts duly ;
 Nor honour'd, as I ought, Thy name :
 Too oft I make a good profession,
 Before a crowd of witnesses ;
 But, ah ! how ill the heart's impression
 With what the *lips* declare, agrees !

Before Thy seat of mercy bowing,
 How feebly fell the vows I made !
 How chill and slow the inward flowing
 Of all the words with which I pray'd !
 In weakness, let Thy Spirit strengthen ;
 In darkness, lend His guiding light ;
 My days for holy duties lengthen,
 Till pray'r is praise and faith is sight.

HYMN CIV.

(S. M.)

Ye have received the Spirit of adoption.—Rom. viii. 15.

O PARDON, LORD ! my sin,
 ; How great soe'er it be ;
 A better life I would begin,
 To holiness and Thee.

I know that there is none
 To save me from my guilt,
 But Christ, whose precious blood alone
 For souls like mine was spilt.

Thy heav'nly grace supply,
 Thy Spirit, LORD, impart ;
 And raise, O raise, the filial cry
 Of " Abba," in my heart.

Adopted thus to bear
 A new and chosen name,
 May I, in love and child-like fear,
 Honour a Father's claim!

;

HYMN CV.

(L. M.)

There was a certain beggar, named Lazarus, was laid
at his gate full of sores.—LUKE xvi. 20.

OPPRESS'D by woe, diseas'd, and poor,
Lay Lazarus at Dives' door,
Beseeching that he might be fed
With morsels of the rich man's bread.

Thus was it—but look upwards now :
Who wears the crown upon his brow ?
Who shines in his resplendent vest ?
'Tis Lazarus on Abraham's breast !

Thus was it —but from hell's dread brink
What voice is that ? Oh ! pause and think—
'Tis Dives' voice, the rich man's cry
Upon his bed of agony !

O LORD ! whate'er my lot may be,
I am not poor when bless'd with Thee ;
Shed on my soul Thy grace divine,
And mine is all, if Thou art mine,

HYMN CVI.

(C. M.)

Sir, come down ere my child die.—JOHN iv. 49.

O SIR, come down, and heal my child,
 "Ere yet my child shall die."
 Thus rose to Christ, in accents wild,
 A father's mournful cry.

'Twas faith the hidden impulse gave
 To seek, in that distress,
 Him, who possess'd the power to save,
 And felt the willingness.

So, when the humble man preferr'd
 To Christ, his anxious pray'r,
 He spake the health-restoring word,
 And joy succeeded care.

Blest Spirit! strengthen and increase
 This faith within my heart;
 That, when I come to Christ for peace,
 In peace I may depart.

HYMN CVII.

(SIXES.)

Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.—PSALM XXV. 1.

O THOU eternal Mind !
 Dispensing life and light,
 And blessings infinite,
 To sinful human-kind,

Creator, Father, King !
 How weak and poor must be
 The gifts earth's family
 Before Thy presence bring !

Redeemer, Saviour, Lord !
 By holy saints rever'd,
 By evil angels fear'd,
 By seraph-hosts ador'd ;

Thy Spirit's pow'r be giv'n,
 That nobler songs we raise,
 Until our earthly praise
 Blend with the praise of heav'n.

HYMN CVIII.

(S. M.)

Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do
they live for ever?—ZECH. i. 5.

Our Fathers—*who* were they?
The mighty men of old,
Priests, prophets, kings, a proud array,
And sages manifold.

Our Fathers—*what* were they?
The evil and the good;
The few who own'd their Saviour's sway,
The many who withstood.

Our Fathers—*where* went they?
To moulder in the tomb,
To give the worm its destin'd prey,
To wait the final doom.

Our Fathers—where *are* they?
In endless bliss or pain;
LORD! guide my footsteps, that I may
The glorious crown obtain.

HYMN CIX.

(P. M.)

For no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth
and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church.

EPHESIANS v. 29.

OUR God hath rais'd His glitt'ring spear,
Our God hath dealt the mighty blow ;
In pale amaze and trembling fear
Recoils the rebel foe.

Yea, God redeems His pledge of old,
He keeps the solemn oath He swore,
Our eyes His promis'd aid behold,
Our rescu'd souls adore.

No, not in vain confessors stood
Unflinching to their sacred trust ;
No pow'r may staunch a martyr's blood—
God shall avenge the just.

Though hosts, O LORD, Thy truth oppose,
And fill Thy people with dismay,
They melt before Thy glance like snows
Before the noontide ray.

HYMN CX.

FUNERAL. (L. M.)

Weep not.—LUKE vii. 13.

O ! WEEP not o'er the new-made grave ;
 The same who took is He who gave,
 The LORD !—whom all His works approve,
 The great in wisdom and in love.

O weep not, that the hour is come
 Which takes a weary pilgrim home !
 That calls a soul from sin and care,
 To dwell where happy angels are.

O weep not !—for the righteous dead
 Hath now a crown upon his head,
 Is singing the redemption-hymn
 Amongst the radiant cherubim.

O weep not ! but arise and pray,
 And walk with holier faith the way.
 The way all saints have trod before,
 Who reign with Christ for evermore.

HYMN CXI.

(L. M.)

There be many that say, Who will show us any good ?
 PSALM iv. 6.

“ O ! who will show me any good ? ”
 I ask'd in grief the multitude ;
 And, as the multitude pass'd by,
 A thousand voices answer'd—“ I.”

The strong man came, I grasp'd his arm ;
 The wise man came, I sought his charm ;
 I trusted both, but, ah ! to find
 The blind did only lead the blind.

“ O ! who will show me any good ? ”
 Thus praying at the Cross I stood ;
 My knees were at its foot, mine eye
 Was rais'd to Christ imploringly.

A voice I heard—“ Believe on *me*,
 And thou shalt stand redeem'd and free ;
 And then I found, but only then,
 The way, the truth, the life of men.

HYMN CXII.

(P. M.)

They profess that they know God, but in works they
deny Him.—TITUS i. 16.

OWN I a name, which I by works deny ;
Am I the living, and yet counted dead ;
Have I a lamp, and lack its due supply ;
Move my lips heav'nward, when my heart hath fled ?

And do I bow my knees, whilst full of pride ;
And do I pray, when not a want I feel ;
And seem to trust, where I in truth deride ;
And seek a balsam, with no wound to heal ?

Make I the house of pray'r, the mart of gain ;
Hear I the curse, yet cherish still the sin ;
Walk I with saints, while leagu'd with Satan's train ;
Make Christ my boast, yet feed a hate within ?

O LORD ! arise with mercy all Thine own ;
O LORD ! these solemn mockeries forgive ;
With pow'r convert to flesh a heart of stone ;
Upon the dry bones breathe, and bid them live.

HYMN CXIII.

(SEVENS.)

Poor, and blind, and naked.—REV. iii. 17.

POOR am I—yea, poor indeed ;
Lord ! I seek Thee in my need,
Nor will less my wants suffice,
Than the pearl of greatest price.

Blind am I—yea, none so blind ;
Striving still new ways to find :
Touch mine eyes and give me sight,
Guide me with Thy Spirit's light.

Bound am I—yea, tied and bound,
Nor can any strength be found
That may set Sin's captive free,
Save, O Jesus, strength from Thee.

Naked am I—yea, in dust
Falls the garment of my trust :
Lord ! bring forth Thy shining dress,
Clothe me with Thy righteousness.

HYMN CXIV.

(SEVENS.)

I will mention the praises of the Lord.

ISAIAH lxiii. 7

PRAISES, LORD, to Thee we owe,
 Praises from our lips shall flow ;
 Wise as pure, and good as strong,
 Praises to Thy name belong.

At Thy word the shapeless earth
 Started into beauteous birth,
 And the stars their course began,
 And the dust evolv'd—the man.

Nor had he, the guilty now,
 Heard the curse, with anguish'd brow,
 Ere Thy promise, beaming bright,
 Fill'd his darken'd soul with light.

Mighty art Thou, LORD, to save
 From the terrors of the grave ;
 And our choral hymns shall be
 Thine to all eternity.

HYMN CXV.

(L. M.)

If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth
us.—1 JOHN v. 14.

PRAY, sinner, pray!—with body bent;
Thy guilt confess, thy sins repent;
Pray in His name, whom God hath sent
To heal the wounded penitent.

Pray, sinner, pray!—thy fears suppress;
That gracious Father waits to bless,
Who sooth'd the prodigal's distress
Returning from the wilderness.

Pray, sinner, pray!—make no delay;
And, oh! to conscience dare not say,
I'll hear thee at some future day,
Lest death surprise and snatch away.

Pray, sinner, pray!—the Church with thee
Will join its voice, that thou mayst be
Forgiv'n—renew'd—accepted—free,
A child of God's own family.

HYMN CXVI.

SACRAMENTAL. (L. M.)

This do in remembrance of me.—1 Cor. xi. 24.

REMEMBER Thee?—Yes, blessed Lord,
 Deep in our hearts is lodg'd Thy word:
 Those sacred emblems when we see,
 O Lord, we must remember Thee.

What ransom'd soul can e'er forget
 The burden of its mighty debt
 To HIM—who bought its liberty?
 O Lord, we must remember Thee.

By all Thy griefs, Thy tears, and sighs,
 The garden's awful agonies,
 The blood which stain'd the cursed tree,
 O Lord, we must remember Thee.

And now, in gifts of grace and love,
 Pour down Thy Spirit from above,
 That, meekly, purely, worthily,
 O Lord, we may remember Thee.

HYMN CXVI.

(P. M.)

We know that the Son of God is come.—1 JOHN v. 20.

RISING from thy midnight gloom,
Judah ! lift thy joyous head ;
Fear and darkness now are fled ;
He, the Son of God, is come ;
All his promis'd gifts to shed.

Christ ! through symbols long made known,
Christ ! 'in whom all types agree,
Christ ! the end of prophecy,
Boweth heav'n and cometh down,
Man to save, a world to free.

Angels line His glorious way,
And with songs of sacred mirth
Bear the tidings of His birth :
'Tis Immanuel's reign to-day,
Praise to God, and peace on earth.

Blind in soul ! receive your sight ;
Bound by sin ! behold the door ;
Worn with grief ! your tears are o'er ;
All is liberty and light,
Love and peace, for evermore !

HYMN CXVIII.

(L. M.)

How wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye ; and, behold a beam is in thine own eye?—MATTHEW vii. 4.

SHALL I, O LORD, denounce, decry,
And make a brother's error known ;
Expose the *mote* within his eye,
And hide the *beam* within mine own ?

That I may gracious judgment find,
So may I judge in love and fear ;
My thoughts of others always kind,
And only of myself severe ;

Recalling His pure life, who came
The pattern of my life to be ;
Who, while His foes conspir'd His shame,
Breath'd meekness, grace, and charity.

How oft have I deserv'd his wrath,
Who have for years against him striv'n ;
Yet He forbears—nay, shows the path
To pardon, peace, adoption, heav'n.

HYMN CXIX,

(S. M.)

He will ^{bring} me forth to the light.—MICAH vii. 9.

SHALL still Thine anger burn,
And darkness veil Thy face ?
Will never, LORD, the dove return ?
The ark resume its place ?

I kneel, but cannot pray ;
My wonted peace is fled ;
I read Thy word from day to day,
But hope seems withered.

All—all is waste around,
The solitude of sin ;
At mercy's gate no hand is found
To let the suppliant in.

How long shall cloud remain ?
How long endure the night ?
Let, LORD, Thy love shine forth again,
And bring me into light !

HYMN CXX.

(L. M.)

Lord, increase our faith.—LUKE xvii. 5.

SHOULD earthly things be sought of THEE;
 Then, LORD, our suit were well denied;
 For these oft prove a ministry
 To worldly love and sloth and pride.

We ask not riches, to command
 The luxuries which thousands prize;
 In fame's proud niche to take our stand,
 The idols of surrounding eyes:

But rather would we sink below
 The station of the meanest slave,
 Meet penury in all its woe,
 Than lose the glorious boon we crave.

We seek Thy favour Lord, alone,
 The grace, that shall our faith increase,
 To live as all Thy saints have done,
 To die as they have died—in peace.

HYMN CXXI.

EASTER. (L. M.)

When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive.
EPHESIANS iv. 8.

SHOUT, shout, ye saints ! behold him lie
In dust, your ghostly Enemy ;
Triumphant on his head hath trod
With crushing heel the Son of God.

Shout, shout, ye saints ! new songs begin,
For Death hath shar'd the doom of Sin—
We heed no more the Tyrant's frown,
For chains are his, who wore the crown.

Shout, shout, ye saints ! all fear dispel,
For Christ throws back the gates of hell ;
And plucks, with an Almighty hand,
From quenchless flames the burning brand.

Shout, shout, ye saints ! and see Him rise,
The Conqu'ror, to His native skies :
O give Immanuel honour due,
For triumphs won—yea, won for you.

HYMN CXXII.

(L. M.)

In thy light shall we see light.—PSALM xxxvi. 9.

SINCE all were profitless and vain
 Our searchings of Thy written word,
 Unless assistance we obtain
 From Thy applying Spirit, LORD;

Vouchsafe, that, piercing nature's night,
 (Where error holds despotic sway,)
 He pour his beams of heav'nly light,
 And turn our darkness into day.

That ev'ry precept we may see,
 With its own pow'r and beauty fraught,
 And how with Truth's divinity
 Is stamp'd each doctrine Jesus taught.

While thus, in understanding wise,
 Our faith and virtue daily grow,
 Till, fitted for the glorious skies,
 We know Thee—as the angels know.

HYMN . CXXIIL

(L. M.)

Peace, be still.—MARK iv. 39.

Once, LORD, a wild and raging sea,
 (All uncontroll'd by human skill,)
 Sank into deep tranquillity
 Before Thy mandate, "Peace, be still!"

Speak Thou Thy word of sov'reign pow'r
 To rule the fierce rebellious will,
 And, aye, in passion's stormy hour,
 Compose the strife with, "Peace, be still."

If waves on waves of trouble roll
 With broader, deeper sweep, until
 Strange terrors seize the sinking soul,
 Be Thine the breathing, "Peace, be still."

And, oh! when Jordan's sullen tide
 Spreads to our feet its waters chill,
 Do Thou be present at our side,
 And calm each fear with, "Peace, be still."

HYMN CXXIV.

(P. M.)

It is appointed unto all men once to die, but after this
the judgment.—HEB. ix. 27.

Soon must come that solemn hour
When this failing flesh shall die;
And upon His throne on high,
Cloth'd with majesty and pow'r,
Jesus sit, our deeds to try.

With his foot upon the land,
With his foot upon the sea,
With his arm rais'd awfully
Shall the mighty Angel stand,
Swearing, Time no more shall be!

At the trumpet's dreadful sound,
How shall I, great God, appear?
When their sentence myriads hear,
Shall my soul with joy abound,
Or be wrack'd with guilty fear?

Jesu ! now Thy Spirit give,
And our wayward hearts incline
So to follow things divine,
So by faith and pray'r to live,
That we may be ever Thine !

HYMN CXXV.

(L. M.)

O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and
night before Thee.—PSALM lxxxviii. 1.

STRUCK by the arrow of Thy word,
I make, O LORD, my daily moan ;
Thus leaves the wounded deer its herd,
To weep unseen and bleed alone.

Nor less the bitter sorrows flow,
Pour'd nightly from my laden breast,
Than that poor bird's, which breathes its woe,
When all its fellows are at rest.

Yet while no stranger may intrude
Upon my secret misery,
LORD, cheer my weary solitude
With tokens of Thy love to me.

And Thou! who heard'st when David pray'd,
Or Hezekiah turn'd his face,
What Hannah's voiceless lips betray'd—
Revive with like consoling grace.

HYMN CXXVI.

(L. M.)

What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and
whence came they?—REV. vii. 13.

THAT glorious host who gird the throne—
That hymning band of spirits bright,
Whose raiment, in Christ's blood alone
Wash'd from all stain, shines pure and white—

O who are they?—The humble race
That bore on earth their Saviour's name;
Brav'd for His sake a world's disgrace,
And gloried in their Master's shame.

Whence did those radiant strangers come?
From storms of persecuting ire—
From dungeon glooms, from martyrdom,
The stake—the wheel—the cross—the fire.

And what is that loud hymn they sing?
Their praises to the Lamb belong:
Lord! nerve our faith, and speed its wing,
That we may join them in the song!

HYMN CXXVII.

(I. M.)

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over
one sinner that repenteth.—LUKE xv. 10.

THE Angels feel a deeper joy,
And new-fram'd hymns their lips employ,
When they the contrite sinner see
Releas'd from guilt's captivity.

Well do their happy songs approve
Each triumph of a Saviour's love ;
Well do they hail the glorious hour,
That speaks His soul-transforming pow'r.

Amongst those spirits pure and bright,
Who worship in the golden light,
Are there not some we *knew* ?—who died
And rose to glory from our side ?

And *now*, whilst such our lives survey,
Can we from Jesu's footsteps stray,
And make the hope they cherish vain,
That they who lov'd shall meet again ?

HYMN CXXVIII.

FUNERAL. (P. M.)

Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.
REV. xiv. 13.

THE bell tolls deep and slow,
Another soul hath fled ;
A voice from heav'n
The charge has giv'n,
“ Write, Blessed are the dead.”

Yea, such as in the LORD
With joyful hope have sped,
Their faith in none
Save Christ alone :—
“ Write, Blessed are the dead.”

E'en so the Spirit saith
 For, on their mortal bed,
 In deep repose
 Their labours close,
 " Write, Blessed are the dead."

Where Jesus reigns on high,
 And tears are never shed,
 In joy they dwell,
 Unspeakable :
 " Write, Blessed are the dead."

HYMN CXXIX.

MORNING HYMN. (L. M.)

I laid me down and slept ; I awaked ; for the Lord sus-
tained me.—PSALM iii. 5.

THE bursting day !—the bursting day !
The darkness of the night is fled :
Arise, my soul ! thine homage pay,
And let the LORD be worshipped.

The wing of God !—the wing of God,
Again hath overshadow'd me ;
And I, while foes around me trod,
Have slept, from fear and peril free.

The grateful vow !—the grateful vow
Upon my heart, blest Spirit ! write,
That I by *day* my thanks may show
To Him, whose love protects by *night*.

Thy glorious name !—Thy glorious name,
In hymns of praise I'll sing aloud ;
Who art, O LORD ! to me the same,
Or in the sunshine, or the cloud !

HYMN CXXX.

(P. M.)

God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our
Lord Jesus Christ.—GAL. vi. 14.

THE Cross alone!—the Cross alone!
Is all my hope and glory;
And fearlessly, deterr'd by none,
I'll spread its wondrous story.

Yet, not because a Martyr's blood
A Martyr's cause attested—
Nor that from foes the Son of God
A true confession wrested;

But, in the Cross my soul describes,
With holy exultation,
For all its sins a sacrifice—
From all its woes salvation.

And in the Cross enrapt I see
God's holiness defended,
His justice in severity
With boundless mercy blended.

HYMN CXXXI.

(P. M.)

Peace through the blood of His cross.—COLLOSS. 1. 20.

THE Cross—passing worth
 All praise that is giv'n,
 Its foot in the earth,
 Its top pointing heav'n—
 With two arms extending,
 (The symbol of grace,)
 From pains never ending
 Would save a lost race.

The Lord hanging there,
 With thieves at His side,
 Unanswer'd in pray'r,
 In agony died ;
 The wreath of thorns crowning—
 The pierc'd by the foe—
 The world around frowning—
 Hell scoffing below.

"Twas sorrow to view
So gloomy a sight ;
Yet out of it grew
The Christian's delight.
The blood of the Martyr
Brought sin's glad release,
And seal'd our great charter
Of freedom and peace.

Yes ! yes ! on the Cross
Christ died to obtain,
Amidst our deep loss,
The soul's richest gain.
And thus, ev'ry nation,
Oppress'd by the rod,
May find restoration
To truth and to God.

HYMN CXXXII.

(C. M.)

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of
 death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me.—
 PSALM xxiii. 4.

THE dark, dark grave before me lies,
 The darker gulf beyond,
 The pains of death, hell's agonies—
 Yet do I not despond,

And why?—because my hope, O LORD,
 Is fix'd alone on Thee,
 And ev'ry promise of Thy word
 Is stamp'd with verity.

And why?—because, O Christ! I cling
 To Thy redeeming pow'r;
 And know that Thou canst comfort bring
 In sorrow's gloomiest hour.

And why?—because, O Spirit! Thou
 Wilt guide the meek aright—
 Sustain the feeble, raise the low,
 And fill the blind with light.

HYMN CXXXIII.

(L. M.)

He being dead yet speaketh.—HEB. xi. 4.

THE dead are preachers—from the tomb
Is heard a deep and solemn voice ;
It tells us of the sinner's doom,
It advocates the Christian's choice.

The dead are preachers—Jesu ! give
To their appeal Thy Spirit's pow'r,
That, living, we may truly live,
And die not in a dying hour.

The dead are preachers—soon must I
Receive the shaft within my breast ;
Upon a bed of darkness lie,
In troubled sleep or peaceful rest.

The dead are preachers—may we leave
Behind us all those tokens bright
Which bid survivors cease to grieve,
And follow in our path of light.

HYMN CXXXIV.

(1 M.)

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.—Psl cxxvi. 5.

THE dew which trembles on the grass, .
 And quickly disappears,
 That needs will come, and needs will pass,
 Is like a Christian's tears.

Each gospel-promise beams with light
 Upon the soul it cheers—
 A star of peace divinely bright,
 To dry a Christian's tears.

O Lord, to us Thyself unfold,
 That so, amidst our fears,
 We may Thy glorious face behold,
 Nor shed a Christian's tears.

And hasten Thou the happy time,
 Faith strength'ning with our years,
 When we shall reach that blissful clime
 Where fall no Christian's tears.

HYMN CXXXV.

SUNDAY EVENING. (L. M.)

The lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

PSALM cxli. 2.

THE day is past, the Sabbath-day,
 And we have been to praise and pray;
 To hear God's holy word, and meet
 His blessing at the mercy-seat.

To raise our thoughts, our hearts to move,
 The Heralds of redeeming love
 Again have utter'd, rich as free,
 A Saviour's message—"Come to me."

"O come to me! nor sink beneath
 "The curse of sin—the fears of death;
 "The Law's denouncing thunders cease,
 "The Gospel breathes of hope and peace."

Thy grace, O holy Spirit! give,
 That in our souls this call may live,
 And guide, through Christ, the living way,
 To one eternal Sabbath-day.

HYMN CXXXVI.

ASCENSION. (L. M.)

And he took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him.
2 KINGS ii. 14.

THE fiery steeds and flaming car
Stood waiting on the azure road,
To take the blest Elijah far
To Him who call'd, Elijah's God ;—

And in his brother-prophet's view,
As now a heav'nward course he bore,
How deep the joy Elisha knew,
To catch the sacred vest he wore !

Ascended Saviour ! so may we
Receive Thy white and shining dress,
Be cloth'd in all Thy purity,
The garment of Thy righteousness :

And thus, by Thee presented, stand
Within our gracious Father's sight,
The heirs to an immortal land
Of love, and peace, and joy, and light !

HYMN CXXXVII.

(L. M.)

O, save me for Thy mercies' sake.—PSALM vi. 4.

THE fleshly strong, the fleshly wise,
 So free my cause to undertake,
 But mock my soul with flatt'ring lies :—
 LORD ! “ save me for Thy mercies' sake.”

With all for which I hope and pray,
 With my immortal peace at stake,
 Thy love reveal, Thy pow'r display :—
 LORD ! “ save me for Thy mercies' sake.”

Those precious promises make good,
 Which comfort to our Fathers spake,
 In Jesu's name, by Jesu's blood :
 LORD ! “ save me for Thy mercies' sake.”

When Jordan's roar is in mine ears,
 And guilty souls with terror quake,
 Confirm my faith, dispel my fears :—
 LORD ! “ save me for Thy mercies' sake.”

HYMN CXXXVIII.

(L. M.)

The habitation of Thy house, and the place where
Thine honour dwelleth.—PSALM xxvi. 8.

THE LORD is in His temple here,
His presence fills this sacred place ;
With holy awe, my soul, draw near,
Confess thy sins, and sue for grace.

THE LORD is in His temple here,
The LORD with merciful intent
To watch the penitential tear,
To mark the knees devoutly bent.

THE LORD is in His temple here,
He leaves His glorious throne above,
Among His children to appear,
With tokens of a Father's love.

THE LORD is in His temple here,
Through Jesu's merits to set free
From grief and trouble, doubt and fear—
Extend this mercy, LORD, to me !

HYMN CXXXIX.

(P. M.)

We have seen His star in the east, and are come to
worship Him.—MATT. ii. 2.

THE LORD sent forth a herald-star
To point the spot where Jesus lay
And coming from the east afar,
The Magi precious gifts display ;
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh, they bring,
And bowing hail the new-born King.

Prostrate before His feet they fall,
God's glorious Son, in mercy giv'n,
'To open up a way for all,
Of truth and freedom, peace and heav'n;
A wiser, mightier One than He,
Whom Sheba's queen came far to see.

Though as a tender infant there,
He on His manger-bed appears,
The child of human hope and care,
Of strength and weakness, smiles and tears ;
Scarce is the stable's threshold trod,
Ere faith discerns the hidden God.

Lord ! by Thy gracious Spirit led,
(The only star in error's night,)
O guide me to that lowly shed,
O put each gloomy doubt to flight,
O bring me near, that I may prove
The joy of Thy incarnate love.

HYMN CXL.

(TENS.)

I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. *ISA. lxiii. 1.*

"THE mighty to save,"—how great is the claim!
Thus making appeal, O Lord, in Thy Name,
What blessings unfold to kindle and raise
Our homage of love, our tribute of praise!

"The mighty to save,"—the mighty alone,
For none but Thyself for sin could atone;
No prophet, nor priest, nor angel above,
The ransom might pay which God would approve

"The mighty to save,"—whose masterful word
Made devils confess with trembling their Lord
Beneath whose dread arm submissively fell
Our merciless foes, Death, Satan, and Hell.

"The mighty to save,"—yet couldst Thou not be
More mighty, O Christ, than willing and free;
For all seeking Thee, unfailingly share
The help of Thy strength, the joy of Thy care.

HYMN CXLI.

MORNING HYMN. (P. M.)

In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee.

PSALM V. 3.

THE perils of the night are o'er,
 The hours of darkness fled away,
 And in Thy presence, LORD ! once more
 We meet the early beams of day,
 To bless Thy love, Thy guidance pray.

The Tempter will again renew
 His arts to lead our souls from Thee,
 And spread before our dazzled view
 The glories of the world—Oh ! be
 Our inward strength to make him flee !

As pilgrims to a better place,
 In danger let Thy staff be near ;
As runners in a glorious race,
 Still brighter may the crown appear,
 Our faith to fix, our hope to cheer.

Thus, by Thy gracious presence blest,
 And through our Saviour's martyrdom,
When next we lay us down to rest,
 Let gladness o'er our spirits come,
 'To think that we are nearer *home* !

HYMN CXLII.

(C. M.)

When I bring a cloud over the earth, the bow shall be
seen in the cloud, and I will remember my covenant
GENESIS ix. 14. 15.

THE radiant bow which cheers the sky,
When this, O LORD, I see,
A glorious token meets mine eye
Of grace in misery.

It is a pledge, till time shall cease,
That Thou wilt bear in mind,
That blessed covenant of peace,
Once made with human-kind.

In all the blazonry of light,
Its banner streams above,
To show in letters heav'nly bright,
The name Thou bearest—Love !

Yes, Thou art Love ; and all who seek
In faith Thy heav'nly grace,
Shall of a Father's glories speak
Which beam around Thy face.

HYMN CXLIII.

SUNDAY MORNING. (P. M.)

I will come into Thy house in the multitude of Thy
mercy.—PSALM v. 7.

THE Sabbath-morn again is beaming,
The brightest morn of all the week ;
Thy temple, LORD, in light is streaming,
Where we a Saviour's presence seek ;

A Saviour who, with strength victorious,
Cast wide the bonds of death and hell,
And now to mansions great and glorious
Stands pointing, where His saints shall dwell.

He died for us, for us ascended,
That we to meet Him might arise,
When He, by angel-hosts attended,
Shall lead His ransom'd up the skies.

O Lord, Thy Spirit's grace outpouring,
May all our sabbaths purer be,
Until we keep, Thy love adoring,
The sabbath of eternity.

HYMN CXLIV.

FUNERAL. (I. M.)

As for man, his days are as grass : as the flower of the field, so he flourisheth.—PSALM ciii. 15.

THE sad and solemn bell of death
 Again tolls heavily and slow :
 Stopp'd is another mortal's breath,
 Another mortal's head is low.

The grave is made his narrow bed,
 And there in transient sleep he lies,
 Until that awful book be read,
 Charg'd with his future destinies.

No more the Gospel's voice he hears,
 His little day of grace is gone,
 Whate'er his former hopes or fears,
 These now are seal'd—his work is done.

As is our brother, so must all
 Be tenants of the silent tomb ;
 My soul ! now heed thy Saviour's call,
 That thou mayst reach thy Saviour's home.

HYMN CXLV.

(L. M.)

Each one had six wings; with twain he cover'd his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly; and one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy.—ISAIAH vi. 2. 3.

THE Seraphim and Cherubim

Around Thy footstool prostrate fall,
Pour forth the high and mighty hymn,
And hail Thee, JESUS, all in all!

O Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!

Great are Thy majesty and fame;
All saints Thy glorious deeds record,
And Satan trembles at Thy name!

O Holy! Holy! Holy God!

Before whose pure and searching sight,
The brightest that the earth e'er trod,
Or rang'd the heav'ns, were dark as night.

O Holy! Holy! Holy THREE!

THREE Persons, Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious, blessed Deity!
Distinct, and yet in essence ONE!

HYMN CXLVI

(L. M.)

I have found a ransom.—JOB xxxiii. 24

THE sinner on the altar lies,
 Bound with the cords of sacrifice ;
 Avail not now his bitter cries,
 He breathes in vain his anguish'd pray'r !

The law hath made its stern demand ;
 Behold insulted Justice stand,
 The blade is in the lifted hand,
 'To fall in wrath—no hope is there !

Breaks from the sky a voice of love,
 “ Forbear, forbear ! the cords remove ;
 “ Let yonder lamb the victim prove,
 “ And satisfy the righteous claim.”

And Jesus was that Lamb of God,
 Who in the place of sinners stood ;
 To save, redeem them, with His blood :
 —My soul, adore His glorious name !

HYMN CXLVII.

(L. M.)

He bow'd His head, and gave up the ghost. JOHN XIX. 30.

THE solemn day again appears,
And to Thy Temple, LORD, we come,
To swell the dirge, and shed our tears
O'er Jesus in His martyrdom.

Before us stands the cursed tree
On which the Friend of sinners dies,
While earth and heav'n unpitying see
The Just amidst His agonies.

For us that face is marr'd and pale,
That brow with thorns in mock'ry bound.
Quivers the flesh beneath the nail,
And leaves the spear its gaping wound.

For us His precious blood is shed,
To save our souls from endless woe:—
LORD, to that open fountain led,
May we its cleansing virtues know!

HYMN CXLVIII.

(P. M.)

The Lord is risen indeed.—LUKE xxiv. 34.

THE stone that was seal'd is roll'd away,
 And the watchers are fled in wild dismay;
 The door is burst of His rocky pris'n;
 "Come see the place, for the Lord is ris'n!"

The mighty victor himself hath met
 A mightier arm to conquer yet;
 The grappling of Death was an idle strife,
 For he wrestled—with whom?—the Lord of life.

O, sure was His word of prophecy,
 And now He goes up with a shout on high;
 And the heav'ns resound with a new-made song,
 "To Jesus the Lamb all praises belong."

May deep in my heart this truth remain,
 For *me* hath He died and lives again;
 That, dead to sin, my spirit might rise,
 To dwell with Him, in the cloudless skies!

HYMN CXLIX.

(L. M.)

It is well.—2 KINGS iv. 26.

THE strife is sore for flesh and sense,
 When Friends, of whom we fondly tell,
 By God's bereaving providence,
 Are taken home, to say—" 'Tis well !"

The strife is sore, when, sinking low,
 The pros'prous with the needy dwell,
 Amidst the sudden care and woe
 To kiss the rod, and say—" 'Tis well !"

The strife is sore, when Jesus hides
 His face in cloud inscrutable,
 While still that dark'ning cloud abides,
 To bow the head, and say—" 'Tis well !"

Yet, LORD ! whate'er the struggle be,
 Chastis'd by heav'n or vex'd by hell,
 It recks not, if a voice from 'Thee
 Exclaim within my soul—" 'Tis well !"

HYMN CL.

(L. M.)

The time is short —1 CORIN. vii. 29.

“THE time is short”—O LORD, impress
 This solemn notice on the heart;
 That we from evil may depart,
 And follow truth and holiness.

“The time is short”—our years are few,
 Should we their utmost measure fill;
 But, ah! the course contracting still,
 What countless perils lurk from view!—

“The time is short”—the hour is nigh,
 Of darkness and the silent tomb;
 And in its blight or in its bloom,
 As falls the tree so must it lie.

“The time is short”—ere we shall wake
 At the last trump, our doom to hear:
 O LORD, in mercy then be near,
 Our hope, our stay, for Jesus' sake!

HYMN CLI.

(C. M.)

Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.—1 SAM. iii. 9.

THE voice that call'd o'er Samuel's bed
A fourth time met his ears,
When he with prompt compliance said,
"Speak, LORD ! Thy servant hears."

So in Thy Temple's shade as now
Thy Word its message bears,
May we in pray'r and meekness bow—
"Speak, LORD ! Thy servant hears."

When those we love are snatch'd away,
Resign'd amidst our tears,
Help Thou, our troubled hearts to say,
"Speak, LORD ! Thy servant hears."

Whate'er we suffer or enjoy,
As best to Thee appears,
Still let the words our lips employ,
"Speak, LORD ! Thy servant hears."

HYMN CLII.

(P. M.)

The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.

1 CORIN. XV. 52.

THE trump of God sends forth its sound,
 The powers of heav'n are shaken ;
 The conscious earth gapes wide around,
 The slumb'ring dead awaken ;
 The LORD, in majesty and might,
 Amid His hosts of angels bright,
 His judgment-seat hath taken.

On high the awful book is spread,
 Each former work revealing ;
 The balance struck—the sentence read,
 The sentence past repealing ;
 In vain *his* pray'r, who once withstood
 The Spirit's pow'r, the Saviour's blood,
 His pray'r for mercy kneeling.

And is the King who now appears
In all His fearful glory,
That man of scorn, of stripes, of tears,
The victim pale and gory
Of mortal hate? can this be He,
Arm'd with the law's severity,
Who spread redemption's story?

Lord Jesus! of Thy proffer'd grace
Make me a glad receiver;
That, when the terrors of Thy face
Strike dumb each unbeliever,
The trumpet's sound may only prove
The welcome summons of Thy love,
To dwell with Thee for ever!

HYMN CLIII.

FIRST SUNDAY IN THE NEW YEAR. (L. M.)

The day is at hand : let us therefore cast off the works
of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.
—ROM. xiii. 12.

THE unseen hand hath struck once more
A sound from time's awak'ning bell :
LORD ! may I on the warning dwell,
Thy mercy seek—my sins deplore.

If it has been my lot to see
Borne to the grave the newly dead ;
Ere yet the present year hath fled,
Some mourning friends may follow me.

And where shall dwell my living soul ?
Within which world ? of bliss or pain ?
O LORD ! to holy things constrain—
O LORD ! my froward thoughts control.

Assist me with Thy heav'nly grace
To keep the vows I now renew—
Make me to Jesu's service true,
And guide me to His resting-place !

HYMN CLIV.

SABBATH MORNING. (C. M.)

Prove your own selves.—2 CORIN. xiii. 5.

THE week that came with rapid pace,
 With rapid pace is gone,
 Since last in this, God's holy place,
 We worshipp'd at his throne :

When we were told that Jesu's love
 Redeems from sin and woe ;
 And how, through faith, our souls may prove
 The joys which angels know :

And as each gracious truth we heard,
 Have we in heart obey'd ?
 God's pleasure to our own preferr'd,
 God's will our guidance made ?

Thrice blessed Spirit ! grant us pow'r
 Each Sabbath to become
 More meet for death's uncertain hour,
 And for our heav'nly home !

HYMN CLV.

(L. M.)

There shall be a fountain opened—for sin and for uncleanness.—ZECH. xiii. 1.

THE world hath held me long and fast,
But Thou hast conquer'd, Lord, at last ;
The Spirit's light the cheat hath shown,
And I am come to Christ alone—

To Christ alone with faith and pray'r,
That I His pard'ning love may share,
And prove, what yet I ne'er could find,
The balm which heals a wounded mind.

Full oft I've heard Thy servants say,
Thou canst not turn Thy face away
From one poor trembling penitent
Before Thy throne devoutly bent ;

Such, Lord, am I—and oh ! forgive
The sins that in my conscience live ;
Yea, wash me in the fountain-flood
Which ever flows in Jesu's blood.

HYMN CLVI.

(L. M.)

Deliver us from evil.—MATTHEW vi. 13.

The world is with us, still enchains
 Our spirits through each passing day ;
 To all its follies, cares, and pains,
 We yield ourselves a willing prey.

The Gospel-page before us lies,
 While yet the thoughts stray wide apart ;
 The letters only meet our eyes,
 Another image fills our heart.

The world is with us, even where
 We worship, in Thy temple, LORD !
 Turning to sin the utter'd pray'r,
 Choking with tares the preached word.

But, oh ! dissolve the charm which binds,
 From worldly bondage set us free ;
 And, Jesu ! let our hearts and minds
 Be fix'd alone on heav'n and Thee.

HYMN CLVII.

(P. M.)

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the
weary be at rest.—JOB. iii. 17.

THERE is a bed of rest,
All open to the sky,
Where pilgrim-saints, by care opprest,
In gentle slumber lie,
Without a tear or sigh.

There is an angel-voice
To greet them as they wake ;
“ Ye servants of the LORD, rejoice,
“ The crown of promise take—
“ ’Tis yours, for Jesu’s sake.”

There is a world above,
Where parted souls unite
In purity, and truth, and love ;
Whence summer knows no flight—
Whose day ne'er ends in night.

There is a pow'r to guide
O'er this dark wilderness,
To Canaan's plains through Jordan's tide :
In all our deep distress,
Great Spirit! lead and bless!

HYMN CLVIII.

(P. M.)

There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying;
neither shall there be anymore pain.--REV. xxi. 4.

There is a far land where Christ's faithful band,
The humble and holy in heart shall abide;
Whose skies are all light, whose bow'rs have no blight,
Nor tempests e'er threaten nor waters divide.

No sickness is there, no sorrow or care,
But tears from all faces God's hand wipes away:
While knowledge & peace with years shall increase,
And love ne'er shall wither nor beauty decay.

There kindred-ones greet, and mothers shall meet
The infants they watch'd—to resign with a sigh,
And round us shall press, in their white shining dress,
The past into glory—of ages gone by.

O LORD! in Thy grace turn thither my face,
Where Jesu's free summons invites me to come,
Until evermore that love I adore,
Which guides with its counsel to welcome me home.

HYMN CLIX.

(L. M.)

Thou wilt show me the path of life.—PSALM xvi. 11.

THERE is a hill of height sublime,
 And up that hill a narrow way,
 And in that way the few who climb
 Are those who weep, and watch, and pray

It is a hill by Zion crown'd,
 The city of the living God,
 Where spirits pure the throne surround,
 Redeem'd from sin by Jesu's blood.

It is a way which all of old,
 Kings, prophets, martyrs, priests, have gone ;
 They struggled hard, but struggling told
 The path to peace and heaven is one.

Thou, Jesus, art the living way :
 The common way for us and them ;
 O guide our steps until the day
 We reach the new Jerusalem.

HYMN CLX.

(C. M.)

All are yours, and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's
 I CORIN. iii. 22.

THERE is a fountain, full and pure,
 For ev'ry thirsty soul—
 There is a balsam that can cure
 And make the bruised whole.

There is a rock, though billows foam,
 On which the wreck'd may hold—
 There are, for those who widely roam,
 A Shepherd and a fold.

That precious balm, and living fount,
 That rock and fold to prove,
 Let faith draw near the sacred mount
 Of Jesu's dying love.

O Lord, my pray'r in mercy heed,
 And aid with strength divine,
 That I, while conscious of my need,
 May make these blessings mine.

HYMN CLXI.

(P. M.)

The Lord is thy keeper.—PSALM cxxi. 5.

THERE is an eye—a sleepless eye—
 That watches on through day and night ;
 Which still pursues, though mortals fly
 To shades of deepest secrecy,
 And keeps the wand'rer's foot in sight.

THERE is an ear—a list'ning ear—
 Which ne'er is shut or turn'd away ;
 But, while we hope or while we fear,
 Is ever anxious, ever near,
 Regardful of each word we say.

There is a hand—a pow'rful hand—
Which fills the guilty soul with dread;
The same that smote Hell's rebel-band,
That crush'd the foe who dar'd withstand,
And bound him on his burning bed.

That eye—in mercy melts o'er me,
That ear—receives my lowly pray'r,
That hand—shall my deliv'rance be;
For, LORD, these all belong to Thee,
And I am in Thy guardian-care.

HYMN CLXII.

(TENS.)

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.

PSALM xiv. 1.

"THERE is no God," the blasphemer hath said,
The fool, who is now on his dying bed,—
The scoffer who shrinks, with averted eye,
From the starless gloom of eternity.

A dreadful posture is this at the last,
When pray'r is all vain, and hope is all past—
An awful picture is this of the creed
Which mocks the soul in its bitterest need.

Yet sweet is it then our watchings to keep,
Where meekly the Saint lies down to his sleep,
Where terror is not, nor sorrow, nor pain,
But Faith sings her hymn, "To die is to gain."

Lord JESUS! may I, with watching and pray'r,
For the death of the just my soul prepare :
That so, when the journey of life shall cease,
My pillow may be a pillow of peace!

HYMN CLXIII.

(L.M.)

Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit, into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil.—MATTHEW iv. 1.

THERE is, who seeketh to devour
 The souls of men unweariedly ;
 And, holy Jesus ! had he pow'r
 To persecute and harass Thee ?

And shall Thy followers be less
 Expos'd to his malicious strife ?
 Was 'Thine to be the wilderness,
 And ours the paradise of life ?

Yet, ah ! whene'er the ghostly foe
 May dare with guileful arts assail,
 The succours of Thy grace bestow,
 That thus the weakest may prevail ;

That so by Thee made wise and strong,
 Renew'd in heart, confirm'd in will,
 We pass through ev'ry hostile throng,
 The conquerors, to conquer still.

HYMN CLXIV.

(S. M.)

The Lord looketh on the heart.—1 SAM xvi. 7.

THERE'S many a timid saint,
 To Jesus living near,
 Whose faith, by man deem'd dull and faint,
 To Him shines bright and clear.

Thus while the meteor's gleam
 Arrests the wond'ring eye,
 Stars that emit the palest beam
 Are highest in the sky.

To erring judgments prone,
 Grant, Lord, our lips may be
 More apt, whilst we *our* frailties own,
 To speak with charity.

Bless Thou each holier aim,
 And constant grace impart,
 That ever with a brother's name
 We bear a brother's heart.

HYMN CLXV.

CHRISTMAS. (P. M.)

A multitude of the heav'nly host praising God,
 LUKE ii. 13.

THERE'S music in the heav'n amid the stillness
 of the night,

While shepherds are abiding yet, to watch
 their fleecy care ;

The clouds are rolling rapidly, and in the
 bursting light,

To golden harps are carolling the angels
 bright and fair.

Oh! listen to the choral song, which hails a
 Saviour's birth,

That fills those humble watchers' hearts with
 wonder and with love,

" Good tidings of great joyfulness to all who
 dwell on earth,

" And glory in the highest be, to God en-
 thron'd above !"

The world that had been travailing so long in
pain and woe,
Hath heard amidst its guilty fears a voice
which soothes to rest;
And God the Father's gracious face, with
cloud obscur'd till now,
Shines through the image of His Son, the
blessing and the blest.

With the music of the angels be the music
my heart,
And let the shepherds' gratitude my ev'ry
power inflame ;
And in the anthems of the church, my soul,
bear thou thy part,
For all the mercies shown to thee in CHRIST's
redeeming name.

HYMN CLXVI.

(S. M.)

Oh, that I were as in months past !—JOB xxix. 2.

THERE was a time when I
 Delighted in the LORD ;
 Walk'd humbly, meekly, holily,
 And kept His sacred word.

Yes, I was glad to seek
 The temple where He dwells,
 And joy'd to hear the preacher speak
 Of mercy's miracles.

Then Jesu's dying love
 Took captive ev'ry sense ;
 And on me rested, like a dove,
 The Spirit's influence.

Remain, O LORD, no more
 With clouds about Thee cast ;
 But, oh ! my soul to peace restore,
 The peace of seasons past.

HYMN CLXVII.

(L. M.)

Being tempted, He is able to succour them that are
tempted.—HEB. ii. 18.

THINE was an awful contest, Lord !
A glorious triumph o'er the Foe ;
And still Thou hadst no earthly sword,
No mortal spear to lay him low.

For forty days and nights he strove
With ev'ry art the Fiend might ply ;
Yet could not all his malice move
Thy truth, nor shake Thy constancy.

At length the with'ring sentence came,
"Thou shalt not tempt the LORD thy God ;"
He heard, and shrank, with guilty shame,
Back to his own accurst abode.

O Lord ! when Satan dares assail
My soul's true peace, Thy succour lend :
For never shall his arts prevail
While Thou art near—the sinner's Friend !

HYMN CLXVIII.

(L. M.)

And ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price
 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

THOU art the Lamb of sacrifice—
 The spotless Lamb for sinners slain;
 Thy blood was the accepted price
 Of ransom from our bondage-chain.

We stood at hopeless strife with God,
 Expectants of the second death;
 But now, through Thee, the smiting rod,
 Like holy Aaron's, blossometh.

And we are foes no more, but friends,
 Whom, Jesus! thou didst reconcile:
 The Judge who frown'd, in mercy bends—
 Bends o'er us with a father's smile.

And, Lord, be now, through grace from heav'n,
 This truth within our hearts enwrought,
 That we, for whom Thy blood was giv'n,
 Are not our *own*, but *His*, who bought.

HYMN CLXIX.

(S. M.)

Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto
the lowly.—PSALM cxxxviii. 6.

THOU dwellest, LORD ! in *light*,
In thine own purity ;
But children of the darksome night,
Of sin and guilt, are we.

The source of *truth* art THOU,
Unchangeably the same ;
But error's curse is on our brow,
And folly brands our name.

Thou art a GOD of *peace*,
Great in Thy gentleness ;
But warring passions never cease
Our bosoms to distress.

Yet still, for Jesu's sake,
Dear must Thy people be ;
LORD ! daily through Thy Spirit make
Our souls more worthy Thee !

HYMN CLXX

(S. M.)

In whom we have redemption.—COLLOSS. i. 14.

THOU, Jesus! didst in mercy come,
 That we might have exemption
 From sin and sorrow's fearful doom,
 From hell's dread pains—redemption.

Within the shadow of the grave
 We sat in soul dejected;
 Convinc'd no strength from death could save
 But Thine—the long expected.

So watch'd that sick and friendless one,
 'The angel's form descending,
 When at Bethesda's water, none
 Came near, their succour lending;

And Lord! to Thee, whose mighty love
 Hath wrought the great salvation,
 Our lips with ceaseless hymns shall move,
 In joyful adoration.

HYMN CLXXI.

(L. M.)

He is our peace.—EPIH. ii. 14.

THOU, Jesus! art the Prince of peace;
 Thy voice controls the raging sea;
 The winds and waves their conflict cease,
 And all is deep tranquillity.

'Tis Thou canst rule the rebel will,
 And hush the storm within the breast;
 Whene'er Thou speakest, "Peace! be still,"
 The strife is o'er, the heart at rest.

Would nations, long by conflicts torn,
 To Thee alone for guidance look,
 The field of blood might smile with corn,
 The spear become the pruning-hook.

Departing, Thou Thy peace didst give
 To those who lov'd and follow'd Thee:
 This peace be ours, Lord! while we live,
 That dying, Thine our peace may be.

HYMN CLXXII.

ELEVENS. (P. M.)

The angel of His presence saved them ; in His love and
in His pity He redeemed them.—ISAIAH lxiii. 9.

THOU, Jesus ! didst quit Thy celestial abode,
The choir of the angels, the bosom of God,
To visit the weary and grief-burden'd soul,
To succour the helpless, the bruised to make whole.

Thou, Jesus ! in love and in mercy didst come,
To guide with Thy Spirit the prodigal home ;
The blind to recover, to loosen the bound,
And preach to the simple the Gospel's glad sound.

Thou, Jesus ! didst enter this woeful estate,
The marr'd by oppression, the victim of hate ;
To die as the Lamb of atonement for those
Who left Thee as friends, or pursu'd Thee as foes.

Thou, Jesus ! my Saviour, Prince, Counsellor, art ;
O keep me, and bind me still close to Thine heart,
Until, through Thy mercy, my triumphing lays
Shall blend in the skies with the Cherubim's praise.

HYMN CLXXIII.

(SEVENS.)

Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.—PSALM. cxix. 75.

Thou, whose great prerogative
Is to pity and forgive,
Yea, with bounteous love to grant
All Thy needy creatures want ;

Hear, while now our lips confess
Mournfully our guiltiness,
And for Jesu's sake alone
Be 'Thy pard'ning mercy shown.

Let Thy Spirit's grace within
Cleanse from ev'ry secret sin,
Make a temple in our breast
Worthy His abiding rest.

Give us strength to meet the day ;
Faith and patience thus to say,
As we kiss the chast'ning rod,
'Tis our Father strikes—our God.

HYMN CLXXIV.

(TENS & EIGHTS.)

By whom also we have access by faith, into this grace
 wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of
 God.—ROM. v. 2.

THOUGH feeble and few the praises may be,
 Which now to Thy temple we bring,
 Yet shall they not prove all worthless to Thee,
 * OUR Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

How wondrous Thy love—the skies bowing low,
 That Thou to poor mortals mightst bring
 Remission of sin, redemption from woe,
 Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King!

How wondrous Thy love—to fight the hard fight,
 And pluck out the enemy's sting;
 Upsoaring from hell to regions of light,
 Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King!

How wondrous Thy love—Thy Spirit to send,
 The Dove bearing down on its wing,
 Love, wisdom, and peace! Thy praise ne'er shall end
 Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King!

HYMN CLXXV.

(P. M.)

The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 CORIN. v. 14.

THOUGH Judgment will sometimes arrest,
 And Terror the sinner may move,
 Yet Mercy still conquers him best—
 The voice that subdues him is love.

The Law's dreadful penalties cease,
 Whose burden so galling did prove;
 The Gospel breathes tidings of peace—
 Its mission is pity and love.

And so over Jesu's bent head
 The Spirit appear'd as a Dove,
 To show that His course would be led
 In purity, meekness, and love.

And HE, the true Teacher from God,
 By grace and by tenderness strove;
 Appeal'd with His tears and His blood—
 A Saviour, who saves by His love.

HYMN CLXXVI.

(L. M.)

He hath torn, and He will heal us ; He hath smitten,
and He will bind us up.—HOSEA. vi. 1.

THO' Thou hast torn, Thou, LORD, canst heal ;
Tho' Thou hast smitten, Thou canst bind :
'These news of grace Thy words reveal,
That weary souls may comfort find.

'Tis true, the day hath not been told,
When Thou wilt answer all our cries ;
But, in our hearts the truth we hold,
That Thou art merciful as wise.

If discontent may dare complain,
And would some speedier change suggest
Faith makes her answer o'er again—
God's time is evermore the *best*.

LORD, teach us patience, grant us pow'r
To yield in meekness to Thy will ;
To prove, that, in affliction's hour,
Thou art our Friend and Father still.

HYMN CLXXVII.

(c. m.)

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—HEB. xiii.5.

THOUGH in the dark and stormy sea
 The mariner is toss'd,
 Yet if *one* star in heav'n there be,
 The ocean depths are cross'd.

Though in the sultry wilderness
 The weary wand'rer roam,
One fountain will suffice to bless,
One path will lead him home.

Thus in my soul's temptations, LORD !
 When all may fail beside,
 A *single* promise of Thy word
 Will comfort and will guide.

Affliction hath no hopeless gloom,
 Time hath no change I fear ;
 If but Thy still small voice may come,
 And whisper " I am near !"

HYMN CLXXVIII.

(SEVENS.)

The bright and morning star.—REV. xxii. 16.

THOUGH no princely pow'rs on earth,
 With magnificent array,
 Hail'd, O Christ, Thy wondrous birth,
 Heralded Thy glorious way ;

Still, as in Thyself divine,
 Fitter was the token giv'n,
 By that pure unearthly sign
 Of a new-made star in heav'n.

Fitter was it that a train
 Of the angels, bright and fair,
 Should pour forth their choral strain,
 Singing in the midnight air.

LoRD, when human troubles roll,
 That a weaker faith might move,
 As a star within my soul
 Shine in Thy incarnate love.

HYMN CLXXIX.

(L. M.)

At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow.—PHILIP. ii. 10.

THrice welcome be that promis'd day,
 When He, the glorious LORD, shall come,
 And from each wide and devious way
 Recall His ancient people home !

Thrice welcome be that promis'd day,
 When Sion's hallow'd mount, now trod
 By impious scoffers, shall display
 The banner of the Son of GOD !

Thrice welcome be that promis'd day,
 When Judah's harps on willows hung,
 Shall Jesu's sov'reign pow'r obey,
 And swell the hymn by Christians sung !

Thrice welcome be that promis'd day,
 When at Immanuel's feet shall fall
 Priests, nobles, kings—confess his sway,
 And crown Him Prince and LORD of all.

HYMN CLXXX.

(S. M.)

God also hath highly exalted Him.—PHILIP. ii. 9.

THRON'D high is Jesus now,
 Upon His heav'nly scat,
 The kingly crown is on His brow,
 Saints worship round His feet.

In shining white they stand,
 A great and countless throng;
 A palmy sceptre in each hand,
 On every lip a song.

They sing the LAMB of God,
 Once slain on earth for them;
 The LAMB, through whose atoning blood
 Each wears his diadem.

Thy grace, O Holy Ghost!
 Thy blessed help supply,
 That we may join that radiant host
 Triumphant in the sky.

HYMN CLXXXI.

(P. M.)

Who may abide the day of His coming?--MALACHI iii. 2.

THRON'D in light, proclaim'd by thunder,
 See the awful Judge appears,
 Rocks and mountains burst asunder,
 Fall from heav'n its shining spheres :
 Lo ! the Angel, lo ! the Angel,
 In his hand the sword uprears.

He hath sworn the oath appalling,
 Time itself shall be no more ;
 At the trumpet's solemn calling,
 Earth and sea their dead restore.
 'Tis the judgment ! 'tis the judgment !
 'Tis the dreadful judgment hour !

As the book of life is spreading,
 Oh ! the sinner's brow of gloom !
 Oh ! the sinner's cry while dreading
 Agonies and woes to come !
 God of mercy ! God of mercy !
 Save me from the sinner's doom.

See ! the white-rob'd train surrounding
 Jesus in the central sky—
 Harps and hymns His praises sounding,
 Far and wide the echoes fly :
 Glory, riches, wisdom, blessing,
 Be the Lamb's eternally !

HYMN CLXXXII.

(L. M.)

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.—PSALM xxiv. 7.

THRONG up, throng up, ye saints ! on high ;
 Ye seraphs, line the heav'nly road ;
 Spread out each radiant company
 To welcome home the conqu'ring God !

A triple crown adorns His brow,
 For He o'er death, and hell, and sin,
 Hath wrought a triple overthrow ;
 Lift up, ye gates, and let Him in !

Back to His glorious sky He's gone,
 Back to the holy Cherubim,
 To fill again His vacant throne,
 To hear a new and choral hymn !

Eternal wisdom, honour, fame,
 And majesty, and might, be giv'n
 To His, the great Redeemer's name,
 The Lamb on earth—the King in heav'n !

HYMN CLXXXIII.

(L. M.)

A bruised reed shall he not break : and the smoking
flax shall He not quench.—ISAIAH xlii. 3.

Thus prostrate at Thy throne again,
A helpless worm, great God, appears,
The heir of wretchedness and pain,
Conceived in sin, baptized in tears.

By guilt to righteous vengeance giv'n,
My suppliant hands are rais'd in pray'r ;
I look with streaming eyes to heav'n—
And ask if mercy dwelleth there?

How long shall clouds obscure Thy face,
Nor my unfruitful spirit prove
The dew-fall of refreshing grace,
The sunshine of reviving love ?

I hear a voice that meets my need ;
It comes from Jesus, to proclaim,
Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Thou wilt not quench the struggling flame.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

(L. M.)

The land of their pilgrimage.—Exodus vi. 4.

Thy course, my soul! is still at best
 A long and weary pilgrimage;
 Where Thou canst find no place of rest
 From dawning youth to closing age.

Full many a rock must needs oppose,
 And thorns and flints obstruct the way,
 And thou art watch'd by ambush'd foes,
 Who lurk around by night and day.

Thou art but *one*, a *host* among—
 The simple, whom the world despise :
 Yet in thy weakness; God is strong—
 And in thy blindness, God is wise.

Press on then, O my soul! press on—
 Press boldly on with faith and pray'r :
 Till thou shalt reach the central throne,
 And meet a Saviour's welcome there.

HYMN CLXXXV.

(P. M.)

Our backslidings are many.—JEREMIAH xiv. 7.

THY mercy, LORD, unfold,
Thy pitying love display,
To one by sin made hard and bold,
Who long hath wander'd from Thy fold,
A dark and weary way ;

Yet eager once to seek
Thy chosen dwelling-place,
To hear Thy faithful servants speak
Of HIM, the pure, the wise, the meek,
Of Jesus and His grace :

But leaving Thee the guide
In that his past estate,
Gave up his soul to rebel-pride,
Thy cause disclaim'd, Thy faith belied,
And chang'd his love to hate :

See Lord ! he now appears
On lowly-bending knee,
To ask for mercy with his tears ;
And oh ! take back, in all his fears,
That erring child in—me !

HYMN CLXXXVI.

(P. M.)

And there was the hiding of His power.—HAB. iii. 4.

THY sceptre, JESUS, was a reed,
 Thy throne—a cross of wood,
 Thy robe—the purple, scorn decreed,
 Thy crown—a ring of blood,
 Thy homage—the dissembling knee,
 “All hail”—Thy hymn of mockery!

And yet Thou wast the mightiest King
 That e'er on earth had place;
 So knew the sun while shadowing
 Behind the clouds his face;
 And so the bursting grave, whose dead
 Thy glory through the city spread.

So felt the heathen while he stood

Beneath the cursed tree—

“ This truly was the Son of God ;”

And so that awful Three,

Man's vanquish'd foes, Sin, Death, and Hell

Struck by Thine arm invincible.

Yes! a triumphant King art Thou,

Of peace and righteousness;

As all Thy saints proclaim below,

Thy saints above confess:

With them, Thy wondrous deeds we own ;

With them, may we surround the throne !

HYMN CLXXXVII

SABBATH EVENING. (L. M.)

Other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit
 some an hundred-fold.—MATT. xiii. 8.

Thy temple-service, LORD, is done,
 But as this Sabbath-day departs,
 Grant that the seed of Christ Thy Son
 May take deep root within our hearts!

Within our hearts may take deep root,
 And thrive, as in congenial mould;
 Displaying in our lives its fruit,
 From thirty to a hundred-fold:

That others, LORD, the fruit who see,
 Through Thine assisting grace, begin
 To dedicate those hours to Thee,
 Which now are spent in care and sin!

So may we, each new Sabbath-eve,
 Still further on our course advance,
 Until through Christ our souls receive
 The crown of their inheritance.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

(L. M.)

Thy will be done.—**MATT. xxvi. 42.**

'Tis hard, when we are sick and poor,
 And they who lov'd us, love no more—
 When riches, friends, and health are gone,
 To say, "O LORD! Thy will be done."

'Tis hard, when they in death are laid
 O'er whom we watch'd, and wept, and pray'd,
 The parent—sister—wife, or son—
 To say, "O LORD! Thy will be done."

'Tis hard, when, in our soul's distress,
 All, all around is wilderness,
 And herb and quick'ning stream are none,
 To say, "O LORD! Thy will be done."

And yet, how light such sorrows be
 To **HIS**, in dark Gethsemane—
 Who drank the cup with stifled groan,
 And said, "O LORD! Thy will be done."

HYMN CLXXXIX.

(SEVENS.)

Where I am, there ye may be also.—JOHN 14. 3.

'Tis a sweet and pleasant thing,
 On Thy promise, LORD, to dwell ;
 And to stretch faith's folded wing
 For the clime unchangeable ;

Thus, upon His chrystal throne,
 Jesus in His pow'r to see,
 With effulgence all his own,
 Round the seat of majesty :

Thus to mix among the band
 Beauteous in their white array,
 Where celestial harpers stand,
 Harping on their harps for aye.

Thus to range the starry floor
 By immortal seraphs trod,
 And to worship and adore
 In the central court of God.

HYMN CXG.

(C. M.)

A just God and a Saviour.—ISAIAH xlv 21.

'Tis writ in characters of fire,
 It glares before mine eye,
 That sentence of Jehovah's ire—
 The soul which sins shall die.

This soul is mine—for I till now,
 From childhood's early breath,
 Have liv'd in sin, and trembling bow
 Before the curse of death.

'Tis writ in characters above
 The brightness sun-beams give,
 That message of Immanuel's love—
 The soul which trusts shall live.

This soul is mine—for, Lord, in Thee,
 A Saviour meets my sight,
 And faith and hope but wait to see
 The glory infinite.

HYMN CXCI.

INVITATION TO THE SACRAMENT. (L. M.)

I must by all means keep this feast.—Acts xviii. 21.

To-day a holy feast is spread ;
 Its emblems meet the Church's eye ;
 The sacred wine—the hallow'd bread ;
 And shall we, can we pass it by ?

Refuse to be our Saviour's guest ?
 " Reject our Saviour's voice, which saith,
 " Remember me"—His last request !
 Lord ! draw by love, and fill with faith.

Had we a table richly set,
 How great were our distress and pain,
 Should ev'ry generous call be met
 With fresh excuses, weak and vain !

We are not fit to come, we say.—
 Not fit? Why should we thus reply ?
 When *that* which keeps us *now* away
 Must make us *now* unfit to die !

HYMN CXCH.

(L. M.)

Praise our God, all ye his servants.—REV. XIX. 5.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Our adoration-song we raise,
 In concert with the angel-host,
 Whose tribute is eternal praise.

All hail ! mysterious THREE—who met
 In council ere the world began,
 The wondrous scheme arrang'd and set,
 To save from hell, apostate man !

All hail ! mysterious THREE—who gave
 The hidden energy, to bring
 The child of wrath, and Satan's slave,
 Before the throne,—a priest and king !

All hail ! mysterious THREE—who now
 In holy expectation wait,
 To crown each Zion-seeking brow
 With glories at the heav'nly gate !

HYMN CXCIH.

(S. M.)

Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the
day of salvation.—2 CORIN. vi. 2.

“ To-morrow I will meet
“ A gracious Saviour’s call,
“ To-morrow seek His mercy-seat,
“ And at His footstool fall.

“ To-morrow I will leave
“ The vicious and the gay.”
Oh ! do not thus thy soul deceive,
Begin the work *to-day*.

To-morrow, *if* it come,
And this no tongue can tell,
To-morrow may have seal’d thy doom
In woe unchangeable.

When mercy *can* be found,
Seek Christ, with aim sincere,
Now heed the Gospel’s blessed sound,
And call while He is near !

HYMN CXCIV.

(L. M.)

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefit
towards me?—PSALM cxvi. 12.

To Thee, O Lord, my soul would pay
New homage each returning day;
Thy name extol, Thy grace display,
And all Thy wondrous truth proclaim.

A wand'ring outcast here below,
Betray'd by friend, oppress'd by foe:
'Thy course was track'd with tears and woe,
'To end in agony and shame!

Yet why didst Thou in sorrow come,
Self-exil'd from Thy glorious home?
The Cross Thy bed of martyrdom—
Why didst Thou groan, and bleed, and die?

'Twas love for men—'twas love for *me*;
And shall not I devoted be
Through all my life, O Lord, to Thee,
And love and serve Thee faithfully?

HYMN CXCV.

(P. M.)

To whom shall we go?—JOHN vi. 68.

“To whom shall we go?” A voice from within
 Thus asks 'mid the woes and woundings of sin :
 What med'cine shall reach the heart's inmost core
 Its maladies heal, its soundness restore ?

“To whom shall we go ?” The greatest among
 The pompously wise and boastfully strong,
 But ransack their books, and labour in vain ;
 They change their advice, but move not the pain.

“To whom shall we go ?” when outward distress
 Hath left not a friend to comfort or bless ;
 When, Death's fatal shaft now striking most near,
 Without us is gloom, within us is fear.

“To whom shall we go ?” Lord JESUS, to Thee
 Whose love in our wants is bounteous as free ;
 Through whose precious name all blessing is giv'n,
 All peace upon earth—all glory in heav'n.

HYMN CXCVI.

CHRISTMAS. (P. M.)

He loved us, and sent His Son to be a propitiation
for our sins.—1 JOHN iv. 10.

'Twas wondrous grace indeed,
That God the Father mov'd,
When in our woful need
He sent His Son belov'd ;
He sent from heav'n His only Son,
For sin to suffer and atone.

Well might the angels sing,
Of that illustrious birth,
Which praise to God should bring,
And peace and love on earth :
And well from heart and lip may we
Repeat the gladsome melody.

To us, a Child is born ;
To us, a Son is giv'n ;
For us, this glorious morn
A Saviour comes from heav'n.
What praises shall His mercy tell ?
Our Prince of peace—Immanuel !

LORD ! grant us grace, that now
His presence we may greet,
With souls that meekly bow
In homage at His feet :
With faith and love in sweet accord,
And hope rejoicing in his word.

HYMN CXCVII.

(SEVENS.)

But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.—1 CORIN. vi. 11.

UNREPRESS'D, O LORD, to Thee
 Shall our grateful praises rise;
 Speaks the law condemningly?
 'Tis Thy faith which justifies.

Do we darkly, widely roam,
 And an exile's sorrow prove?
 We are met, and welcom'd home,
 By Thy free adopting love.

Do we, as we look within,
 Only deeper evils trace?
 There is pow'r to cleanse from sin
 In Thy sanctifying grace.

Shall our troubles still increase?
 Is from these no respite giv'n?
 Jesus! in Thy word is peace;
 Jesus! in Thy presence—heav'n.

HYMN CXCVIII.

(SEVENS.)

We are strangers before Thee, and sojourners, as were
all our fathers.—1 CHRON. xxix. 15.

UP the chequer'd hill of life,
Sometimes fast and sometimes slow,
Now in peace and now in strife,
Onwards still we mortals go.

Pilgrims are we, Zion-bound—
Zion, where, in cloudless light,
Jesus sits with glory crown'd,
Circled by His angels bright.

Toiling, LORD, the course along,
Whence the million turn aside,
Weak and weary, make us strong
Blind and erring, be our guide.

That upon the solemn day
When the slumb'ring dead arise,
We may wing our happy way
To a mansion in the skies.

HYMN CXIX.

(P. M.)

Happy is the man whom God correcteth.—JOB v. 17

UP ! weary soul, nor spurn
 The Gospel-message longer,
 To God the LORD return,
 Let hope and faith grow stronger ;
 Thy earnest pray'rs renew,
 His mercy will relieve thee,
 His promises are true,
 His oath can ne'er deceive thee.

The joy which once was known
 Is wisely interdicted,
 And soon thy lips shall own
 'Twas good to be afflicted ;
 Whatever is, is right,
 Where Self sustains denial ;
 They wear the raiment white
 Who pass the fiery trial.

HYMN CC.

FIRST SABBATH IN THE YEAR. (C. M.)

Give diligence to make your calling and election sure.

2 PETER i. 10.

UPON this first of sacred days
 That brings another year,
 Past sins to mourn, past love to praise,
 My soul, O LORD, draws near.

How many, death's relentless hand
 Hath stricken from their place,
 Yet I before Thy presence stand,
 A monument of grace !

Unconscious of the threat'ning doom
 As we sit now, sat they—
 And who, before the next year come,
 May not be call'd away ?

Up! up! my soul, and pray and watch,
 Thy talents well employ;
 That, when thy Master lifts the latch,
 The meeting may be joy.

HYMN CCI.

(L. M.)

And after the fire, a still small voice.—1 KINGS xix. 12.

UPON the mount which God assign'd,
 Whilst prostrate now Elijah fell,
 Pass'd by, the strong and sweeping wind,
 With fury irresistible :

A deep and subterraneous sound
 Portentous told the earthquake nigh,
 With throes convulsive shook the ground,
 Now heav'd and yawn'd appallingly.

Fierce struck the light'ning's arrowy flame,
 The rolling fire blaz'd all abroad,
 Yet not in storm nor earthquake came,
 Nor in the fire, the living God;

But in a voice subdu'd and low :
 A still small voice allaying fear,
 Like Jesus! thine, which bids us know
 A gracious Saviour still is near.

HYMN CCII.

(SEVENS.)

They shall mount up with wings as eagles.—ISAIAH xl.31.

UPWARDS did my spirit fly,
 On the wings of faith and pray'r,
 Till within the central sky,
 LORD, I reach'd Thy presence there ;

Till among the cherubim
 I in holy worship stood,
 Singing forth my happy hymn
 Of the pow'r of Jesu's blood.

But, as when fierce tempests blow,
 Struggles the poor bird in vain,
 Oft the clouds of care and woe
 Sank me to the world again.

LORD, my failing strength renew,
 Be Thy promis'd guidance giv'n,
 That I still the course pursue
 Leading to Thy throne in heav'n.

HYMN CCIII.

RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.—(P. M.)

The time to favour her, yea, the set time is come.

PSALM cii. 13.

WAKE ! Judah, wake !—stand free,
 Thy glorious conqu'ror see !
 The mighty word is spoken,
 Thy bondage chains are broken—
 Hosanna ! wake to liberty !

Rise ! Judah, rise !—display
 Thy beautiful array,
 From dungeon-glooms of sadness
 Walk forth in light and gladness—
 Hosanna ! 'tis Thy promis'd day !

Thy Captain waves His hand,
To Canaan's happy land,
To Silo's living fountain,
To Zion's holy mountain—
Hosanna! Jesus gives command!

A thousand voices cheer,
A thousand signs appear,
To point Thy coming glory,
A deathless crown hangs o'er thee—
Hosanna! Paradise is near!

HYMN CCIV.

(L. M.)

The things which are seen are temporal ; but the things
which are not seen are eternal.—2 COR. iv. 18.

WE look *around*—what meet we there
But tears and travail, grief and care ?
A shifting scene, whose changes show
That human guilt is human woe.

We look *behind*—oh ! what were we ?
The bound in sin's captivity,
The blind of eye, the deaf of ear,
The scar'd in heart, the wrack'd with fear.

We look *before*—but who shall climb
The rugged steep, the mount sublime,
On which the living temple stands,
Eternal, and not made with hands ?

We look *above*—and who are they
But spirits in their white array
Before the victor Lamb of God ?
—LORD ! wash us with Thy precious blood.

HYMN CCV.

(L. M.)

Looking unto Jesus.—HEB. xii. 2.

WE look to Jesus—who was He?
 The seal of ancient prophecy;
 Of whom the sainted Fathers told,
 Whom type and rite reveal'd of old.

We look to Jesus—who was He?
 A man, from sin's pollution free;
 The meek, the pure, the just, the wise,
 Unstain'd by human calumnies.

We look to Jesus—who was He?
 A teacher sent from God, to be
 A burning and a shining light,
 Through guilt's dread storm and terror's night.

We look to Jesus—who was He?
 The paschal Lamb once slain, that we
 By faith might stand absolv'd, forgiv'n,
 And walk on earth the way to heav'n.

HYMN CCVI.

(SEVENS.)

I will bring them again into their land.—JER. xvi. 15.

WEARY, wasted, woe-begone,
Seeking rest and finding none,
Judah ! long, like Cain, hast thou
Borne the curse upon thy brow ;

Borne upon thy brow the stain
Of the blood of prophets slain,
Of the blood of Calvary ;
—God's right hand hath branded thee.

He in fury mix'd the cup
Thou hast drunk with trembling up ;
But, His indignation past,
Mercy smiles on thee at last.

Judah ! hear Immanuel's word,
Priest and Prophet, King and Lord :
Hear His mighty heralds cry,
Thy redemption draweth nigh.

HYMN CCVII.

(L. M.)

Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me.—LUKE xxiii. 28.

WEEP not for me, the Saviour spake,
 Ye daughters of Jerusalem ;
 O weep not for my sorrows' sake,
 But for your children—weep for them.

And weep ye, for yourselves ; for, lo !
 The day is coming to decide
 The scoffer's doom, the rebel's woe
 Whom rock nor cave shall crush or hide.

O Holy Ghost ! my soul impress
 With yet a deeper sense of sin,
 And make for all its guiltiness,
 A broken, contrite heart within.

And bow me low at Jesu's feet,
 Bedew'd with my repenting tears ;
 Till there His pard'ning love I meet,
 Till there His smile dispels my fears.

HYMN CCVIII.

(L. M.)

Follow me.—MATTHEW iv. 19.

WE'LL follow Thee—yes, LORD, to Thee
Our pow'rs shall all devoted be,
Of tongue, of hand, of heart, and head,
Thy name to praise, Thy cause to spread.

We'll follow Thee—yes, Jesus, where
Thy feet once trod shall ours be there ;
Still cleaving to Thy righteous will,
Through joy or woe, through good or ill.

We'll follow Thee—yes, Saviour, Thou,
The sufferer with the wounded brow,
Art worthy of all sacrifice,
Though tears, blood, life, should be the price.

We'll follow Thee—yes, Prince of Peace,
When death shall give our souls release,
We'll follow—but with Thee to dwell
In blessedness unspeakable.

HYMN CCIX.

(P. M.)

Arise ye, and depart ; for this is not your rest.

MICAH ii. 10.

We'RE journeying to a place,
 Of which our fathers told us ;
 Send, LORD, Thy heav'nly grace,
 To succour and uphold us.

This is a weary land,
 Bleak, comfortless, and steril,
 A waste on either hand,
 A wilderness of peril.

To Zion's glorious height
 Our pilgrim feet are wending,
 Whose skies are ever bright,
 Whose day is never ending :

Where sainted men of yore,
 Their honours are possessing,
 And Christ is gone before,
 To welcome with His blessing.

HYMN CCX.

(L. M.)

Let us run with patience the race that is set before us.
 HEB. xii. 1,

WHAT! has my soul relaps'd again,
 Amidst the mercies shown to me,
 Return'd to hug the captive's chain,
 Whilst Jesu's mandate says—be free!

When, but of late, with Peter's zeal,
 I vow'd to meet my Master's call,
 Thus quickly am I doom'd to feel
 The shame and grief of Peter's fall?

While self is strong, how weak am I,
 How prone to walk the ways of sin,
 And lose by dire apostacy
 The crown which faith and truth might win.

O LORD, forgive; and send Thy grace,
 To strengthen, keep, restrain, and guide,
 And speed me on that glorious race,
 Where they lose *all*, who turn aside.

HYMN CCXI

(L. M.)

What shall separate us from the love of Christ ?

ROM. viii. 35.

WHAT pow'r shall separate my soul
 From Thee, O LORD ! its joy and life ?
 How weak and vain is man's control,
 How feeble Satan's envious strife !

Can chains confine the rushing wind ?
 May infant arms a mountain move ?
 As soon shall force uproot or bind
 The principle and strength of love.

Though sunken in the deepest gloom,
 Where light and hope scarce ever come ;
 Or be my portals to the tomb,
 The bursting flames of martyrdom—

No tribulation, no distress
 Sword, peril, plague, nor penury,
 Shall make me love my Saviour less,
 Or wrest my Saviour's love from me.

HYMN CCXII.

(L. M.)

We are but of yesterday, and know nothing.—JOB viii.9.

WHAT blind and feeble worms are we,
How small the space o'er which we see ;
How weak our highest pow'rs, to trace
The wonders of the world of grace !

As well the insect, while it crawls
Upon some goodly temple's walls,
Might grasp the plan, or understand
The wisdom of the builder's hand.

If light, O LORD ! is in my soul,
To see a *part* and not the *whole*,
For what Thou grantest I adore,
And pray that Thou wilt give me more ;

Until, by Jesu's dying love,
I reach those glorious realms above,
Where I shall know, as I am known,
Within the circle of the throne.

HYMN CEXIII.

(S. M.)

In the place where the tree falleth, there shall it be.

ECCLES. xi. 3.

WHAT'S death ?—a pilgrim's sleep—
 A cloud that hides the goal—
 A moving shadow in its sweep
 Across the living soul :

The soul—whose love or hate
 Of things that holy be
 Points like an index to a state
 Of bliss or misery : *

The soul—that onward still
 Pursues its chosen road,
 Approaching Zion's glorious hill,
 Or Satan's drear abode.

Be, LORD, to works divine
 My soul's best pow'rs addrest,
 Until through Christ the end is mine
 Of everlasting rest.

HYMN CCXIV.

(L. M.)

He will be our guide even unto death. --PSALM xlviii. 14.

WHAT threat'ning pow'r shall e'er divide
 The care of Jesus from my soul ?
 He turns Satanic wrath aside ;
 And Legion owns his high control.

Not present things, nor things to come,
 Can e'er His steadfast purpose move ;
 His eye once bent, will never roam ;
 His heart once fix'd, must ever love.

To mortal lips it is not giv'n,
 The wonders of His grace to tell—
 Hast Thou a wing to measure heav'n ?
 Hast Thou a line to fathom hell ?

Hence, hence, to your dark place again,
 Pow'rs, potentates, and princes all ;
 Whilst I am His, your rage is vain ;
 The friend of Jesus cannot fall.

HYMN CCXV.

(P. M.)

What shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?

MARK viii. 37.

WHAT shall a man take
 Instead of his soul,
 Whose peace is the stake,
 When years cease to roll ?
 All honours possessing,
 The world can bestow,
 All riches and blessing,
 Will these buy it?—No !

Could such e'er requite
 The loss he sustains,
 Repay with delight
 His sorrows and pains ?
 Is this the condition
 On which to resign
 The hope, whose fruition
 Is glory divine ?

What *does* a man prize
 Above his soul's worth?
 The pleasure that dies
 The hour of its birth,
 The pearl of the ocean,
 The bauble and toy,
 The trifler's emotion,
 The reveller's joy.

O what was the price
 Which Christ on it laid?
 His self-sacrifice,
 The blood that was paid—
 LORD ! grant me Thy Spirit
 Its value to see,
 And through Jesu's merit
 Exalt it to Thee.

HYMN CCXVI.

(L. M.)

Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better
than all the waters of Israel?—2 KINGS v. 12.

WHAT self-strong pride excites the heart,
God's holy counsels to oppose !
How promptly bid we Christ depart,
And court and trust His open foes!

Though suff'ring sorely from the ill
That preys upon the living soul,
How madly we reject the skill
Which can alone the bruis'd make whole

When we in Jordan's wave are told
To wash from Sin's deep leprosy,
How oft, like Naaman of old,
We point to some Abana nigh !

LORD ! with Thy heav'nly grace imbue,
Our trust from flesh and sense remove;
And, oh ! whate'er Thou bidd'st us do,
Be ours a glad consenting love!

HYMN CCXVII.

(P. M.)

He shall choose our inheritance for us.—PSALM xlvii. 4.

“ WHAT place, O Christian, say,
 “ Is that which you call Heaven ?”
 A clime of cloudless day,
 Whence sin and care are driven ;
 A land of love and peace,
 Where nought shall friends dis sever
 Where hymns of joy ne’er cease,
 And truth endures for ever.

“ WHO go, O Christian, say,
 “ To that bright country, Heaven ?”
 The few who watch and pray,
 Whom Jesus hath forgiven ;
 Who keep the path He trod,
 Upon His strength relying ;
 Who only live to God,
 The world and self denying.

HYMN CCXVIII.

CHRISTMAS. (C. M.)

Glory ye in His holy name.—1 CHRON. xvi. 10.

WHAT time the midnight gloom of fear
 This guilty world o'erhung,
 A host of seraphs hov'ring near,
 The choral anthem sung,

"Immortal praise and glory now
 "To God above be giv'n,
 "Good-will and peace to man below,
 "And joyous news from heav'n."

To-day proclaims Messiah's birth,
 Foretold, expected long !
 To-day awakes the conscious earth,
 From mourning into song.

The Christ is come, for us to bear
 The chast'ning of the rod,
 His love, redeeming from despair,
 To raise the soul to God.

HYMN CCKIX.

(F. M.)

Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my
heart.—JER. xv. 16.

WHAT glory crowns the page
By God's own Spirit giv'n!
In vain Satanic rage
To quench its light hath striv'n,
Truth declaring, promise bearing,
On earth revealing heav'n!

When, thinking of our sin,
We're wrack'd with torturing care;
While that small voice within
Its sentence will not spare,
Woes portending, never ending,
Where evil-spirits are—

Within that sacred book,
What joy is ours, to see
How Christ this body took,
From guilt our souls to free,
Life despising, agonizing,
Upon the fatal tree !

How, LORD ! shall we express
The debt to Thee we owe,
Who in our deep distress
Hast deign'd such grace to show ?
Praise ascending, never ending,
From all our lips shall flow.

HYMN CCXX.

(L. M.)

One pearl of great price.—MATTHEW xiii. 46.

WHAT means ignoble we employ,
 What months and years we sacrifice,
 To gain at best some childish toy,
 And miss the pearl of greatest price !

What pow'rs of mind and soul we bring
 To subtle doubts and questions nice,
 Nor seek true wisdom at its spring,
 Where lies the pearl of greatest price !

How easily can *self* persuade,
 That *self* to save us will suffice ;
 While mock'd and scorn'd is Jesu's aid,
 Who gives the pearl of greatest price !

O LORD ! our feeble faith increase,
 To see and shun each dark device ;
 And grant our souls Thy heav'nly peace,
 That pearl, indeed, of greatest price !

HYMN CCXXI.

(L. M.)

A name which is above every name.—PHIL. ii. 9.

WHAT wondrous names to Christ belong
 What joy to Christian-souls they bring !
 Each claims its own peculiar song,
 The Priest, the Prophet, Saviour, King :

The Priest—whose sacrificial blood
 Aton'd for evils not His own ;
 The Prophet—from the living God,
 To make eternal blessings known :

The Saviour—whose almighty hand
 Redeems from sin, and death, and hell ;
 The King—of whose supreme command,
 All angels, pow'rs, dominions tell.

Great Priest ! O sprinkle blood on me ;
 Great Prophet ! my weak faith assure ;
 Great Saviour ! from the curse set free ;
 Great King ! my high reward secure.

HYMN CCXXII.

(L. M.)

He that believeth on Him shall not be confounded.
1 PETER ii. 6.

WHAT dost thou lean on?—Sinner, say !
Is thine own strength thy staff and stay ?
Thy strength shall mock thine ev'ry need,
'Twill pierce thee like the broken reed.

What dost thou build on?—Sinner, speak !
Is thy foundation strong or weak ?
If laid on work of human hand,
'Twill cheat thee like the shifting sand.

What dost thou draw from?—Sinner, tell !
Thy wisdom is an empty well ;
Oh ! trust not man's philosophy,
'Twill like the empty cistern be.

What dost thou feed on?—Sinner, show !
'Tis ashes and not bread—now go,
To Jesus go!—the corner-stone,
The staff, the source, the bread alone.

HYMN CCXXIII.

(S. M.)

Worship God.—REV. xix. 10.

WHATE'ER, O LORD! the name
 That mortals give to Thee,
 Through time Thou always art the same
 And through eternity.

Though thick'ning clouds below
 May veil Thee from our sight,
 The hosts that in Thy presence bow,
 Blaze in perpetual light.

Unknown—unsearchable!
 Yet ever wilt Thou prove,
 To all whose faith on Thee shall dwell,
 A God of truth and love.

Great FATHER, mighty SON,
 Blest SPIRIT, pure as wise,
 The uncreated THREE in ONE '
 —Accept our sacrifice

HYMN CCXXIV.

(C. M.)

Keep yourselves from idols.—1 JOHN v. 21

WHATEVER be the idol's name,
 Thy light, O LORD! impart,
 That I may see, with grief and shame,
 The idol in my heart :

Or be it pow'r, or be it gold,
 Or be it house or land.
 Or wife or child, whate'er may hold
 The one supreme command.

And though the struggle be severe,
 LORD! aid me with Thy grace ;
 Let Dagon, when Thine ark is near,
 Fall prostrate on his face.

Eternal Spirit! ever nigh,
 With light and pow'r Thine own,
 In all our bosoms occupy
 An undivided throne.

HYMN CCXXV.

(L. M.)

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—PSALM cxix. 105.

WHEN man amidst our darkness plies
His evil arts and sophistries,
Where shall we find the truth?—O LORD,
Within the volume of Thy Word.

Brought low in trouble and distress,
When none approach to cheer and bless,
Where shall we comfort seek?—O LORD,
Within the volume of Thy Word.

When, in a twofold strife, our foes
The body and the soul oppose,
Where shall we peace obtain?—O LORD,
Within the volume of Thy Word

But neither truth, joy, peace is there,
Unless, in answer to our pray'r,
Thy self-applying Spirit, LORD,
Shine on the volume of Thy Word.

HYMN CCXXVI.

(S. M.)

Forsake me not when my strength faileth.

PSALM lxxi. 9.

WHEN ev'ry joy is fled,
 My wonted pleasures gone,
 And sinking on my lowly bed,
 My earthly work is done;

What shall I feel or think
 O'er that profound abyss,
 Eternity?—with terror shrink,
 Or smile in hope of bliss?

To learn how this shall be,
 To know my *future* lot,
 I must decide, if, LORD ! to Thee
 My heart is giv'n or not.

I must decide if I
 Make Christ the living way;
 Draw near the cross of Calvary—
 Repent—believe—obey.

HYMN CCXXVII.

(L. M.)

In 'he day when I cried, Thou answeredst me.

PSALM cxxxviii. 3.

WHEN only hatred, blessed LORD,
 Our hearts against Thy name did move,
 Came breathing forth Thy Gospel-word :
 'Thine, Jesus, was the voice of—love.

When all our strength was poor and vain,
 Within presumption's widest scope—
 (For still we dragg'd the bondage-chain)
 'Thine, Jesus, was the voice of—hope.

When fiercest burst the tempest's ire,
 Our guilty terrors to increase,
 Amidst the thunder and the fire,
 'Thine, Jesus, was the voice of—peace.

When those deceivers all had fled, [rife,
 Whose words with mocking schemes were
 And we in trespasses lay dead,
 'Thine. Jesus, was the voice of—life.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

(P. M.)

Thou rulest the raging of the sea ; when the waves
thereof arise, Thou stillest them.—PSALM lxxxix. 9.

WHEN the waves are beating high,
Of a dark and troubled sea,
And the arrowy lightnings fly
O'er our heads appallingly,
Blessed Jesus !
Thou our guardian Pilot be.

What Thy wondrous mercy wrought,
Deeply in our minds we keep,
When those mariners besought—
Waking Thee from tranquil sleep,
“ Master ! save us ;
Or we perish in the deep.”

Stretching forth Thy sov'reign hand
 While our gloomy fears increase,
 Only speak the one command,
 And the raging wind shall cease ;
 Ev'ry billow
 Own its God, and sink to peace.

We are weak, and Thou art strong ;
 We are simple, Thou art wise :
 LORD, Thy guardian-aid prolong,
 Till we reach those glorious skies
 Where shall never
 Darkness spread, nor storm arise.

HYMN CCXXIX.

(L. M.)

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.—1 COR. v. 7.

WHEN threaten'd by dread Sinai's law,
 No hope had I, no pardon saw;
 But deep and deeper in their roll,
 Its thunders aw'd my anguish'd soul.

Before me, with avenging rod,
 Appear'd the just and holy God,
 His sentence sounding in mine ear,
 The present grief, the future fear.

I sought, and strove in vain to save
 My soul from woe beyond the grave;
 The self-wise answer'd one and all,
 I trusted, and they mock'd my call.

At length I heard a gracious cry,
 "Behold! the Lamb of Calvary;"
 I look'd—and saw the crimson tide;
 And thus, through faith, stand justified.

HYMN CCXXX.

(C. M.)

The Lord remembered her.—1 SAM. 1. 19.

WHEN Hannah pray'd, no voice was there,
Her wishes to impart;
Her lips mov'd only, while the pray'r
Was hidden in the heart.

Yet He who sees the heart's intent,
Its hope though unexpressed,
The Angel of His presence sent
And met her still request.

Oh! thus when I, on suppliant knee,
Bend low before the throne,
As words, more words, are mockery,
My heart and words be one!

That Lord, whate'er the inward want,
Which fills me with distress,
Thy grace, a meet supply may grant,
Thy mercy deign to bless.

HYMN CCXXXI.

(P. M.)

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?—
HEB. i. 14.

WHEN our mortal days are ending,
Let us, Holy Father, see
Angel-forms our bed attending,
Sent to waft our souls to Thee ;
Sent to bear from pain and sadness
Up the pathway of the skies,
There to breathe our love and gladness
In celestial melodies :

Kindred waiting to receive us,
Whom on earth we lov'd so well;
Friends, who never more shall leave us
At the sound of sorrow's knell ;
Jesus (whose redeeming merit
Paid the mighty ransom down,)
Bidding us, for aye, inherit
Palm and robe and harp and crown !

HYMN CCXXXII.

(L. M.)

Narrow is the way.—MATTHEW vii. 14.

WHEN all around, O Lord, I see
 So many thousands darkling stray,
 The solemn truth comes home to me,
 Thine is indeed a narrow way.

All ancient saints confess'd the same ;
 What strugglings, tears, and woes had they !
 Through fierce oppressions, hatred, shame,
 They toil'd along the narrow way.

But still, whate'er the thwarting strife,
 Let Satan plot or man gainsay,
 Leads onwards to the gate of life
 An *open*, if a narrow, way.

O LORD, thy constant grace supply,
 That I repent, and watch, and pray,
 Till Thine own hands shall crown on high
 The pilgrim of the narrow way.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

(L. M.)

They shall walk with me in white.—REV. iii. 4.

WHEN doubt and fear have brought us low,
 This promise breathes a deep delight,
 That soon, remov'd from grief and woe,
 Thy saints shall walk with Thee in white.

Though passion oft has led astray
 And guilt's foul stain is black as night,
 There's blood to wash the spot away,
 That we may walk with Thee in white.

In Jesu's perfect righteousness,
 In Jesu's merits infinite,
 Enrob'd as with a shining dress,
 We thus would walk with Thee in white.

O hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
 When faith shall be absorb'd in sight,
 And in a bright and better clime
 We ever walk with Thee in white.

HYMN CCXXXIV.

(S. M.)

I will even make a way in the wilderness and rivers in
the desert—ISAIAH xliii. 19.

WHEN sleeplessly I lie
Through half the weary night,
And turn in vain an anxious eye
To meet the tardy light;

When all my actions then
Reflection ponders o'er,
And these, or done to God or men,
Condemn me more and more :

When, thus, in grief and shame,
I'm led by grace to see,
How oft Christ's holy cause and name,
I've wounded grievously ;

O hear me while I seek
My fetter'd soul's release,
And in Thy blood, Lord Jesu! speak
Of pardon and of peace.

HYMN CCXXXV.

(SEVENS.)

When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto
me.—MICAH vii. 8.

WHEN, oppress'd with grief and woe,
Feebly bows my suppliant knee ;
Cloud and storm above, below,—
Holy Spirit ! comfort me.

When my soul, by terrors bound,
Pants and struggles to get free,
And no help in man is found,—
Holy Spirit ! counsel me.

When the Tempter would persuade
From my hope in Christ to flee,
Ere my peace is all betray'd,—
Holy Spirit ! strengthen me.

When in life's last hour my soul
Shrinks, the gloomy way to see ;
Onward to a glorious goal,—
Holy Spirit ! prosper me.

HYMN CCXXXVI.

(L. M.)

We walk by faith, not by sight.—2 Cor. v. 7.

WHEN now the clouds of grief and care
Cast o'er the soul the shade of night,
'Tis sweet for Christians to declare,
“ We walk by faith, and not by sight.”

When God removes the friend He gave,
Takes from our home our home's delight,
'Tis sweet to say beside the grave,
“ We walk by faith, and not by sight.”

When trampled by Oppression's heel,
Or harass'd by unlawful Might,
'Tis sweet, like Paul, to know and feel,
“ We walk by faith, and not by sight.”

And, oh ! how sweet at death's dark hour,
When earthly hope hath taken flight,
To sing in Jesu's name and pow'r,
“ We walk by faith, and not by sight.”

HYMN CCXXXVII.

(L. M.)

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.
JOHN xiv. 27.

WHEN Jesus died, so poor was He,
And unpossess'd of worldly store,
He left this only legacy,
His peace—yet who could wish for more ?

His peace—who bless'd when man revil'd,
In meekness bow'd to fiercest pain ;
By whom the sinner reconcil'd
Lives in a Father's smile again :

His peace—on whom, all grace to shed,
Lighted the Dove which came from heav'n.
Whose soul the Angels comforted,
When most with pain and sorrow riv'n.

If THOU in wisdom, LORD, deny,
All gifts beside, and this bestow,
No kings were half so rich as I,
No worldling's praise like mine shall flow.

HYMN CCXXXVIII.

(P. M.)

Strive to enter in at the strait gate.—LUKE xiii. 24.

WHEN I review my life, O LORD,
In thought, and motive, deed, and word,
My knees before Thy judgment-sword
Bend low and tremblingly.

I shudder, as I read of old,
How men in sin less free and bold,
With plagues and sorrows manifold,
Were stricken grievously.

I shudder, hearing Jesus tell,
How broad the road that leads to hell,
How they who reach where angels dwell,
Must strive unweariedly.

I shudder, and yet still I pray,
That on my strait and narrow way,
The Spirit will His grace display,
And help me mightily !

HYMN CCXXXIX.

(L. M.)

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.
 Acts ii. 4.

WHEN first the Spirit left the Throne,
 He took the semblance of a Dove,
 A symbol chosen to make known
 His peace and purity and love.

When next at Pentecost He came,
 He stood confess'd to mortal sight
 Within the cloven tongue of flame,
 The type of freedom, guidance, light.

Vouchsafe, celestial Dove ! Thy peace,
 That we at perfect peace may be ;
 Within our hearts Thy love increase,
 Within our thoughts Thy purity.

O Light divine ! direct the feet,
 Which long in error's paths have trod ;
 Our prison'd souls with freedom greet,
 Convince of sin, and lead to God.

HYMN CCXL.

SACRAMENTAL. (L. M.)

This is my body—this is my blood.—MARK xiv. 22, 24.

WHEN coming to Thy table, Lord,
 We of Thy banquet would partake,
 A larger share of grace afford,
 And all our slumb'ring pow'rs awake.

Let penitence with lowlier knee,
 And deeper sigh, the past bemoan ;
 Let faith with stronger vision see,
 And hope its brightest triumph own.

And, Jesu ! Thou before us stand,
 To minister in all our need,
 Pour forth the wine with gracious hand,
 And with the bread Thy children feed.

And while they show—*that* broken bread,
 Thy body broken on the tree ;
That wine—Thy blood for sinners shed ;
 LORD ! help us to remember Thee !

HYMN CCXLI.

(L. M.)

I will sing unto the Lord because he hath dealt bountifully with me.—PSALM xiii. 6.

WHEN pass before our thoughtful view
The scenes, O LORD, of former days,
To mercies ever rich and new
Our hearts respond with grateful praise.

Though foes assail'd, Thy strength was near.
To turn their menac'd wrath aside ;
Thy voice, whilst we were pale with fear,
Controll'd the winds and calm'd the tide.

From sickness 'twas Thy grace restor'd,
Or sooth'd us when we stood bereav'd,
With plenty crown'd our cheerful board,
Upheld when human hope deceiv'd.

Thy goodness spread the Gospel-page,
Thy Spirit gave us light to see :
Our Father still—from youth to age,
Our Saviour—through eternity

HYMN CCXLII.

(P. M.)

All are yours ; and ye are Christ's.—1 Cor. iii. 22, 23.

WHEN, in the dark and cloudy day,
I wander from the fold away,
And vainly strive to find the track,
Which only leads the lost-one back—
Lord Jesus, Thou my Shepherd be !

When enemies conspire around,
My hopes to crush, my peace to wound,
And Satan, with o'erwhelming might,
Would sink my soul in endless night—
Lord Jesus, Thou my Captain be !

Beneath affliction's frowning sky,
When waves are rolling mountains high,
Nor star may cheer, nor helm can guide,
With rock and sand on either side—
 Lord Jesus, Thou my Pilot be !

When, in my guilt and misery,
The law its lightning points at me,
And heav'n seems shut, and hell alone
Gapes wide to make my soul its own—
 Lord Jesus, Thou my Saviour be !

HYMN CCXIII.

(L. M.)

There cometh one mightier than I after me.—**MARK** i. 7.

WHEN on his holy mission sent,
The Baptist urg'd his stern address,
Exhorting all men to repent,
And turn from sin to righteousness ;

Baptizing in the limpid flood
The few that to his ensign came—
Before him ONE in meekness stood,
Of higher birth and nobler name :

On whom the Spirit as a dove
Came down ; and lo ! a voice divine
Breath'd from the golden cloud above,
“ **Hear** this, beloved Son of Mine.’ ”

O Lord, Thy Spirit's baptism give,
And while my tears repenting flow,
Let me in Jesu's wisdom live,
That Jesu's peace my soul may know.

HYMN CCXLIV.

(v. m.)

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not
so, I would have told you: I go to prepare a place
for you. —JOHN xiv. 2.

WHEN troubled in heart, the Twelve, standing near,
Heard, LORD, from Thy lips the mournful adieu,
How sweetly the words dispell'd ev'ry fear,—
“I go to prepare a mansion for you.”

Nor didst Thou to them the promise confine,
But still does it live *our* hope to renew;
Yea, still meet our ears those accents divine,
“I go to prepare a mansion for you.”

As lambs among wolves, Thy faithful ones know
The world in its hate must ever pursue;
Yet, ah! from that voice what peace in their woe,
“I go to prepare a mansion for you.”

We sow in our tears, to reap in our joy;
And glory awaits unfading and true:
Nor chance Lord, nor change the truth shall destroy,
“I go to prepare a mansion for you.”

HYMN CCXLV.

(L. M.)

I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and
Thy staff they comfort me.—PSALM xxiii. 4.

WHEN frowning rocks, O LORD, appear
To hem us in on ev'ry side,—
We will not fear, if Thou art near,
Thy staff to help, Thy rod to guide.

When wearied Nature shrinks to hear
The roaring waters deep and wide,—
We will not fear, if Thou art near,
Thy staff to help, Thy rod to guide.

When giant foes their forms uprear,
To harass, vex, o'erthrow, divide,
We will not fear, if Thou art near,
Thy staff to help, Thy rod to guide.

Through death's thick gloom, while none may cheer
And all is vain where men confide,—
We will not fear, if Thou art near,
Thy staff to help, Thy rod to guide.

HYMN CCXLVI.

(L. M.)

It was a cloud and darkness to them : but it gave light
by night to these.—Exodus xiv. 20.

WHEN Israel, on that solemn night,
From Egypt took their silent flight,
The mighty waters, rolling back,
Made bare a new and wondrous track ;

A cloudy pillar lifted high,
Appear'd before them in the sky ;
Its one side light—their way to show,
Its other dark—to mock the foe.

Thus to Thy rescu'd children, LORD,
May seem a moving cloud, "The Word ;"
Here promises divinely fair,
Dark threats and fearful curses *there*.

Grea Spirit, Thou its truths display,
To guide and cheer us on our way,
And turn, O turn, the hearts of those
Beneath its curse,—Thy people's foes.

HYMN CCXLVII.

(P. M.)

O continue Thy loving kindness unto them that know
Thee.—PSALM xxxvi. 10.

WHEN life's few sands are sinking fast,
And human help and hope are past ;
While watching friends, with brows o'er-cast,
Now bid farewell, and look the last,
And one by one leave silently ;

Be Thou, O LORD, beside our bed,
The comfort of Thy love to shed ;
Thine everlasting arms outspread,
To bear us through the fear and dread,
Which give to death its agony.

Then let His Gospel-promise be
Our trusting souls' security,
Who came to set his people free
From guilt and woe—who died, that we
Might rise from death triumphantly.

Then may our parting breath declare
How merciful Thy chidings are,
Till the wing'd soul, in faith and pray'r,
Shall burst its earthly shell to share
The joy of Christ eternally.

HYMN CCXLVIII.

(P. M.)

But all the children of Israel had light in their dwell-
ings.—Exod. x. 23.

WHEN darkness reign'd all Egypt round,
A darker hour foretelling,
Each happy son of Israel found
A light within his dwelling.

And thus, when o'er a guilty race
God's judgments are impending,
And terror reigns in ev'ry face,
And fear each knee is bending ;

Upon the chosen of His love
The light of mercy breaketh,
And each the peace of Christ doth prove,
'The joy of Christ partaketh.

In sorrow's last and awful night,
Grant, LORD, through Jesu's merit,
The guiding and consoling light
Of Thine eternal Spirit.

HYMN CCXLIX.

(L. M.)

Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.—MATT. xxvi. 39.

WHENE'ER, O LORD, on suppliant knee,
 I ask that Thou my pray'r wilt heed,
 Grant in Thy wisdom graciously—
 Not all I *wish*, but all I *need*.

As thus a father will deny
 The flow'ring weed or berry fair,
 Which fascinates his infant's eye,
 Who knows not of the poison there.

For, dazzled with the outward show
 Of riches, talents, pow'r, and fame,
 How oft to these their vot'ries owe
 A life of sorrow, sin, and shame

Give only *that* for Jesu's sake,
 Which shall Thy favour, Lord, secure,
 And help my anxious soul to make
 Its calling and election sure.

HYMN CCL

(L. M.)

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.
 PSALM xix. 7.

WHENE'ER that sacred book we spread,
 So mercifully giv'n by Thee,
 Upon our hearts Thy Spirit shed,
 And teach us, LORD, humility.

And while in doctrine, or in rule,
 We hear what Christ our Master saith,
 As children of the Gospel-school,
 May we receive the same in faith.

That thus, the more we read and know,
 The study of Thy Word may prove,
 Tow'rd's Thee, a yet expanding flow
 Of grateful praise and Christian-love.

Meanwhile our lives, day after day,
 The beauties of Thy law express,
 In all we do, in all we say,
 Reflecting truth and holiness

HYMN CCLI.

(C. M.)

Jesus saith, I am the way, the truth, and the life.

JOHN xiv. 6

WHENE'ER in folly's beaten track
 My footsteps go astray,
 LORD! bring a wand'ring sinner back
 To Christ, the living way.

Whene'er presumptuous-minded men
 Their idol would enthrone,
 LORD! guide a self-proud sinner then
 To Christ, the truth alone.

Whene'er the law, with charge severe,
 Arraigns my rebel-strife,
 LORD! draw a sentenc'd sinner near
 To Christ, the sinner's life.

In ev'ry woe, in ev'ry need,
 When I for mercy call,
 LORD! a repenting sinner lead
 To Christ, the all in all!

HYMN CCLII.

AT A COLLECTION. (L. M.)

He passed by on the other side.—LUKE x. 31

WHERE suffering nature asks relief,
 Where want implores with plaintive cry,
 Shall Christians scorn a brother's grief,
 As did of old the passer-by?

If e'en his faith be not our own,
 His skin reveal another dye,
 Can we with cold neglect look down,
 Like that contemptuous passer-by?

Oh no, but to the wounded man,
 Let us the oil and wine supply,
 Like him, the good Samaritan,
 To shame the heartless passer-by.

For ah! whilst we lay desolate,
 And left beneath the curse to die,
 What *now* had been our woful state,
 Had Jesus been a passer-by?

HYMN CCLIII.

(S. M.)

Marvellous are Thy works ; and that my soul knoweth
right well.—PSALM cxxxix. 14.

WHERE'ER, O LORD, we turn,
Our eyes adoring see,
In dews that fall, or stars that burn,
Thy constant ministry.

In ocean's trackless plains,
In meadows fresh and fair,
In solitudes where silence reigns,
Thy presence still is there.

But more divinely bright,
Thine image, LORD, we trace,
Thy workings great and infinite,
Within a world of grace.

And richer songs of ours
Shall now our homage prove,
Extolling with our noblest pow'rs
The marvels of Thy love !

HYMN CCLIV.

(c. m.)

And stood at His feet, behind Him, weeping.
LUKE vii. 38.

WHILE Mary dar'd not to repeat
 A pray'r amidst her fears,
 She only kiss'd her Saviour's feet,
 And bath'd them with her tears;

Thus, LORD, in my unworthiness,
 With body lowly bent,
 Before Thee falls in deep distress
 A trembling penitent.

And if Thou didst to Mary turn,
 And all her grief remove,
 Me, wilt Thou, from Thy presence spurn—
 A suppliant for Thy love?

Oh, no! Thy mercy answers, No!
 This Thou wilt never do;
 Thou canst not see my sorrows flow,
 But Thou must pardon too.

HYMN CCLV.

(L. M.)

That He might deliver us from this present evil world.
GAL. i. 4.

WHILE this vain world would fix my heart,
 And draw my ev'ry thought from Thee,
 Thy heav'nly aid, O Lord, impart,
 Dissolve the spell, and set me free.

The sinner's guide, and hope, and stay,
 Exalt Thyself, Thyself alone ;
 The much-lov'd idol thrust away,
 Fill in my heart the vacant throne.

I know that nature will rebel,
 And earthly passion struggle long ;
 But many a happy saint can tell,
 Thy grace is not more free than strong.

Lord ! day by day Thy Spirit send,
 Help Thou in the unequal strife ;
 That, when this weary warfare end,
 My meed may be the crown of life.

HYMN CCLVI.

(C. M.)

We have an advocate with the father, Jesus Christ, the
righteous.—] JOHN ii. 1.

WHILE at Thy bar, O LORD, I stand,
No terror makes me pale ;
There is an Advocate at hand,
Who surely will prevail.

But though, of works which I have done,
Self makes a specious tale,
He pleads not these, He mentions none,
Or He would ne'er prevail.

He pleads the virtues great with God—
His *own*—that cannot fail ;
He pleads the merits of His blood,
He ever must prevail.

Our great High-priest, He intercedes,
When Satan may assail ;
Yes ! He, who conquer'd Satan, pleads,
And Jesus shall prevail.

HYMN CCLVII.

AT A COLLECTION. (L. M.)

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto
all men.—GAL. vi. 10.

WHENE’ER our poorer brother’s cry
May reach, as now, the list’ning ear ;
Or turns to us the widow’s eye,
Or pleads with us the orphan’s tear—

When ignorance implores for light,
Or captives bid us break their chain,
Or injur’d worth appeals for Right,
Or sickness seeks a balm for pain—

O LORD, within each Christian’s heart
Let deeper, kindlier feelings live ;
And freely may *our* hands impart,
Where *thine* to us so freely give!

And, oh ! whilst others fain would move
Our pitying care, may we recall
The debt we owe to Jesu’s love,
Who died for, and would save us all.

HYMN CCLVIII.

(L. M.)

God is love.—1 JOHN iv. 16.

WHILST pond'ring o'er the sacred Page,
 What glorious truth like this can move—
 Like this our mind, and heart engage
 In praise and worship? "God is love?"

Encourag'd thus, we now draw near,
 And breathe our wants to One above;
 Reveal the cause of ev'ry tear,
 Disclosing all—for "God is love."

And though affliction's waters roll,
 This thought, like a returning dove,
 Shall bring to the distracted soul
 Its branch of peace—our "God is love."

O Holy Ghost, Thine influence lend,
 Enlighten, sanctify, approve;
 Until before the Throne we bend,
 And sing the anthem, "God is love."

HYMN CCLIX.

(L. M.)

Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty,
 PSALM cxxxix. 1.

O Lord, I am no haughty man
 No self-sufficient Pharisee,
 I come, as came the Publican,
 In all my conscious guilt to Thee.

No righteous deed my tongue employs,
 No idle boasts my bosom fill ;
 The shallow brook may make a noise,
 But waters that are deep, are still.

I only know that Thou art good,
 That Thou art gracious, pure, and wise ;
 That I am vile, and Jesu's blood
 Atones—absolves—and justifies.

For mercy, Lord, is all my pray'r,
 To one deserving endless woe,
 For mercy, that my soul may share,
 The pardon which Thy ransom'd know.

HYMN CCLX.

(SIXES.)

Attend unto my cry, for I am brought very low.
 PSALM cxlii. 6.

WHILST bow'd, O LORD, with grief,
 Because of secret sin,
 And none can give relief,
 Of those long trusted in—
 I turn from man to Thee,
 And breathe my litany ;
 Have mercy on my soul,
 And make the wounded whole !

By Jesu's love, who came
 From heav'n His love to show
 By Jesu's life of shame,
 By Jesu's death of woe,
 By all His tears and cries,
 His blood and agonies,
 Receive a contrite soul,
 And make the bruised whole.

HYMN CCLXI.

SACRAMENTAL. (P. M.)

Let us keep the feast—with the unleavened bread of
sincerity and truth.—1 CORIN. v. 8.

WHILST the call of Jesu's word
Brings our souls in sacred union,
And with Him, our living Lord,
May be holden sweet communion;

Whilst the symbols, wine and bread,
To the eye of faith betoken
Jesu's blood, for sinners shed,
Jesu's frame, for sinners broken;

Whilst a Saviour's dying love
Ev'ry thought is now possessing,
May the holy banquet prove
Rich in all the Spirit's blessing!

And when call'd to mix again
With the world upon the morrow,
May our vows receive no stain,
May our deeds implant no sorrow!

HYMN CCLXII.

(L. M.)

The Lord God is a sun and shield.—PSALM lxxxiv. 11.

WHILST near Thee, gracious LORD, we stand,
There's safety in Thy pow'rful hand ;
In vain they rage—the hostile crowd,
In vain they threaten fierce and loud.

Thou need'st but stretch Thine arm, and all
Who press us close, shall backward fall,
Shall strive in vain the door to find,
Confus'd, self-wearied, stricken blind.

But when we stand apart from Thee,
How poor is our ability !
The weakest enemy we know
May work our total overthrow.

And, ah ! our hearts are ever prone
To leave Thy strength, and trust their own :
LORD ! send Thy Spirit ; bind, restrain—
That *Self* may ne'er deceive again.

HYMN CCLXIII.

(P. M.)

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life.—**MATT. vii. 14.**

“WHITHER, pilgrim, art thou going
 “From the busy world’s highway,
 “From the festal wine-cup’s flowing,
 “Pleasure’s laugh, and music’s lay?
 “Black and steep behold the mountain,
 “Deep and wide the waters view;
 “Wastes without an herb or fountain,
 “Thou must climb or struggle through.”

Worldling, hear! I am no stranger
 To the ills that lie before;
 Toil must come, and scorn, and danger:
 I must bear as JESUS bore.
 Well I know that we are treading,
 Thou and I, a sep’rate path,
 One to peace and glory leading,
 One to woe and endless wrath.

HYMN CCLXIV.

(L. M.)

The Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for
me.—GAL. ii. 20.

Who took the cup, the bitter cup,
Alone in dark Gethsemane,
And drank its dregs in meekness up—
Did Jesus drain the cup for me?

Who, unresisting, bow'd His head
To man's remorseless cruelty,
Receiv'd the blow, yet nothing said—
Did Jesus bear the blow for me?

Who, uncomplaining, heard His name
Become the theme of savage glee,
Endur'd the Cross, despis'd the shame—
Did Jesus suffer thus for me?

Who made that loud, unanswer'd cry,
When hanging on the cursed tree?
For me, Lord, didst Thou groan and die?
And am I now asham'd of Thee?

HYMN CCLXV.

(L. M.)

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct
thy paths.—PROV. iii. 6.

WHO am I?—I am born in sin,
With foes without and foes within,
And all unequal to the strife
Which drags me down to death from life.

And whither must I quickly go?—
A voyage none may tell who know;
Yes, launch into a boundless sea
Of storm or calm—eternity!

What am I doing?—Many a deed
That made a righteous Saviour bleed,
That darkens the great Spirit's light,
And dares a Father's hand to smite.

But in my weakness, gracious LORD,
Thy succours give, Thy strength afford :
And, oh ! forgive—accept—and take
My soul to bliss for Jesu's sake !

HYMN CCLXVI.

(L. M.)

For here we have no continuing city.—HEB. xiii. 14.

WHY should this world my heart engage,
 Elate with hope, depress with fear,
 When thus speaks Truth's unerring page,—
 "We've no continuing city here?"

How poor earth's fairest prospects seem,
 How vain Ambition's proud career!
 This text stamps all an empty dream,—
 "We've no continuing city here."

Amidst the feast in pleasure's hall,
 Well might it check the boist'rous cheer,
 The hand—the writing on the wall—
 "We've no continuing city here."

The pilgrims to a better rest,
 Lord, may we see the way more clear,
 And walk as inwardly imprest,—
 "We've no continuing city here."

HYMN CCLXVII.

(L. M.)

How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?—**JER. xii. 5.**

WHY should we fear to cross the tide
 Dividing us from Canaan's shore?
 Where liberty and truth abide,
 And love and peace, for evermore :

A land whose skies are always fair,
 Whose crystal waters ever flow,
 Whose trees immortal fruitage bear,
 Whose thornless flow'rs unwith'ring blow :

Where Christ, in His unclouded light,
 Sits glorious on His sapphire throne,
 While circling saints, array'd in white,
 With choral praise His triumphs own.

LORD, calm our fears, our faith increase ;
 That so, with Jordan's river nigh,
 We may be wafted o'er in peace,
 And borne to heav'n triumphantly!

HYMN CCLXVIII.

(L. M.)

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ? or who shall
stand in His holy place ?—PSALM xxiv. 3.

WITH patient hope the traveller
Ascends the steep and rugged hill ;
Come storm or sun, he cannot err
Who presses on with heart and will.

E'en thus up Zion's height I go,
While ev'ry step, where none are vain,
Still further leaves the world below,
The guilty city of the plain :

The prospect growing as I move
More spacious still, and rich and fair,
With yet a brighter sky above,
And yet a sweeter, purer air ;

Approaching nearer and more near
The glorious summit of the road,
Till faith from ev'ry doubt is clear,
And all is heav'n, and heav'n is God.

HYMN CCLXIX.

SABBATH MORNING. (P. M.)

(Written expressly to an old melody.)

From one sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to
worship before me.—ISA. lxvi. 23.

With self-dedication,
In lowly prostration,
Our solemn oblation,
 We come, LORD, to pay;
Away thoughts unholy,
Away worldly folly,
For Thine shall be wholly
 This new sabbath-day.

Too long have we slighted
Thy grace which invited,
Sin-harden'd, benighted,
 And loving to stray :
With tears of contrition
We mourn our condition,
For mercy petition,
 This new sabbath-day.

Thine anger which chideth,
 Not always abideth,
 But mercy still guideth

Our feet on the way :
 Fresh blessings outpouring,
 To meet our imploring ;
 Be Thine our adoring,
 This new sabbath-day.

Our souls, Lord, enlighten,
 Our faith and hope brighten ;
 Each joy still to heighten,
 Thy presence display :
 Great Father ! defend us,
 Blest Spirit ! attend us,
 Lord Jesus ! befriend us,
 This new sabbath-day.

HYMN CCLXX.

(L. M.)

Whither shall I flee from Thy presence? PSALM cxxxiv. 7.

WITH the loud organ's solemn sound,
 Our voices, LORD, we now unite,
 Extolling Thee, whose works abound
 In love and wisdom, truth and might.

Creation's wonders ranging o'er,
 The starry plains by angels trod,
 The mountain-height and spreading shore,
 We still behold the present God.

Or where Thy providence we trace,
 Bestowing wide its rich supplies,
 To meet each mortal's varied case ;
 A brighter world before us lies.

But, LORD, the noblest praise is Thine,
 When now our souls adoring scan
 Salvation's scheme, Thy grace divine
 From death redeeming fallen man.

HYMN CCLXXI.

(P. M.)

And cast their crowns before the throne.—REV. iv. 10.

WITH Theirs, our songs be one,
The holy Elders'—casting
Their crowns before the throne,
'Mid splendours everlasting.

Their humble frame be ours,
While each his face concealing
With shadowy wings, outpours
His bursts of rapt'rous feeling.

Truth, majesty, and might
To God be yielded ever,
Whose love is infinite,
Whose purpose changeth never ;

Whose grace, a world undone,
From death to glory raises ;
To HIM—the THREE in ONE,
Be our immortal praises !

HYMN CCLXXII.

(P. M.)

I have trodden the wine-press alone.—ISAIAH lxiii. 3.

WITH garments stain'd red,
 The wound in His side,
 Who conquer'd—but bled,
 Who triumph'd—but died ;
 Enforcing His freedom
 Through hell and the grave,
 He cometh from Edom,
 The Mighty to Save.

But why hath He trod
 The wine-press, alone ?
 He only to God
 For sin could atone ;
 He only achieving
 His purpose of love,
 Can raise the believing
 To mansions above.

Through storms of distress
Securely we stand,
And ever will bless
The work of His hand ;
His life's wondrous story
Recount o'er and o'er,
Till chang'd to His glory,
We're Christ's evermore.

Ye wordly, arise,
Your idols forsake,
Lest judgment surprise,
And vengeance o'ertake ;
To Calvary going,
That Holy-One view ;
Whose life-blood is flowing
For sinners like you.

HYMN CCLXXIII.

(SEVENS.)

Who can show forth all His praise?—PSALM cvi. 2.

With consenting heart and voice,
 Lord, before Thee we rejoice,
 Who, in nature's hopeless night,
 Pour'd upon our darkness—light.

What the captive feels, who gains
 Freedom from his bondage-chains,
 We express, O Lord, to Thee,
 Singing hymns of—liberty.

Joy that fills the fearful breast,
 When the storm is hush'd to rest,
 This is ours—not e'er shall cease
 Anthems to a God of—peace.

As the rebel doom'd to die,
 Meets his sov'reign's pitying eye,
 So our souls, with praises rife,
 Turn to Thee, O Lord of—life.

HYMN CCLXXIV.

(C. M.)

Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that Thou
bearest unto Thy people.—PSALM cvi. 4.

With folded hands, at mercy's door,
An humble suppliant see ;
Forgive,—redeem,—accept,—restore,—
O LORD, remember me !

Of human merits I have none
That I may plead with Thee ;
But for the sake of Christ alone,
O LORD, remember me !

In dark temptation's stormy hour,
Lest Satan's slave I be,
Arm, arm me, with Thy conqu'ring pow'r,
O LORD, remember me !

Through ev'ry mortal change or chance,
Till death itself set free,
My soul's true welfare, LORD, advance,
And thus remember me !

HYMN CCLXXV.

(L. M.)

There shall be a fountain opened—for sin and for un-
cleanness.—ZECH. xiii. 1.

WITH fear and trembling, we confess,
O Lord, our deep unworthiness;
And how the leprosy of sin
Hath tainted all our thoughts within.

We ponder o'er the sinner's doom,
The penal darkness of the tomb,
The hopeless pain and agony,
Where worm and fire shall never die.

But though our hearts with terror shake,
Lest Sinai's judgments overtake,
There whispers near a still small voice,
To bid despairing souls rejoice.

It tells that in a holier mount
Is open'd mercy's living fount,
The fount of Christ's redeeming blood,
'To cleanse and purify for God.

HYMN CCLXXVI.

(C. M.)

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth
them that fear Him.—PSALM ciii. 13.

WITH tender care the LORD beholds
The few who love His name ;
The riches of His grace unfolds,
To meet each pray'rful claim.

Like as a pitying father hears
His children's lowly cry,
He soothes our griefs, dispels our fears,
And dries the tearful eye.

And thus, when our afflictions fall,
Lord, may we ever prove,
In answer to our anxious call,
The tokens of Thy love.

And so be taught to estimate
Those trials brief and light,
Whose working-out shall be the weight
Of glory infinite !

HYMN CCLXXVII.

(L. M.)

Ye are come to Mount Sion.—HEB. xii. 22.

WITH blessings of such vast account,
 What more may we of God desire?
 We are not come to Sinai's mount,
 The darkness, trumpet, or the fire.

We do not stand as Moses did,
 Who quak'd the judgment-voice to hear;
 The cloud that sin's Avenger hid,
 Rolls back, and shows a Saviour near.

The new Jerusalem is ours,
 The city of the living God;
 And there we'll strain our noblest pow'rs,
 To sing the praise of Jesu's blood.

Of Jesu's blood, which can, alone,
 A world from sin and sorrow free,
 Raise from a dungeon to a throne,
 From death to immortality.

HYMN CCLXXVIII.

A LITANY. (P. M.)

O Lord, be gracious unto us.—ISAIAH xxxiii. 2.

WITH mercy let Thy wing outspread,
 Great God! around our Sovereign's head;
 Whom, taught to rule in fear of Thee,
 Long crown with Thy prosperity.

LORD! hear our prayer.

To all our princes, nobles, give
 Thy light to guide, Thy grace to live;
 Our judges in their office move
 To temper equity with love.

LORD! hear our prayer.

On prelate and on priest dispense
Thy Spirit's richest influence ;
As watchful shepherds, may they keep,
With tender care, Thy chosen sheep.
 LORD ! hear our prayer.

Thy Church defend, Thy Church increase,
Within its walls be health and peace ,
Make all its foes confess their shame,
And bow with praise to Jesu's name.
 LORD ! hear our prayer.

HYMN CCLXXIX.

(P. M.)

He arose and rebuked the wind and the sea, and there
was a great calm.—MATTHEW viii. 26.

With the tempest's rage distended,
Blacker grew each threat'ning cloud,
Fiercer waves and rocks contended,
Roar'd the winds through sail and shroud.

Volley'd thunders burst appalling,
Arrowy lightnings struck the deep,
Mariners with terror calling,
Rous'd their Master from His sleep.

"Lord! we perish"—help—deliver!
Jesus rose—rebuk'd the sea,
And the waves grew calm as ever,
And the winds sank tranquilly.

Thus, with Sinai's thunders rolling,
While my guilty fears increase,
Lord! the dreadful storm controlling,
Only speak, and all is peace.

HYMN CCLXXX.

FUNERAL. (L. M.)

Them also which sleep in Jesus, God will bring with
Him.—1 THESS. iv. 14.

WITHIN a deep and narrow bed
Reposeth now the silent dead ;
The wicked from their troubling cease,
At length the weary is at peace.

The race is run, the strife is o'er,
The face we saw we see no more ;
As fell the axe the tree must lie,
Fruitful or bare—unchangeably.

Soon, at the angel's lifted hand,
We all before the Judge shall stand ;
Each to receive, in light or gloom,
The sentence of an endless doom.

If One we mourn, repented, pray'd,
Believ'd in Christ and Christ obey'd ;
LORD, by the self-same course may we,
When flesh shall fail, repose in Thee ?

HYMN CCLXXXI.

(L. M)

The people said Amen, and praised the Lord.
I CHRON. xvi. 36.

WITHIN this sacred house again
 We've worshipp'd in Thy presence, LORD ;
 And list'ning to Thy holy word,
 Our lips have breath'd the low " amen."

We've heard of Jesu's love—and when
 So clearly to each soul was shown,
 How faith may make that love our own,
 Our lips have breath'd the low " amen."

Renewing holy vows—and then
 Mingling in earnest pray'r, that we
 From sin may stand absolv'd and free,
 Our lips have breath'd the low " amen."

Blest Spirit ! with Thy secret pen
 Write on our hearts Thy word --that all
 To Jesu's ev'ry claim and call
 May answer with a true " amen."

HYMN CCLXXXII.

CHRISTMAS. (SEVENS.)

The shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even
unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to
pass.—LUKE ii. 15.

WOND'RING shepherds hear on high
Sounds of heav'nly minstrelsy,
Catch the rapturous words again,—
“Praise to God, good-will to men!”

'Tis a sweet and holy hymn
Of the blessed chernbim,
Chanting to the silent earth
Tidings of a Saviour's birth.

Now hath ended terror's reign,
Broken is the captive's chain,
Peace comes smiling from above,
Truth, and liberty, and love.

Sorrow now a balm may find,
Wounded hearts, a hand to bind,
Prodigals, a father's home—
He, who comes to save,—is come !

HYMN CCLXXXIII.

(L. M.)

Mary which also sat at Jesu's feet, and heard His word.

LUKE x. 39.

Would we be made the truly wise,
 Would we a heav'nly teacher meet,
 We must, though self-proud guides despise,
 Sit meekly at our Saviour's feet.

If youth to manhood's strength attain,
 Or age its fourscore years complete,
 Each must become the child again,
 And meekly sit at Jesu's feet.

One binding rule applies to all ;
 The king upon his gorgeous scat
 Must with the beggar heed the call—
 And meekly sit at Jesu's feet.

LORD ! in this lowly posture found,
 While we our earnest pray'rs repeat,
 In us may truth and peace abound
 Who meekly sit at Jesu's feet !

HYMN CCLXXXIV.

SACRAMENTAL. (I. M.)

Come, for all things are now ready.—LUKE xiv. 17.

YE saints! behold the banquet spread,
 For Jesu keeps His feast to-day,
 The sacred cup—the broken bread—
 “And will ye also go away?”

Within the holy symbols see
 The price He deign'd for man to pay,
 His off'ring on the altar-tree—
 “And will ye also go away?”

His Spirit, too, is waiting there
 All hidden riches to display,
 That you His peace and joy may share—
 “And will ye also go away!”

Ah! will you an occasion miss,
 Your Saviour's summons to obey,
 “Remember me in doing this?”
 Ye cannot, *must* not, go away.

HYMN CCLXXXV.

(P. M.)

Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons
of man.—PROV. viii. 4.

YE souls who blindly stray
From wisdom's heav'nly road,
The gracious voice obey,
That calls you back to God ;
It comes from Jesu's pitying breast,
Who gives the weak and weary—rest !

Though you have wander'd long,
To age from op'ning youth,
His love is free as strong,
His promises are truth,
And prodigals who furthest roam,
He gladly meets and welcomes home.

He only asks that you
Repent of evils done,
A holier course pursue,
Have faith in Him alone,
Depend upon His Spirit's might,
Who arms with strength and fills with light.

He pleads with you in tears,
In tears for sinners shed ;
Before your view He rears
The Cross on which He bled ;
He points beyond the starry sky,
To crowns of immortality.

HYMN CCLXXXVI.

(P. M.)

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest.—MATT. xi. 28.

“YE weary and ye heavy laden,”
 (So Jesus hath His love exprest,)
“Ye souls bow’d down with care and sorrow,
 “O come to me, and be at rest.

“Ye fetter’d by the law’s dread bondage,
 “Too grievous for your fathers’ might,
“Come take my easy yoke upon you,
 “Come take my burden, it is light.”

Encourag’d by Thy gracious summons,
 Behold me, Saviour! ready stand,
To cast the galling load before Thee,
 To bow me to Thy gentle hand.

Or be it doctrine, be it duty,
 To do—believe—my strength increase;
That I at last, a happy pilgrim,
 May finish, Lord. my course in peace

HYMN CCLXXXVII.

(L. M.)

A MAN shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and
 a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry
 place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.
 —ISAIAH xxxii. 2.

YEA, LORD ♪ Thy word is rich in grace,
 That Thou wilt to Thy people be
 As waters in a desert place,
 A refuge in necessity :

That in Thy strength their souls shall find,
 Through persecution's fiercest hour,
 A covert from the driving wind,
 A shelter from the tempest's pow'r :

That e'en the feeblest of Thy flock
 Shall reach, beneath Thy guiding hand,
 The shadow of a mighty rock
 Within a parch'd and weary land.

'Tis sweet to hear, and sweeter still
 These gracious promises to prove,
 To know Thy mercy guides Thy will,
 And all Thy purposes are—love.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII.

(L. M.)

Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the
 Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—
 Eph. v. 20.

YES, LORD! we glorify Thy name
 For all that sov'reign grace has done ;
 O help our souls to meet each claim,
 And yield the tribute Thou hast won.

For our *creation*—songs of praise
 To Thine Almighty pow'r be giv'n,
 That deigns from dust our frames to raise,
 And kindle with a spark from heav'n.

For *preservation*—'midst the woes
 That flesh and heart so oft oppress,
 For health, strength, comfort, and repose—
 Thy care we own, Thy mercy bless.

But, more than all, what thanks are Thine
 For our *redemption*!—for the love,
 The wisdom, pow'r, and grace divine,
 Which lead, through Christ, to joys above.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

(P. M.)

Lo ' I come to do Thy will, O God.—HEB. x. 7.

Yes, it is a joyful word,
 Ye, it is my Saviour's saying,
 "Lo ! I come, eternal LORD,
 "Thine all-righteous will obeying;
 "In the plague my arms are spread,
 "'Twixt the living and the dead !"

Yes, it is a glorious deed,
 One friend dying for another,
 Yet for whom did Jesus bleed ?
 Not for friend and not for brother;
 But to save that very foe,
 Who had caus'd His blood to flow !

Yes, it is stupendous grace,
 That, through His redeeming merit,
 All may see a Father's face,
 All the Spirit's gifts inherit,
 All, from sin absolv'd—forgiv'n,
 May find peace with God in heav'n.

Yes, my soul ! 'tis well that thou,
 (Feeble though thy best endeavour,)
 Art beginning anthems now,
 Happy saints are singing ever,
 Singing round the throne above,
 " God is mercy,—God is Love !"

HYMN CCXC.

(P. M.)

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.—PSALM xxx. 5.

Yes, pilgrim soul ! by care opprest,
 Although the way seem dark and long,
 Soon shalt thou reach a place of rest,
 And sing thy victor-song !

Yes, troubled soul ! who ill canst brook
 The scorner's gibe, the mocker's sneer,
 God notes thy wrongs within His book,
 And treasures ev'ry tear.

Yes, timorous soul ! by fears assail'd
 Lest Satan prove too strong for thee,
 The arm of God hath *never* fail'd—
 That arm thy strength shall be.

Yes, doubting soul ! in Christ confide,
 His grace receive, His will obey ;
 Though sorrow for the night abide,
 Joy crowns the op'ning day !

HYMN CCXCI.

(L. M.)

Our light affliction.—2 CORIN. iv. 17.

YES, those afflictions are but light,
Endure but while the moment flies,
Which work out pleasures infinite,
And yield the great immortal prize.

And well might holy Paul confess
This triumph as his spirit strove ;
And with enkindling ardour press,
To reach the glorious realms above.

Thus may we ev'ry trial bear,
And kiss the soul-chastising rod,
Still looking far beyond—to share
The joy of heav'n, the peace of God.

LORD Jesus ! for thy dear name's sake,
Our weakest, humblest efforts own ;
And if the martyr's cross we take,
Be also ours the martyr's crown

HYMN CCXCII.

(L. M.)

The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.
EPH. iii. 19.

Yes! love we sing—the pitying love
That saw us in our deep distress,
Heard all our cry that we might prove
A Father's bosom yearns to bless :

Yes! love we sing—the matchless love,
That brought a gracious Saviour down,
Guilt's dreadful sentence to remove,
To fill with peace, with glory crown :

Yes! love we sing—the wondrous love,
Free, sov'reign, pure, ineffable,
That yet through tears, blood, darkness, strove
To crush our foes—Sin, Death, and Hell.

Yes! love we sing—Christ's boundless love,
That still, to make our souls His own,
Sends forth the Spirit from above,
And now is pleading at the throne.

HYMN CCXCIII.

(C. M.)

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths
are peace.—PROV. iii. 17.

YES, LORD! Thy ways are pleasantness;
Yes, LORD! Thy paths are peace;
Thine hand is always stretch'd to bless,
Thy mercies never cease.

I've prov'd this oft, I've prov'd it long;
Nor through the world's wide range,
Or with the rich, or with the strong,
Would I my lot exchange.

For when the "strong shall be as tow,"
And riches flee away,
My treasure and my strength shall know
Nor wasting, nor decay.

Thou art my portion, gracious Lord,
And this is Faith's delight,
Whate'er my wants, Thy sacred word,
Proclaims Thee—infinite!

HYMN CCXCIV.

(L. M.)

Be sure your sin will find you out.—NUM. xxxii. 23.

YES! guilty man, no longer doubt,
 The prophet's voice is from the sky,
 By him speaks ONE who cannot lie,
 "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Though darkness now be all about
 The hidden deed, a hand of might
 Shall drag it into open light;
 "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Are you at peace? of courage stout?
 Your peace sha'll fail, and pass away,
 Your shudd'ring soul its fears betray;
 "Be sure your sin will find you out."

LORD! when we hear the judgment-shout,
 Through Jesu's merits may we stand
 Amidst that bright and glorious band,
 Where sin shall never find us out!

HYMN CCXCV.

(P. M.)

There was darkness over all the land.—MATTH. xxvii. 45.

YES! the sun went down in blood,
On that solemn eventide,
When upon the fatal wood,
He, the Christ, was crucified;
When with head bow'd low, He cried,
“ It is finish'd,”—groan'd—and died !

But it was a glorious hour,
When the Victor rose again ;
Sealed stone and armed pow'r,
Death's strong hand, hell's iron chain,
These were impotent and vain
That great Pris'ner to detain.

All was light where once was gloom,
 All was triumph, for dismay,
 When, as now the empty tomb,
 Where the parted grave-clothes lay,
 Show'd that, on the promis'd day,
 Nought the Lord of Life could stay.

On the Cross He came to bleed,
 From the grave He came to rise !
 One was the atoning deed,
 One the pow'r which justifies ;*
 Both to lift us to the skies,
 Where He gives the glorious prize.

" Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised
 again for our justification."—Rom. iv. 25.

HYMN CCXCVI.

(C. M.)

Let me die the death of the righteous.—NUM. xxiii. 10.

Yes ! it is well, the earnest call,
 To those who Christ deny,
 Where Self and Reason promise all,
 “ Come see a Christian die.”

Come see, where none the mask can wear,
 Where none dare frame the lie ;
 Believe the sight, believe the ear,
 “ Come see a Christian die.”

Come see the brow's unearthly calm,
 The triumph of the eye,
 The lip's meek smile, the lifted palm—
 “ Come see a Christian die.”

Come see the victor in the strife,
 Whose crown is beaming nigh ;
 And live, oh ! live the Christian's life,
 Would you a Christian die.

HYMN CCXCVII.

(L. M.)

As for man—as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

PSALM ciii. 15.

YES, man is like some hidden seed
 Left in the stubborn ground to die,
 Until, at its extremest need,
 A sunbeam travels from the sky ;

And warms it into life, and brings
 Its tender shoot to light and air,
 Sustains it as from earth it springs,
 Imparting strength to bloom and bear ;

Till now before the wond'ring eyes,
 It stands (the full perfection giv'n),
 With all its bright and beauteous dyes,
 Turning its face from earth to heav'n.

Christ is that beam of heav'nly pow'r,
 That sun of mercy and of love ;
 And, oh ! my soul, each passing hour,
 Mayst thou His vital influence prove !

HYMN CCXCVIII.

(L. M.)

This mortal must put on immortality.—1 Cor. xv. 53

Yes, yes ! the Spirit of the Lord
Hath left it graven in His word,
That this frail body soon must be
Cloth'd on with immortality.

Yes, when the trump's appalling sound
Shall shake the skies and rend the ground,
The scatter'd nations, wide and far,
Will throng before the judgment-bar ;

That He, the righteous Judge, may try
Their deeds, and fix their destiny,
Each as he practis'd ill or well,
To meet th' award unchangeable !

And now, O Lord ! whilst life is mine,
So let me live to things divine,
That death shall only prove the door
To life and peace for evermore.

HYMN CCXCIX.

(P. M.)

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name.
1 CHRON xvi. 29.

YIELD, yield the meed of glory
To whom the meed is due ;
Each day the wondrous story
With holier zeal renew !

Tell—how the gracious FATHER,
Though thron'd in worlds above,
Bow'd down the skies, to gather
The children of His love.

Tell—how the SON, contending
Through tears, and pray'rs, and blood,
From penalties ne'er ending
Restor'd lost man to God.

Tell—how the blessed SPIRIT
His mighty aid hath giv'n,
That sinners may inherit
The joy of saints in heav'n.

HYMN CCC.

(SEVENS.)

Man that is born of a woman is of few days.--JOB. xiv. 1.

YOUTHFUL vigour leaves us soon,
Fades like morning's mist away;
Brief as bright is manhood's noon,
Age is like the closing day.

All are hurrying to the tomb,
There to make a short abode,
Thence to meet the changeless doom
Fix'd by an adjudging God.

All are dying whilst they live,
Ev'ry hour tolls forth its knell,
Ev'ry hour the key doth give,
Op'ning heav'n or op'ning hell.

LORD! my humble pray'r receive,
Jesu! aid me with Thy grace,
That, whene'er this world I leave,
Thine may be *my* dwelling-place

HYMN CCCI.

(SEVENS.)

I must be about my Father's business.—LUKE ii. 49.

ZEALOUS in Thy righteous cause,
 Jesus, may we ever be ;
 In our hearts Thy heav'nly laws,
 In our lives Thy purity.

With Thy Spirit's wisdom fill,
 With Thy Spirit's strength endue
 That as conqu'rors conqu'ring still
 We our glorious way pursue :

That in ev'ry new-tried field,
 Arm'd in all our Christian mail,
 Faith may cover with its shield,
 Truth may with its sword prevail.

LORD ! Thy gracious help bestow,
 Smile upon our work, and bless ;
 That immortal souls may know,
 Through our means, true happiness.

HYMN CCCII. .

(SEVENS.)

Praise thy God, O Zion.—PSALM cxlvii. 12.

ZION! lift thy cheerful voice,
 God the mighty FATHER praise ;
 In His glorious name rejoice,
 Show His works, extol His ways.

Zion ! crown with deathless song
 JESUS, God's eternal SON,
 Whose love and mercy strong,
 Bled for deeds by sinners done.

Zion ! to the Spirit give
 His peculiar offering ;
 By whose quick'ning pow'r we live,
 From whose grace our comforts spring.

Zion ! let thy saints below,
 Sing with the angelic host,
 Praising, whom all praise we owe,—
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST !

HYMN CCCIII.

(SEVENS.)

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power,
and riches, and wisdom, and honour, and glory, and
blessing.—REV. v. 12.

ZION ! lift the hymn on high,
Swell the sweet and solemn strain;
To the voices in the sky
Make the loud response again.

We, to sing the song above,
Must begin the song below ;
Pierce the depths of Jesu's love,
Prove its pow'r and feel its glow.

" Honour, blessing, wisdom, might,
" Be to Him, the Lamb of God,
" Who, in mercy infinite,
" Shed for man His precious blood !

" Tribute of eternal fame
" To the glorious Son we raise,
" Who hath brought the Father's name
" Trophies of its richest praise."

HYMN CCC.V.

(P. M.)

Hosanna ! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the
Lord.—MARK XI. 9.

ZION ! see Thy King is riding
Mighty in His lowliness ;
And, instead of scorn or chiding,
From the crowds that round Him press,
Loud Hosannas ! loud Hosannas !
Hail the King who comes to bless

Conquerors return'd from slaughters
Ne'er had such a welcoming ;
Judah's sons and Judah's daughters
Palms and robes before Him fling ;
Loud Hosannas ! loud Hosannas !
Young and old in concert sing.

See fulfill'd the prophet's story,
Jesus is the Prince of peace,
Jesus is the King of Glory,
He proclaims the soul's release;
Loud Hosannas ! loud Hosannas !
Let the anthem never cease.

Jesu ! now Thy throne possessing,
On Thy head the victor's crown,
Shed upon our hearts Thy blessing,
Send Thy Holy Spirit down.
Loud Hosannas ! loud Hosannas !
Earth and heav'n 'Thy triumphs own.

HYMN CCCV.

AFTER THE PERSECUTION OF THE CHURCH.

(SEVENS.)

Praise ye the Lord.—PSALM cl. 1.

ZION! thou from fear art free,
 Vengeance sheathes the dreadful sword;
 Peace is thine, tranquillity,
 Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

Though the storm was long and dark,
 And the madd'ning waters roar'd,
 None could whelm God's chosen ark,
 Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

Zion! let no future dread
 Shake thy faith in Jesu's word;
 "I am with thee," he hath said,
 Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

In Thy threaten'd ruin see,
 See the pow'r that hath restor'd,
 And thy louder anthem be,
 Hallelujah! praise the Lord.



APPENDIX.

HYMN 1.

(SEVENS.)

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

MATT. vi. 21.

As the bird that loves the sky,
 Sings not on his earthy clod,
 But pours forth his minstrelsy,
 Nearest heav'n, and nearest God

And though clouds may gather, still
 Braves the storm with upward wings;
 So the happy Christian will
 Make celestial journeyings.

Nor can worldly hope or care
 His upsoaring long repress,
 For his spirit must be where
 Is his treasur'd happiness.

Holy Jesu ! thus to Thee,
 Are my aspirations giv'n,
 Waiting, longing to be free,
 And to sing where all is—heav'n.

HYMN II.

(P. M.)

Exceeding great and precious promises.—2 PETER i. 4.

A WELL of water, pure and sweet,
Amidst a burning desert found ;
The music of the words that greet
With liberty the iron-bound ;
The breathing freshness of the spring,
To one in sickness languishing ;

O, these are welcome, but I know
More sweet and precious things than these:
'The peace and joy that only flow
From Jesu's blessed promises,
Whilst He is near who cannot err,
The Spirit—our Interpreter.

Light—where the soul is dark and blind,
 Help—for the feeble, lest they fall,
 Forgiveness—to the contrite mind,
 Hope—when despairing fears enthral,
 And triumphs o'er sin, death, and hell—
 Oh, such are gifts unspeakable !

And they are ours—who meekly bear
 The Christian's high and sacred name ;
 Who walk by faith, and live in pray'r,
 With Christ our strength, and heav'n our aim :
 And, Lord, for these, our lips to Thee
 Shall pour forth praise unceasingly.

HYMN III.

(P. M.)

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.
 PROV. xviii. 24.

A WEARY soul is mine, O Lord, that long for
 peace hath sigh'd,
 Through sore and painful travailings, where want
 and care abide ;
 Yea, like a dove which meets the storm with
 backward-beaten breast,
 I strive in vain some spot to gain of quietude
 and rest.

When life was new, and hope was young, the
 world appear'd to be
 A paradise of light and love enrich'd and made
 for me ;
 But, ah ! full soon the care that came, the sick-
 ness and distress,
 My Éden chang'd, and where I rang'd was
 barren wilderness.

The friends, whose vow was constancy, tho' these
were very few,
I found amid affliction's hour, were more than
they were true ;
And when to wisdom's human source, I turn'd
an anxious eye,
How sad to me the mockery, to find the spring
was dry.

Lord Jesu, now I come to Thee, though only
sought the last,
To find in Thy redeeming love a covert from the
blast :
Oh ! let Thy promis'd Comforter in all his grace
be giv'n,
That I may know true peace below, and peace
above —in heav'n.

HYMN IV.

(SEVENS.)

Joy cometh in the morning.—PSALM xxx. 5.

BEAUTEOUS is the sun's decline,
 In the chamber of the west,
 As he lingers there to shine
 With his richer glories drest ;

So the Christian sinks at last,
 His appointed journey o'er,
 While about his soul are cast
 Brighter splendours than before :

But the sun goes down, to rise
 In a new and distant sphere,
 And to mount up other skies,
 Sinks the heav'n-bound christian here.

Holy Spirit ! thus may we
 Walk in Jesu's course of light,
 Till our re-ascending be
 Into day which has no night.

HYMN V.

(C. M.)

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth
every son whom he receiveth.—HEB. xii. 6.

BECAUSE our lot is cast in woe,
Are we to murmur and repine ?
Lord Jesu ! can we ever know
Such trouble or such grief as Thine ?

Far greater is our sum of guilt
Than all the grievous ills that press ;
But, ah ! Thy precious blood was spilt
In innocence and holiness.

Why should we shrink, and why complain
To pass affliction's darksome night ?
Which all must pass, who would obtain
The golden crown and vesture white.

Blest Saviour ! give us strength to bear,
A will to kiss, the chast'ning rod,
Nor from a single trial spare,
That makes our souls more meet for God.

HYMN VI.

(C. M.)

I will sing praises unto my God, while I have any being.
 PSALM cxlvi. 2.

BEFORE our eyes a three-leav'd book
 From day to day is spread,
 And, Lord, on ev'ry page we look,
 Thy glorious name is read.

The first—unfolds to sight and sense
 Creation's wond'rous plan;
 The next—Thy ruling providence;
 The third—Thy grace to man.

And as we read, fresh reasons move,
 Still stronger than before,
 To sing Thy wisdom, pow'r, and love,
 To bless and to adore.

Thus, Lord, our lips, while life is ours,
 Thy praises shall renew,
 Till we possess the nobler pow'rs
 To praise as angels do.

HYMN VII.

A CHARITY HYMN.

(C. M.)

I was a Father to the poor.—JOB xxix. 16.

BOAST we of health? how long may we
 Our present health secure?
 Lord, fill our hearts with charity
 To aid the sick and poor.

Are riches ours? and can we say
 That these are always sure?
 Lord, grant that we our wealth outlay
 To help the sick and poor.

Are we his followers, who came
 All mortal ills to cure?
 Lord, make us worthy of His name,
 Who bless'd the sick and poor.

Would we the inward comfort know,
 Which shall with life endure,
 Lord, give us faith, whose works may show,
 We love the sick and poor.

HYMN VIII.

(SEVENS.)

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.

PSALM lxxxiv.

CHIMING sweet, the sabbath-bells
Have again their summons giv'n,
Calling us where Jesus dwells,
Folding His own sheep for heav'n :

Where His hand the banquet spreads,
Bidding all the famish'd come,
Dries the tear the mourner sheds,
Brings the weary wand'rer home :

Where the messengers of peace
Come with feet salvation-shod,
And the blessings never cease,
Promis'd by a faithful God.

Lord, while we the call obey,
All Thy Spirit's grace impart,
That the outward sabbath may
Find a sabbath in our heart.

HYMN IX.

(L. M.)

Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.

LUKE XV. 7.

Down from the windows of the skies,
 On mortals fix ten thousand eyes,—
 Yes, even angels turn tow'rd me
 Thoughts of intense anxiety.

For well those blessed watchers know,
 Mine is a path to bliss, or woe;
 That I amidst their ranks must stand,
 Or dwell with Satan's rebel band:

And thus, when humbled souls repent,
 Through all the heav'nly firmament
 Bursts forth the rapt'rous hymn again,
 "Glory to God and Peace to men."

Lord, help my feet to reach a place
 Amongst that bright immortal race,
 Who now, the great white throne before,
 Wait, sing, and worship evermore.

HYMN X.

(L. M.)

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?—JER. xvii. 9.

Down, self!—with all thy boastings down,
Thy wisdom will I trust no more,
Lest at the hour when dangers frown,
I find it treach'rous as before.

Down, self!—nor e'er again presume
To tempt me with thy glitt'ring show,
Where hope is fear, and light is gloom,
And pleasure but the mask of woe.

Down, self!—nor make opposing stand
Betwixt me and the living way,
Which leads across a barren land,
To gardens of immortal day.

Down, self!—whose promise-bearing word,
Instead of life, presents the grave,
Robs of His glory Christ my Lord,
And damns the soul He came to save.

HYMN XI.

(C. M.)

They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to
the depths ; their soul is melted because of trouble.
—PSALM cvii. 26.

God ! save the distant mariner,
Upon the stormy sea ;
God, hear the pray'r they now prefer,
His own poor family.

And, oh ! amidst the tempest's din,
While dangers still increase,
God, grant that he may hear within
A voice which speaketh peace.

A peace, no outward change can move,
The peace of sins forgiv'n,
The peace of Jesu's dying love,
Peace with the world and heav'n.

And, Lord, whate'er await him now,
Guide to that happy shore,
Where trouble never clouds the brow,
But peace is evermore.

HYMN XII.

(C. M.)

Hosanna to the Son of David : blessed is he that cometh
in the name of the Lord ; Hosanna in the highest.—
MATTHEW xxi. 9.

HOSANNA !—shout, ye saints, again,
The everlasting word,
With angel-hosts and holy men,
Hosanna to the Lord !

Hosanna !—see the conscious sky
Bows low beneath His feet ;
The glorious Son of God is nigh,
With news from heav'n to greet.

Hosanna !—cast away each care,
Let all your sorrows cease ;
Lift up your heads from guilt's despair—
Behold the Prince of Peace !

Hosanna !—speech is yours, ye dumb,
Ye blind, your night hath fled ;
Ye captives, from your prisons come ;
Awake to life, ye dead !

HYMN XIII.

(P. M.)

Our rest together is in the dust —JOB xvii. 16.

Low and still, the righteous sleep
In their clay-cold bed,
Nor by storms that o'er them sweep,
Are disquieted.

All their Christian-work is done,
Foughten is the fight,
Peacefully they slumber on,
In sepulchral night:

Till the trump's awak'ning strain,
And the judgment-word,
Bid their ransom'd spirits reign,
Ever with the Lord.

Till, as living stars on high,
They in glory shine,
Lord ! by faith whene'er I die,
Make this triumph mine.

HYMN XIV.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Unto you is born this day in the city of David,^a Saviour
which is Christ the Lord.—LUKE 2. 11:

MY soul, awake! with all thy might
The joyous anthem swell;
Day bursts upon thy hopeless night.
He comes, Immanuel!

A God resigns his glorious throne,
A God in flesh appears!
He heard the captive's anguish'd groan,
He saw the mourner's tears.

And He in mercy heals our woes,
Removes our deep distress,
Gives guilt-distracted souls repose,
The wretched—happiness.

He makes all cares all pains his own,
Of poor humanity,
Bleeds, that he may for sin atone—
Dies, to set millions free!

HYMN XV.

(P. M.)

The judgment of the great day.—JUDE 6.

O'er a bursting house of clay
Falls a flood of golden light !
Is it that of noon-tide day ?
No, a million times more bright !
What the thund'rous sounds that make
Earth to reel and heav'n to shake ?

'Tis the light, in which appears
Jesus on His judgment-throne ;
'Tis the blast that rends the spheres,
From an angel's trumpet blown ;
While He stands on sea and shore,
Swearing time shall be no more.

Rise ! ye saints, imprison'd long,
Broken is the tyrant's rod,
And a quiring seraph-throng
Wait to bear you up to God ;
Yours the crown and vesture white,
And the glory infinite.

Soul ! within that awful hour,
Who shall be thy steadfast stay ?
God of mercy ! give us pow'r,
So to watch, believe, and pray,
That, on Jesu's merits cast,
Heav'n may be our home at last.

HYMN XVI.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(L. M.)

After this manner, therefore, pray ye ; “ Our Father,
MATTHEW vi. 9.

OUR Father, who art dwelling high,
Within Thy bright immortal home,
Thy name be spoken rev'rently,
And let Thy blessed kingdom come.

Thy will be done on earth below,
As it is done above in heav'n ;
Bread for our strength, this day bestow,
Bread for our souls, this day be giv'n ;

And as we pardon, so may we,
Thy free and gracious pardon prove :
From all temptation keep us free,
And ev'ry pressing ill remove.

For Thine's the kingdom infinite,
While men confess, and saints adore,
And Thine, the majesty and might,
The glory now, and evermore.

HYMN XVII.

(C. M.)

The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this
day.—ISAIAH xxxviii. 19.

O FOR a harp, by seraphs strung,
A seraph's voice and skill,
That, Lord, Thy praises might be sung
In richer concord still.

For mortal pow'rs are weak and vain,
(Though pure the purpose be,)
To swell the high adoring strain,
Fitting Thy works and Thee.

Creator, Thou!—whose word alone
Bade worlds unnumber'd roll;
Father!—whose gifts all creatures own;
Redeemer!—of the soul.

All wisdom, might, and grace, and love,
All glory, LORD, are Thine,
And, oh! our earthly hymns approve,
Till ours are hymns divine.

HYMN XVIII.

(L. M.)

God is love.—1 JOHN iv. 8.

OUR God is Love—could words make known
Truth half so gracious, half so sweet?
For thus, the sov'reign's awful throne
Is chang'd into the mercy-seat.

Our God is Love—then why should we
Still feed a vain distrustful grief?
How great soe'er our troubles be,
This record points a sure relief.

Our God is Love—the thunders roll
On Sinai's mount, unheeded now;
The Judge no more alarms the soul,
But light is on a Father's brow.

Our God is Love—and Jesus came,
This glorious image to express,—
Love in his works, love in his name,
He liv'd to love, and died to bless.

HYMN XIX.

(C. M.)

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling
of God in Christ Jesus.—PHILIPPIANS iii. 14.

PRESS on, my waken'd soul, press on—
Thine ev'ry sinew brace ;
Ere life's best energies are gone,
Press onward in the race !

It is the course our Fathers trod,
Yea, old as Adam's day,
The prize a crown—the giver God,
And Jesus points the way.

Look not behind, but still before
Thy single purpose bend :
Thy rest is—when the race is o'er,
Thy glory—at the end.

O Lord, my feeble steps sustain,
And with new succours meet,
That I the promis'd crown may gain,
To lay it at Thy feet.

HYMN XX.

CHARITY HYMN, SUNG BY CHILDREN.

(C M.)

He took them up in his arms, put His hands upon them
and blessed them.—MARK x. 16.

RESIGNING, Lord, Thy heav'nly throne,
Our sorrows to endure,
Thy mercy sought, and deign'd to own,
The children of the poor.

By nature erring, and inclin'd
To meet each sinful lure,
Renew in heart, inform in mind,
The children of the poor.

May all we do, or think, or say,
Thy favour, Lord, secure ;
O, guide within the narrow way,
The children of the poor.

Thy choicest blessings from above
To Christian friends insure,
Who now protect with guardian-love
The children of the poor.

HYMN XXI.

(C. M.)

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art
 thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God.—
 PSALM xliii. 5.

THE Bible shines no more for me
 With its accustom'd light ;
 A dimness and obscurity
 Veil all I lov'd from sight.

Within the Temple where I felt,
 God heard, to answer pray'r,
 (For peace descended while I knelt,)
 No comfort find I there.

The Saviour, on whose boundless grace
 My soul's full faith relied,
 Hath now withdrawn His shining face,
 To smile on all beside.

O LORD, revisit with Thy love,
 My wonted peace restore ;
 Disperse my doubts, my fears remove,
 And bid me weep no more.

HYMN XXII.

(C. M.)

As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy :
and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are
heavenly.—1 CORIN. xv. 48.

THE clear, the calm, the silent sea,
By tempest no more driv'n,
Reflects, in its tranquillity,
The over-arching heav'n.

And so the Christian's humble soul,
When terrors cease to move,
Beneath the Spirit's mild control,
Mirrors the mind above.

No guilt-sprung trouble, grief, or care,
May then disturb its peace ;
But love, and joy, and truth, are there,
And sweet assurances.

Thus, Jesu ! may the life I live
Yet more resemble Thine,
And still in deeper tracings give
Thy lineaments divine !

HYMN XXIII.

(C. M.)

He bringeth them unto their desired haven.

PSALM cvii. 30.

THOUGH darker clouds involve the sky,
And winds still fiercer rave,
And death each moment seems more nigh,
A bird sleeps on the wave.

It knows no care, it knows no fear,
But floats as free from harm,
As when the heav'n of clouds is clear,
As when the sea is calm.

Thus Holy Spirit, of Thy peace,
Thy inward peace possess,
While troubles swell, and griefs increase,
May I securely rest.

Yea, safely on the billows ride,
Of time's tempestuous sea,
Borne onward with the driving tide
To reach eternity.

HYMN XXIV.

(C. M.)

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last
end be like His.—NUMBERS xxiii. 10.

THE fabling poets name a bird,
Of unmelodious breath,
Yet sweeter notes were never heard,
Than those it makes in death.

But whilst what sanguine fancy drew,
Of falsehood bears a taint,
The words, how exquisitely true,
Of an expiring saint.

For sure, his noblest hymn he sings,
When death is drawing nigh,
And hope expands her soaring wings,
Impatient for the sky.

Lord ! be my brightest hour my last,
And give me triumph then,
While earthly bands no more hold fast,
A heav'n-born denizen.

HYMN XXV.

(C. M.)

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof
are still.—PSALM CVII. 29.

THERE is before each living soul
A vast and boundless sea,
And onward still the waters roll,
To meet—eternity.

And none may fear, howe'er the wave
Shall threaten to o'erwhelm,
Whilst, all-omnipotent to save,
Our Master holds the helm.

He speaks, and at His high behest
The storm's wild terrors cease,
The warring winds are hush'd to rest,
The billows sink in peace.

O Lord, ere I, by passion's tide
To hopeless woe am driv'n,
Be Thou, in love, my pilot-guide,
And land me safe in heav'n.

HYMN XXVI.

(L. M.)

Be clothed with humility : for God resisteth the proud,
and giveth grace to the humble.—1 PETER v. 5.

THE lightning strikes the tow'ring tree,
And withers all its boasted fruit,
While the weak flow'r, from peril free,
Smiles humbly at its giant root :

And so the high and haughty mind
Is smitten in its confidence,
What time the meek in spirit find
A constant and a sure defence.

Ere Self, that Pharisee, presume
Its wisdom and its strength to show,
May fears of *his* awarded doom
Repress my pride, and keep me low.

A learner still in Jesu's school,
O teach me how to think, and speak ;
Thou, LORD, the wise—and I, the fool ;
Thou, LORD, the strong—and I, the weak

HYMN XXVII.

(P. M.)

The heaven was black with clouds and wind.
1 KINGS xviii. 45.

THE waves are rising fierce and high,
The winds roar drearily,
Dark spreading clouds enwrap the sky,
And that poor boat at sea
Is pressing all its sail to reach
The covert of the well-known beach.

And thus, in storms of worldly care,
And when afflictions roll,
Whilst all is terror and despair
To my affrighted soul,
I turn, O Lord, the prow to Thee,
That mine may peace and safety be.

For ah ! to hope escape were vain,
From these impending woes,
Should I, the haven to attain,
On human strength repose :
The starting plank, the tatter'd sail,
But show how human aids avail.

Lord Jesu, other hand there's none,
Than Thine, to guide and steer,
Thy wisdom must direct alone,
The heav'n-bound voyager :
In mercy bring me to that shore
Where cloud and billow vex no more.

HYMN XXVIII.

(C. M.)

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the
Lord.—PSALM lxxxiv. 2.

THE weary dove comes back again,
Impatient for its nest,
Nought could its eager wing detain
From that dear place of rest.

Its freedom was a weight while free,
For still its peace was there,
Delighting most of all to be,
Its own nest-prisoner.

And thus, although a world may smile,
Inviting me to roam,
No pleasures can my soul beguile,
From its remember'd home.

That home is in Thy temple, Lord,
And here I fold my wing,
With Thee and Thine, in sweet accord,
To make blest sojourning.

HYMN XXIX.

(S. M.)

I will praise Thee for ever, because Thou hast done it.
 PSALM lii. 9.

UPLIFT the tuneful voice,
 And sweep the sacred string.
 In Christ the Lord, my soul! rejoice,
 And of His mercies sing.

O, earthly themes, too long
 Have urg'd exclusive claim;
 Our noblest pow'rs have suffer'd wrong,
 Our glory proves our shame.

For Jesu's praise alone
 Should fill our grateful breath,
 Who left for us his Father's throne,
 To die a martyr's death.

Yes, Lord, Thy boundless love,
 By tears and blood hath striv'n
 For ruin'd souls—and now above
 Still pleads for them—in heav'n.

HYMN XXX.

(S. M.)

Arise, shine, for thy light is come ; and the glory of
the Lord is risen upon thee.—ISAIAH lx. 1.

Up, up, my soul, and leave
Each low and earthly thing,
Away beyond the stars—and cleave
The air where angels sing !

Up, join that countless band,
The radiant cherubim,
While near the crystal throne they stand,
And swell the mighty hymn—

The mighty hymn, which still
New voices catch around,
Till thrice ten thousand harpings fill,
The heav'ns' remotest bound.

“ All honour, glory, be
“ Responded yet again
“ To Christ in God—the ONE in THREE—
“ For evermore—amen.

HYMN XXXI.

(L. M.)

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me
bless His holy name.—PSALM ciii. 1.

With angel and archangel pow'rs,
And all the company of heav'n,
Though weak the tribute, Lord, be ours,
To Thee shall our best praise be giv'n.

O holy,—holy,—holy One,
Before whose pure and searching eyes,
Of all created beings, none
Are free from sin's infirmities.

Thy wisdom is a plumbless deep,
An ocean stretching still before—
While we as wond'ring children creep,
Among the pebbles of the shore.

Thy love transcends all human thought,
Nor seraphs can its wonders tell,
By which immortal souls are brought
To life and bliss, from death and hell.

HYMN XXXII.

(TENS.)

The fulness of Him that filleth all in all.—EPI. i. 23.

WHEN range mine eyes the boundless heav'n above,
Where suns and stars a glitt'ring pavement spread,
Or through the chambers of the ocean move,
To mark each wonder in its secret bed ;

The more I view the more, O Lord, unfold
The marvels of Thy works—the more I see
Tokens by new and hidden leaves unroll'd,
Of one pervading, present deity.

But, oh ! when I redemption's scheme survey,
Where Thou art just, and Thou art justified,
And while the soul in guilty terrors lay,
Seal'd was its pardon by the Lamb that died ;

A deeper gratitude my heart inspires,
And I some nobler monument would raise,
Proclaiming with a tongue that never tires.
The glories of Thine all-transcendent praise.

HYMN XXXIII.

(C. M.)

Light is sown for the righteous.—PSALM xcvi. 11.

WHEN o'er the wide and silent skies
Spreads deep the shade of night,
Then only to our gladden'd eyes
The stars give out their light.

And so, in times of care and grief,
As Jesu's grace decrees,
Shine forth in all their bright relief,
His radiant promises.

Then welcome sorrow, welcome woe,
Since these to me are giv'n,
That in my darkness I may know
The light that beams from heav'n :

That light, O Lord, which at the last,
Falls on the soul from Thee,
The earnest and the ante-past
Of immortality.

HYMN XXXIV.

(P. M.)

Arise therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with
thee.—1 CHRON. xxii. 16.

WHAT soldier hopes to gain
The glory of the fight,
Who strives not on the battle-plain,
But safety seeks in flight?
Then up, my soul, be doing!

What tiller, without toil,
Expects the harvest-meed,
Who turns not up the stubborn soil,
Nor casts the fruitful seed?
Then up, my soul, be doing!

What runner thinks the prize
His victor-brow shall grace,
Who keeps not on the goal his eyes,
But loiters in the race?
Then up, my soul, be doing!

Our mortal days are few,
And many now are past:
Not long may grace its calls renew,
Nor mercy's season last!
Then up, my soul, be doing!

HYMN XXXV.

(P. M.)

I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.—ISAIAH lvii. 15.

WITH self-condemning spirit, Lord,
 We seek again Thy house of pray'r,
 Amidst our guilt and wretchedness
 Still cleaving to Thy righteous Word,
 And in a Saviour's name would press
 Our suit, for grace and pardon there.

And, oh ! if mercy turn'd Thine eye,
 When David's tears repenting fell,
 When Hezekiah's grief was seen,
 When Peter rais'd his troubled cry,
 Or knelt the weeping Magdalene,
 Shall we not of Thy favour tell ?

Yes, Lord, since Thou the Father art,
Of all creation's family,
A full provision wilt Thou make ;
Nor bid a child of Thine depart.
Who asking all for Jesu's sake,
Prefers his contrite pray'r to Thee ;

For Jesu's sake, who left His throne,
And took on earth our mortal frame,
And wept, and agoniz'd and bled,
For man's offences to atone :
O Lord, a double portion shed
Of faith in His prevailing name !



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